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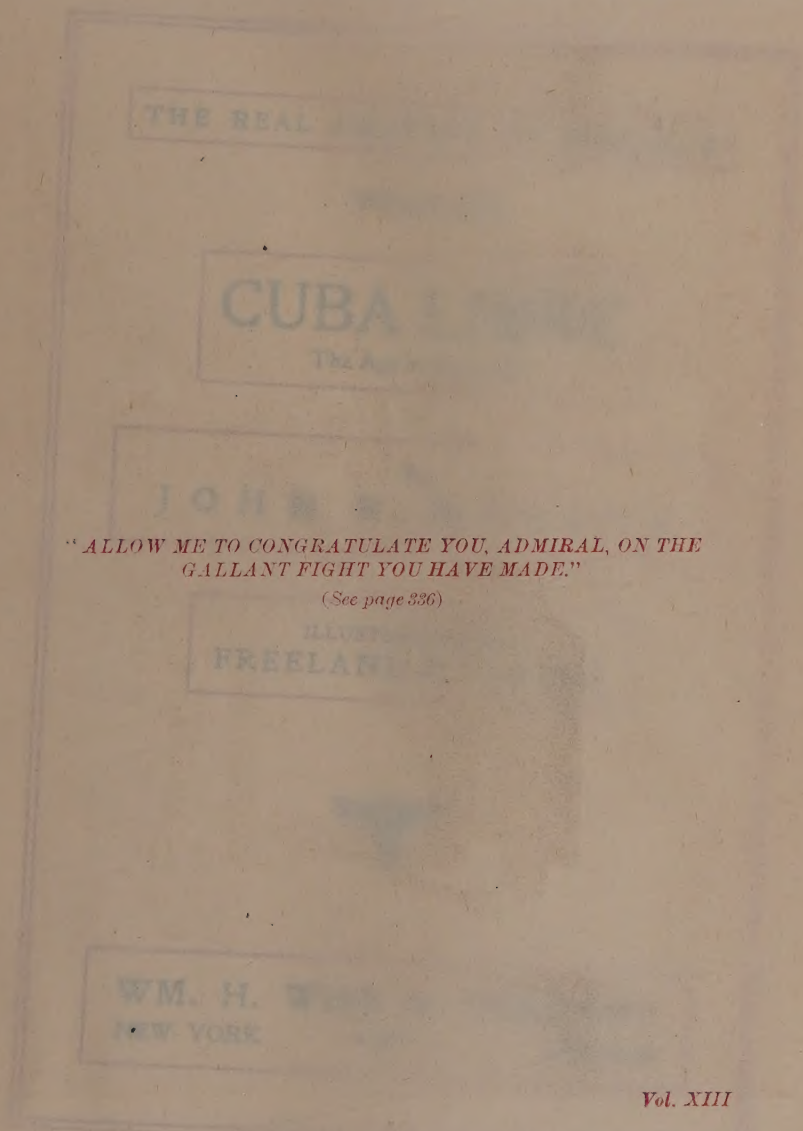
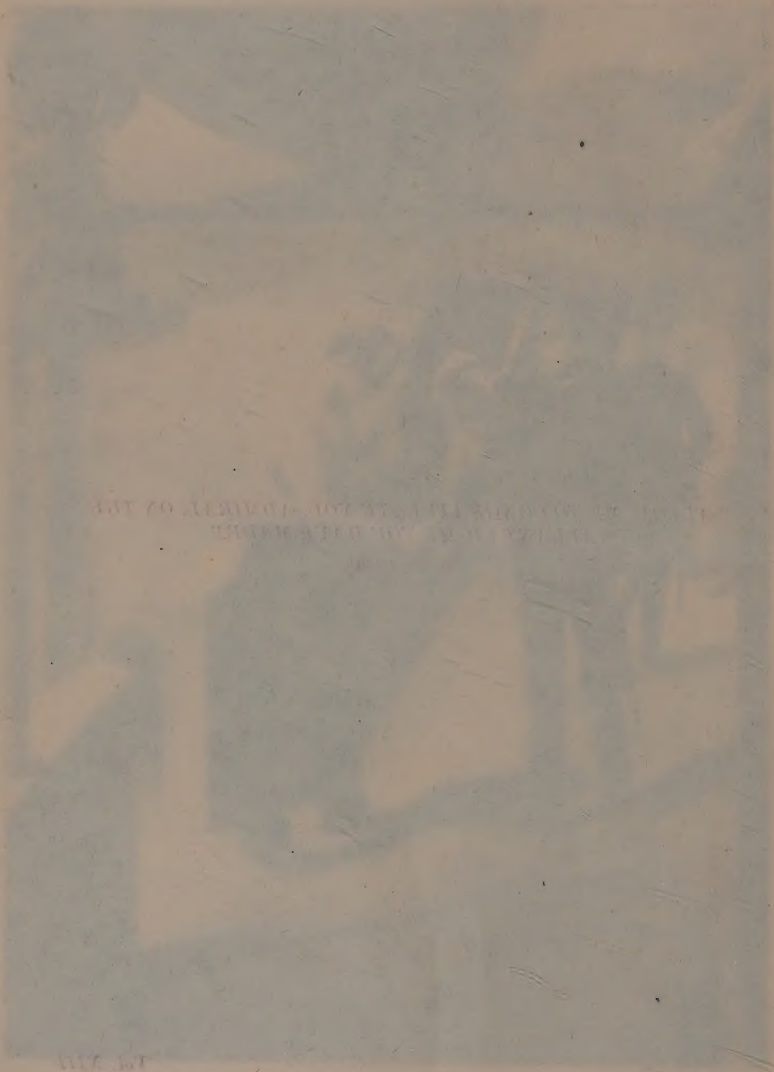


"ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU, ADMIRAL, ON THE GALLANT FIGHT YOU HAVE MADE."

(*See page 336*)



THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume XIII

CUBA LIBRE

The Age of Expansion

By

JOHN R. MUSICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FREELAND A. CARTER

WM. H. WISE & COMPANY

NEW YORK — 1907 — CHICAGO

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Dedication.

TO THOSE

BRAVE PATRIOTS WHO CONSTITUTED

OUR ARMY AND NAVY

DURING OUR WAR WITH SPAIN, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY THEIR ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE preceding twelve volumes of the REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE brought the history of the United States down to the close of the Civil War and through the period of Reconstruction.

Commencing with Hernando Estevan, the cabin-boy of Columbus, the series traces the descendants of that youth through twelve generations and a period of four hundred years. In Spain and the Spanish colonies the Estevan family is large, while in America the Stevens family has grown almost beyond estimate. But since the time of "Union," the twelfth volume of this series, another epoch has been added to American history—an epoch which is perhaps one of the most important in the past hundred years. A new age is upon the American people—an *age of expansion.* Instead of giving our entire thought to the internal affairs of our own country, American minds have begun to reach out into the great world's transactions.

The Hispano-American War was brewing half a

century before hostilities were declared. Never was a war more holy—not even the Crusades. Long did the good-natured young giant America endure the taunts, insults, and injuries of Spain, before rising in his might to strike down the insulter and oppressor of women and children. The death of Col. W. L. Crittenden, as narrated in Volume XI., and the *Virginius* massacre at Santiago, as told in Volume XII., were enough to have driven many nations to war. But America was no "bully." Guided by wise and conservative counsel, our ship of state was steered through many dangerous passes into calmer waters.

Yet the inevitable was coming. All our good offers were scorned by Spain. Almost at our very door the reconcentrados were starved by the thousands under the cruel edict of Weyler. Just when the Spanish authorities had replaced Weyler by a more humane Captain-General, and the condition of the reconcentrados began to grow better, the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine* and the fearful death of over two hundred and fifty American seamen drove the American people to frenzy. But for the destruction of the *Maine*, war might have been averted; after that act of treachery, war was inevitable. The denials of the Spanish officials changed no opinion, and the finding of the court of inquiry, while it did not fix the guilt on Spain, made that guilt so

apparent in the minds of all Americans that it banished every shadow of doubt.

War came, and never ceased until the shackles of slavery were knocked from the Gem of the Antilles. All honor should be given to the brave American soldiers and sailors in the war with Spain. To them we owe our splendid victories, unequaled in any other war or time. The sunny-haired Anglo-Saxon soldier of the North proved equally as energetic in the tropics as at home. For a second time the world awoke to the realization that Columbia was not only all-powerful on land, but, much as her navy had been mocked, was queen of the sea.

The war with Spain brought about a closer, more fraternal feeling between the Northern and Southern States. All the old bitterness that had rankled too long in the hearts of some of our brothers disappeared, and the sons of the South fought side by side with their Northern brothers. The first American to give his life for his country was Ensign Bagley, a brave North Carolinian. Those foreign powers who had doubted the loyalty of the South to the American nation suddenly awoke to the realization that all Americans are loyal.

The military student studied this war with more than ordinary interest. There was more than the loss or gain of political power. It was the first time *the most modern* arms and ironclads were tested.

They proved invincible. The war demonstrated that valor counts for little when not backed by skill. Intelligence, education, and modern appliances will win the conflicts of the future. Heavy battle-ships and armored cruisers, which some of our pessimistic critics had doubted, proved most effective fighting-crafts, while torpedo-boats were ineffective against the rapid-fire guns of heavier vessels.

Into the history of the struggles of Cuba for freedom and the Hispano-American War has been woven the story of Fernando Stevens, son of Arthur Stevens, a Mexican-War hero whose adventures are recounted in Volume XI., and Fernando's two sons, one of whom served with Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and the other with Dewey, thus covering the entire field of operations.

To Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman's letters on Cuba, which originally appeared in *The Burlington Hawk-Eye*, I am specially indebted for descriptions of Havana, Cuban country life, and the origin of the first Cuban flag. From the great American press which daily chronicled the events of the war as it progressed, I have been enabled to gather much valuable authentic information for this romance. Some of the material for the present volume I have taken from my books, "The History of the War with Spain," and "Lights and Shadows of Our War with Spain," published by Ogilvie Co., New York.

Having by this volume brought the history of our country down to date, I trust it will be as favorably received as its predecessors.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., January 15, 1900.

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CUBA LIBRE.

CHAPTER I.

CLOSING UP BUSINESS.

THE firm of Parker & Stevens had decided to close up and go out of business. It had been a very prosperous firm. Indeed, there was not one in Cincinnati that had surpassed it in profits during the short period of the copartnership.

The business was shipping grain, flour, and cotton to Havana and Santiago de Cuba, and importing coffee, sugar, tobacco, and tropical fruits. Parker, the senior member of the firm, was not over thirty-five, and Fernando Stevens was ten years his junior. Stevens had been taken into the firm because he was thoroughly conversant with the Spanish language. His father had been

a soldier in the Mexican War, and at the close of it married a beautiful Mexican señorita, who proved an estimable wife, and who trained her children to speak the Spanish language. Mrs. Stevens was a highly educated and accomplished lady, and her children were all that any fond parents could ask. Fernando Stevens had an uncle named Mark, who served in the War of the Rebellion, and at its close married a Southern girl and settled in Kentucky. The stories which he heard from this uncle, and the accounts given to him by his father of the wonderful resources of Cuba, had finally led him to think of opening a trade with it.

But Fernando was poor. He had just married a beautiful Kentucky girl, whose blue eyes and golden hair had charmed him. Here was an opportunity for a fortune if he had the capital. He chanced to be in Cincinnati on business when he met Joe Parker, whom he had known for several years. Joe had made considerable money by government contracts, and was reported to be worth at that time forty thousand dollars. Fernando laid before him the plan of opening a trade with Cuba, and shipping sugar up the Mississippi and Ohio to Cincinnati. Steamboat navigation was not then in as deplorable a state as at present, and stately vessels still traversed the mighty rivers. Parker was not slow to perceive the value of the young fellow's scheme, and

they decided to start with a cash capital of twenty thousand. All he required of Fernando was to execute to him his individual note for ten thousand dollars, and he agreed to furnish the capital.

Fernando was gone months at a time, and saw very little of his young wife and children. He spent much of his time between 1865 and 1872 in the South, or in the cities of Cuba. Coffee, sugar, tobacco, and tropical fruits were exchanged for flour, meat, and grain at enormous profits.

It was whispered by some that the keen young American sometimes avoided the onerous Spanish duties; but that was never proven, and we are strongly inclined to doubt it, as far as Fernando himself was concerned. But there was just cause, perhaps, to suspect the firm.

During the early winter of 1872, Fernando, on account of illness in his family, remained at home. Mr. Parker, his partner, went to Cuba in his stead. Fernando had by degrees come to believe that his partner was not quite as honest as he should be, and when he brought back one thousand bags of coffee, seven thousand of sugar, twenty thousand cigars, and fifty thousand pounds of tobacco duty free, he decided it was time to dissolve the partnership.

"I am not in the smuggling business, Mr. Parker," he declared; "nor will I belong to a firm that is."

They had some sharp words, but no open rupture, and by mutual agreement it was decided to close up the business and dissolve the partnership. As the dissolution of the partnership and the settlement had a wonderful influence in shaping the destinies of young Stevens's family, I wish I could give the full particulars; but they were never known. Before the settlement was begun, Fernando told his wife that the note of ten thousand dollars was to be taken up in the settlement.

The firm had one customer in Cuba, named José Marti, an upright, honorable gentleman, with whom Fernando had had extensive dealings. When the insurrection of 1868 began, Marti was one of the firm's most profitable customers; but he was a lover of Cuba and of liberty, and late in 1869 joined in the revolt against Spain. He became an officer in the Cuban army, was proscribed, and a reward offered for him by the Spanish Government. A few weeks before the dissolution of the firm of Parker & Stevens, Fernando received a letter, which had been smuggled through the lines, from his Cuban friend, in which José Marti said that he had set aside and concealed money enough to pay his entire debt of eleven thousand dollars in gold, if Fernando could send or come and get it; but that, owing to the close watch kept upon him, he could not leave Camaguey. When nearly all the insurgents had

surrendered, in 1871, José Marti and thirty-four more remained with General Agramonte and continued the war, until Camaguey was again wrested from Spanish rule.

In the division of the profits of the business, Fernando took the account of José Marti at fifty cents on the dollar, and determined to go at once to Cuba, find his old friend, and secure the money. The insurrection at that time was in an incipient stage. He had many friends in Havana on whom he could rely, and he determined to make the effort, which, if successful, would reward him well.

Among Fernando's many friends was the wealthy old Don Manuel, who had a vast coffee-plantation in the interior.

Securing passports from the Secretary of State, the young husband and father prepared to set out on what might prove a perilous journey.

On the night of his departure he was at home with his wife and two little children, one and two years of age. The infants slept in their little bed, and never dreamed that their father was bidding them a last farewell. The young mother and wife strove bravely to keep up her spirits and repress her tears.

"Why are you so reluctant for me to go this one time, Annie?" he asked. "I have for years been taking this journey, and always came home safely."

"But you never went into the insurgents' camp, Fernando. I cannot repress the awful fear that some harm will befall you."

"You are growing superstitious, my dear. Look after our babies while I am gone, and I will soon return with enough to retire upon."

He bade her a last adieu, pressed his bearded lips to the cheeks of his sleeping babes, and was gone.

Annie fell, weeping and half fainting, upon the sofa, and wrung her hands in the bitterest anguish, while the great fiery-eyed monster, dragon-like, was flying across the country with her husband, hurrying him to that scene which for four hundred years has been turbulent with human strife.

Reaching Key West, he boarded a steamer for the island on which his ancestor, nearly four hundred years before, had landed with the discoverer of the New World. Across the channel it was but a few hours' sail to that city, which was as different from our American towns as if it had been ten thousand miles away.

At that time there was a subtle charm about this Spanish capital of the West Indies and its citizens which I wish my pen could describe in words, for the old picture under the new order of things must soon fade forever from view, and be lost in the decay of the picturesque. "The very first glance at Cuba's purple, mountain-peaked shores impresses one

strangely. When old Morro Castle looms up above the Gulf waters, and the embattled headland frowns savagely upon all northern approaches, an almost startled feeling of irrevocable distance from American environments possesses the tourist. And finally, when the great city, and the long shore dotted with villas reaching to the west, lie there in full view, the contemplation of no Mediterranean port could give rise to more weird and fanciful conjurings. In reality, Fernando was within ten hours' sail of his own land and all its matchless activities and progress. Yet not in all the Orient could he have come upon scenes more voiceful of the dim mysteries of lost countries and people.

"Havana was then the concentrated Spain of Cuba, as Paris is the France of the French, and London the England of Great Britain to-day. In addition, some writers have asserted that it was the eighth commercial capital of the world.

"Baron von Humboldt, who, in far remote moments of his existence, saw men and things as well as rocks and areas, confessed that Havana was, architecturally considered, 'the gayest and most picturesque sight in America,' and he might have added, or in Europe. Spain herself can not to-day show a more curious or interesting city. Studying it as he approached from the sea, with mighty Morro set high upon the headland, time-dyed in mottled

splotches of yellow, gray, and black, and the red and yellow flags above, with La Punta across the narrow channel, prim and white, save where the ugly Dahlgren guns flashed like venomous black eyes; and the city with its towers and domes, minarets, mammoth pillars, vast capitals, entablatures, and stuccoed cornices, rising gradually behind to Castillo del Principe and Jesu del Monte, with their forts, towers, and churches—the whole scene a blending of the most brilliant colors; and all this backed by half-mountains of green, with here and there a lonely palm cutting into a sky of marvelous blue—it was as interesting a sight to Fernando Stevens, when he looked at it and thought of the life within and behind it, as he ever beheld.

"It is difficult to convey to another who has not seen it, the peculiar impressions arising from a critical contemplation of Havana, and particularly the marvelous distinctness and individualization each edifice seemed to possess, while the whole scene was one perfect structural harmony of sharply contrasting color. If truthfully painted, critics would condemn the artist. But the artist could no more paint this scene in the atmosphere which clothes it with its remarkable seeming, and under the sky which bestows upon all beneath a positive reflection of its own depth, brilliancy, and translucence, than he could paint thought. Here one sees colors which in

any other place on earth would excite ridicule and contempt. Here is a church, chrome yellow; there a posada, sky blue; again it is a business structure, snow white with a yellow roof, alongside a ruin, gray and black, or yellow and gray—a splendid habitation, glaring crimson; just beyond and over this a tower, with russet supporting pillars, a white dome, and a yellow cross; and anywhere and everywhere all manner of structures, orange-yellow or royal in the color of the crushed huckleberry."

It is not our purpose to give a complete description of Havana as it was at the time Mr. Stevens entered it, nor as it is to-day, for the great change which is to metamorphose the Gem of the Antilles has not yet come. As it was then, and is to-day, "the proportion of splendid structures, as compared with American or continental cities, is small; but there was yet something fine and imposing in the very plainness and massiveness of most exteriors. If, however, decoration was lacking in this respect, much was atoned for in the frequency, beauty, and positive grace of what was seen in window, door, balcony, and roof. Window, perhaps, is hardly the proper word, for the window is practically unknown in Cuba, where the clime is one of eternal summer. That which stands for the window is a great aperture, very wide and high, and often strikingly pleasing in decoration. Glass was for ornament here,

not use. The window then, for a better term, in the common structure, was simply a large, square opening, protected by stout iron bars by day, and at night by inner, solid,wooden shutters. But in finer buildings—indeed, in most—they were grand affairs. Some were in the form of iron frame bay windows of elaborate design, with their protecting ironwork of the richest foliations or with ornate latticework in polished brass. If these windows were interesting as studies, backed as they frequently were by the costliest interior decorations, with an occasional glimpse of a beautiful señorita to complete the picture, the doors of these Havana houses were also worth a separate inspection and study.

"The Cuban house embodied the idea of protection, and was practically a one- or two-story castle, which could not have been taken without an heroic siege. The doors were bullet-proof, and their size and strength precluded the idea of a successful assault save with battering-ram or cannon. Many were of mahogany, and all were riveted with iron bolts an inch thick. Stevens saw some doors where these boltheads were immense knobs of polished brass. All were provided with huge locks, also tremendous bars of wood or iron for fastening within. Above many of them were fine cornices and pediments; at the sides of the wall embrasures were frequently seen antique pateras and gargoyles in stucco or

bronze; while the ancient brass knocker was universal, and often of the form and size of a giant's hand.

"Upon the upper stories of the structures there was a positive wealth of windows—dormer, latticed, balconied, and oriel—all in such antique form and bewildering variety that here the artist, poet, or dreamer might find not only delight in art and architectural grace, all the more enticing for its age and grotesque surroundings, but also everywhere a spell suggestive of life in the medieval ages, prompting the imagination to romantic adventure. The ruling form of these airy points of vantage, which day and night teemed with wondrously beautiful occupants, was the canopied balconies; and no city in the world possessed so many, fashioned in such beautiful and fantastic form. Other cities have balconies, but the Spanish balcony is the most winsome. From its location, its design, its odd surroundings, its delicate lightness, its inaccessibility to daring intrusion, yet its seeming temptation to the same—it was in Havana a constant feast to the artistic eye and the imaginative thought.

"Nor need one look for these dainty balconies at regular intervals or consistent heights. They were fastened upon the vast white and pink reaches of wall like feathery flecks of sea-foam flung high upon the old gray rocks. They peeped out of queer corners and sheltered nooks like the nests of fearless

birds, and they broke through the structural rigor of the massive-walled homesteads like delicate bits of lace, floating about your austere lady's shoulders; and like them, still the half-hidden witchings of beauty were ever delightfully near."

At the time of Fernando Stevens's arrival in Havana, one would not have supposed that civil war was raging in any part of the unhappy island. The city was gay, as it always was. Flags and banners waved, and the band played every evening on the grand plaza. The streets were filled with gay equipages, and ladies and gentlemen strolled in the evening about the parks. The brilliant uniforms of officers of the army and navy added a delightful picturesqueness to the scene.

Fernando had been several days in Havana without getting nearer to the object of his visit. He had addressed a note to Don Manuel, in which he expressed a desire to meet him on a business matter of great importance; but no answer came to it.

One evening he strolled to the grand plaza, to listen to the weird Spanish music which the band was discoursing; and after lounging upon one of the seats for three quarters of an hour, he arose, lighted a cigar, and started for a stroll about the city. Before he had gone far he observed that the eyes of the Spanish police were watching him with glances of suspicion.

"They think I am a spy or filibuster," he thought, while a careless smile played over his face.

He had not gone many blocks when, as he was passing under the balcony of a very pretty house, a soft, silvery voice called:

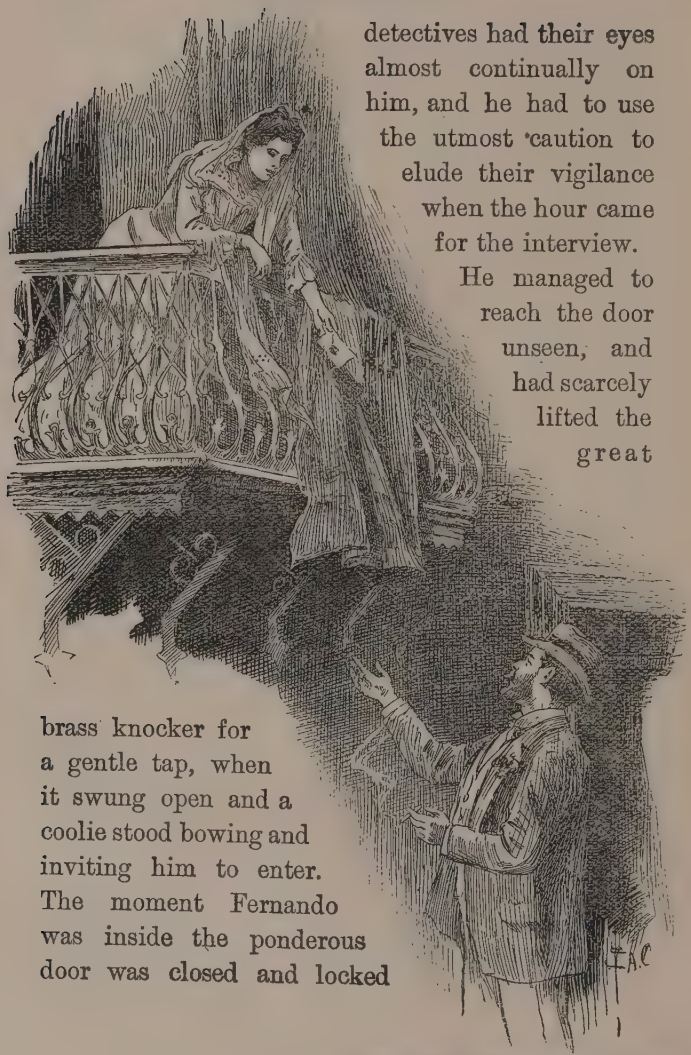
"Señor Estevan!"

He cast his eyes upward, and beheld a pretty face with a pair of roguish, dark eyes peeping shyly at him from the balcony above. A small white hand was extended from the balcony, holding a folded bit of paper. "Take this, señor, and go on. The spies are watching you. Don't let them see you read it."

He thrust the folded note into his pocket and walked leisurely on until he came to a café, which he entered, and taking the note from his pocket, proceeded to read its contents. It was in Spanish, and brief.

"Don Manuel is not in the city, but if the señor will come at eleven this evening, a servant will be at the great west door to admit him, and he will then learn all about the Don."

There was an air of mystery about the affair which seemed to Fernando to border on adventure. That the fair being who gave him the note was in some way related to Don Manuel, there could be no question; but why was this secret interview essential, and why had the Don left the city? Fernando strolled about the parks and plazas until the hour had come for the clandestine visit. The Spanish



detectives had their eyes almost continually on him, and he had to use the utmost caution to elude their vigilance when the hour came for the interview. He managed to reach the door unseen, and had scarcely lifted the great brass knocker for a gentle tap, when it swung open and a coolie stood bowing and inviting him to enter. The moment Fernando was inside the ponderous door was closed and locked

"TAKE THIS, SEÑOR, AND GO. THE SPIES ARE WATCHING YOU."

securely, and the iron bar was slipped across in its place.

"This way, señor," said the coolie, in Spanish; and he followed him along a carpeted corridor until he came to an apartment to which the balcony hung like an oriole's nest. The señora was still seated there, gazing upon the street scene. She did not rise, but in a low, gentle voice requested him to be seated within while she remained in the balcony.

"There is less danger of discovery and intrusion here, señor, than there would be if I should come in. Your note to Don Manuel reached this house, but not until after the police and spies had opened it and read its contents. I doubt not you have found them keeping a close watch on you."

"I have; but there was nothing in the note that I should not wish them to see."

"Yet they look on every line penned by an American as a cipher dispatch from a filibuster." She spoke in a low yet distinct tone, all the while keeping a close watch on the street.

"Where is Don Manuel?"

"At his country estate, his coffee-plantation; but they must not know it, or they would arrest him and throw him into prison."

"Surely Don Manuel has taken no part in the revolution?"

"No, not yet; but they suspect him. Don Man-

uel has great wealth, and that is sufficient for him to be suspected by the Captain-General, who covets it. He dare not stay in the city, so he has gone to the country."

"I am sorry to learn this, señora, for I want to see Don Manuel. He can be of great service to me."

"He is your friend, and will be pleased to serve you. I have heard him speak frequently of Señor Stevens as his dearest friend; and knowing you desired to meet him, I planned this interview."

The Spanish lady, Fernando learned, was the wife of the Cuban gentleman. Any one who was a friend of her husband was also her friend, and she was glad to be of service to him.

"There is but one way that I can think of now that you may safely go to Don Manuel. Can you escape from the city to-night unseen?"

"I can try."

"At the Cathedral door, as the clock strikes two, you will find a person standing. Follow her. Now you had better go, señor, and prepare to leave Havana, never to return."

The air of mystery about Señóra Izadora Manuel was so marked that the American began for the first time to realize his danger. The insurrection in the last few days had assumed a new and more serious aspect, and the Spanish authorities were using all diligence to stamp it out. The great dread of Spain

for half a century had been American filibusters, and wo unto the unfortunate Yankee who fell into their hands.

At his hotel Fernando wrote a letter to his wife, in which he stated that he was going into the interior to some coffee-plantations, and might not write again for some weeks. But he did not make any allusion to the dangers which he knew he was to meet. Having given the letter to the landlord to send back by the next steamer, he proceeded to take from his luggage such papers and valuables as he might need. On looking them over, he came upon one which caused surprise and annoyance.

"Why did I bring this?" he asked himself. "I, who pride myself on keen business sagacity, have been grossly negligent. However, as I brought it, I must now take care of it"; and he placed it in the red leather pocket-book in the inside pocket of his coat.

Having carefully made his arrangements, he left the hotel, never to return, and near the appointed hour went toward the great old Cathedral to meet his unknown guide.

CHAPTER II.

WITH DON MANUEL.

FERNANDO STEVENS loitered in the vicinity of the ancient Cathedral until the clock struck two, and then he saw a woman, closely veiled, suddenly leave the door and start down the street. He followed her, after assuring himself there was none other. She kept about twenty paces ahead, and, having gone two blocks toward the palace, turned westward, keeping in the deepest shadows of the darkest and most unfrequented streets. He followed the dark figure, keeping it continually in sight, stopping when it stopped, moving when it went, and turning when it turned.

Often the strange guide would dart into some dark corner and remain invisible for several seconds at a time, during which he would remain in the vicinity, concealed as best he could, until his guide again quit the hiding-place.

Once a Spanish police hailed him with:

"*Quien es vd?*" ("Who are you?")

For a moment Fernando was at a loss to account

for his presence; but he managed to give an answer which threw the stupid fellow off his guard, and when his guide again left her hiding-place, he followed her. There was no moon, but it was one of those bewitching nights which can be found nowhere save in Cuba. The stars shone with tropical brilliance from a fairer sky than Italy can boast.

At last the city was left behind, and they emerged on a country road. They had no trouble in passing the old block-house, for at that hour the sentry was asleep. His mysterious guide, to whom he had not yet spoken, halted near a volante, which seemed to be waiting for some one.

"You are safe from annoyance now, señor," said a soft, low voice, the sweetness of which revealed the identity of the speaker.

"Señora Doña Izadora Manuel!" he gasped.

"*Si*, señor. This volante will take you a part of the way. At a certain place you will find a guide with horses. Tell Don Manuel it is very lonesome in the city, and as soon as I shall have accomplished the work set for me to do I will join him."

"Señora, is not this service rendered with great danger to yourself?"

"*Si*, señor. But we take no heed of danger in Cuba. We must run great risks for our country; and if we do succumb to danger, we die for liberty."

In the dim starlight he could see the pretty face

of the patriot glow with as great fervor as ever enthused a Revolutionary mother. He grasped her hand, and, in a voice that was husky, whispered:

"Heaven grant that suffering Cuba may yet taste the sweet, health-restoring cup of freedom!"

"Time flies, señor, and you must be far away before the sun peeps over the eastern hills," she returned, pointing as she spoke to the volante.

The American bowed, and softly murmuring, "*Buenos noches!*" leaped into the volante. The negro driver, with his steeple-crowned, broad-rimmed hat, who had been dozing in the saddle, plunged his huge spurs into the flanks of his mule, and set off at a rattling pace down a road that was so dim he could scarce see a rod in the darkness.

Fernando drew his scarf about his shoulders, and, settling back in the vehicle, tried to catch a little sleep; but any one who knows Cuban roads will realize how impossible that would be. After the first few miles the road seemed destructive to any vehicle less strong than a bullock cart, and by ten o'clock it had become utterly im-

"BUENOS NOCHES!"

passable for the volante. Here he was met by a negro with a pair of saddle-horses, and, quitting the volante, he sprang into the saddle and rode on beside his guide.

It was late one afternoon when they came to the great rural home of Don Manuel, the coffee-grower. "There is nothing in the Western hemisphere accessible to an American traveler more truly interesting than the surroundings of and daily life in one of these quaint old Cuban plantation homes. The estate of Don Manuel was in the very heart of the Cuban coffee-lands, and had been entailed from father to son for nearly a quarter of a thousand years; so the charm of age rested upon it. Framed in an ever-new setting of ravishing tropical verdure, it was like coming upon some rare old canvas of the masters, glorified by contrast with modern environments. The great laurels above the noble old *casa de vivienda*, the coco-trees piercing the blue Cuban sky with their sword-like, pinnate leaves, the royal palms, a hundred feet to their plumy branches—were all old when Columbus wrote of this island in his journal: 'It excels all other countries as far as the day surpasses the night in brightness and splendor.'

"Away out along the old road was a wall of stone and cement, eight feet high, with a peaked top. For a mile in from the *estancia*, or farm, this gray,

bastioned guardian wound to the right and left like a Chinese wall from a massive entrance called *la taranquera.* This was the queerest sort of structure. Huge supporting pillars were surmounted by a canopied roof, some twenty feet from the ground, and reaching fully half way to this were two immense doors or gates of the indestructible *guabrahaca* wood, filled with huge brass-headed cross-bolts. These swung on stapled hinges as thick as a man's arm. A tremendous padlock fastened the *taranquera,*" making the plantation as much a castle as any in the medieval ages of knighthood. Fernando was impressed with the terrible condition to which Cuba was reduced more by the strong fortifications which he found in the city and country residences, than by the armies and soldiers.

His guide dismounted and tolled a sentry bell which hung high above. This brought a sort of sentry on duty to the *taranquera,* who opened the gate with a monster key. "As the entire plantation was surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of Spanish bayonet, the latter, with the road wall and the insurmountable *taranquera,* rendered the indwellers comparatively safe from annoyance, even in those troublesome times." All the larger plantations on the island, he was informed, were similarly provided against the Spanish freebooters, called volunteers, whose conduct was sanctioned by the Government.

"For an eighth of a mile after they had entered through the great gate, an avenue, nearly a hundred feet wide, bordered by great hedges of parnarosas, led straight toward the old plantation home. There, the point of the angles marked by gigantic palms, the avenue spread fan-like to the right and left, the entire open space beyond, defined by long reaches of the gorgeous grandillas or passion-flowers, simply being an indescribable collection of tropical flowers and shrubs, far surpassing anything possible to conceive from conservatory displays in North America. On either side of the area were orange orchards. Beyond was the Cuban country home of Don Manuel, low, large, and old, with scores of outbuildings at convenient distances, with little plazas of packed clay ground between, the whole set beneath the ample and endless shade of huge laurels, cocos, and palms."

Don Manuel was sitting on the great porch when they rode up to the house, and ran across the greensward to the pebbled walk where Fernando was dismounting, to embrace him.

"Señor, you know not how your presence delights me; but come right in. You must be greatly fatigued, and I will not let you talk until you have rested, bathed, and been refreshed."

The gracious welcome accorded him by the kind-hearted Cuban seemed to repay Stevens for his many

discomforts during the toilsome journey. He was taken to a large, airy room, where he made his toilet, and then a cup of coffee was brought him, after which he swung in a hammock on the porch until the hour for supper arrived. He went with his host to the dining-room, where he found a large table on which were laid all the delicacies of the tropics as well as of the more temperate regions.

After the meal was over, Fernando and the genial host sat on the great porch, gazing up into the starry heavens. The Don asked about his wife in the city, and expressed a willingness to hear the object of his friend's visit. When the American had told him how the noble woman had enabled him to escape from the city, he exclaimed:

"The Virgin preserve her! Izadora is a brave, faithful wife, and I am safe in trusting my life and property in her keeping."

"Why are you proscribed and driven from home, Don Manuel?"

For a moment the Cuban was silent, while a strange, dangerous light came into his dark eyes, his handsome features assumed a look of fierceness, and his black, silken mustache quivered. But it was all gone in a moment. With an effort he put away his feelings, and said:

"It is a part of Spain's colonial policy to persecute every born Cuban and rob him of his possessions. I

have taken no part in the rebellion as yet, and they can prove nothing against me, yet I lived in continual danger of assassination in Havana."

"Are you safe even here?"

"Yes. They will hardly come this far for one man, for the Spanish guerrillas are too lazy; and then they know they might meet a detachment of patriots, who would show them no quarter. Even if they did come, my *taranquera* and walls are strong enough to withstand a siege. They do not care to engage in one."

Then Fernando told him the object of his visit to Cuba at that distracted period. Don Manuel listened to him for a few moments in silence, and said:

"José Marti is now a colonel in the Cuban army, and one of the most daring defenders of our liberties. We all love him, and the Spanish tyrants hate him."

"Where is he?"

"In Camaguey. We will have difficulty in finding him. No doubt Colonel Marti will secure you safe transport to the coast with the money, but the danger will be great; yet we will trust in the saints to preserve you."

"As I take no part in the insurrection, Don Manuel, how can I be in danger?" asked the American.

"My dear friend, if you were caught conferring with one of the insurgents, even tho on the most innocent business affair, all the powers of your own strong country could not save you."

Fernando asked if he was willing to accompany him to Camaguey in search of Col. José Marti.

"Certainly, my dear friend; I will share your dangers and hope to enjoy the pleasure of your success."

"How soon can we set out for the camp of the Cuban?"

"As soon as you are rested and refreshed," returned the planter. The American was then persuaded to retire, as he had come a long distance and must be fatigued.

"The old homestead of Don Manuel was of the average pattern of hundreds of others in that portion of Cuba. So far as the visitor could see, the structure itself, and the daily life within and around it, could not have been more disturbed by the uprising and revolution than if it had been situated in the heart of Asia. Stevens fancied that it was just as it was centuries ago, and that centuries to come would bring no change. This house and all others of pretension thereabout were built of the porous Cuban stone, which hardens from exposure. They were immensely large in ground area, and but one lofty story in height; tho under the center of the roof there was a *guardilla* or garret which no New England 'hipped' roof could equal. Set up a few feet from the ground on large square stone pillars, permitting free passage of the air underneath, as

with many old Southern plantation houses, huge beams of *guabrahaca* wood rested upon these, and upon this foundation the walls were laid. From the high peak the roof descended in a long, concave sweep, not only to the side walls, but twenty feet beyond, for the covering of the porches, so broad that, enclosed as they were at will by immense reed-woven *bilombas* or screens, they practically became spacious additions to the living-rooms of the house. At the two other sides the same sort of bellying roofs curved downward and outward, covering other immense verandas, so that the already large house was entirely surrounded by these extraordinary porches, and from a distance the structure seemed all roof.

"In Cuban country dwellings, the city *patio* or court was seldom seen. But extending from front to rear through the center of the whole house, a distance of a hundred feet, was such a hall or interior at Don Manuel's home as would put some of old England's most famous manor houses to shame. The outer doors leading to this wonderful hall, where five hundred men might have been exercised in the science of war, were massive as the doors of a cathedral. At either side were large, unglazed *ventanas*, or windows, guarded by ironwork of the most fanciful foliations; and the broad, low edges of these were winsome retreats for observation or languorous

siesta. The walls of this great hall were set at frequent intervals with immense mahogany pillars, across from the plain cappings of which extended huge beams, supporting the floor above. The pillars and beams were unornamented, save with occasional high-relief carvings upon the latter of the heads of wild animals and the fiercer faces of ancient Spanish chevaliers; and between these at intervals were hung the still more ferocious machetes, sabers, and century-old firearms, comprising the portentous family arsenal. To the right and left were lofty, screen-covered entrances to the score or more spacious rooms, and between these were broad divans, over which rawhide or cane was fantastically stretched. From the center of the ceiling hung a huge candelabra, below which depended an ancient and enormous lamp in brass; while underneath, on a circular divan, upon which a dozen might rest, was built a great bronze urn, used as a receptacle for potpourris of tropical flowers.

"Every room in the old mansion was as quaint and interesting as this. The floors were of large brick tiles, with occasional centerpieces from the rare old Spanish potteries. The walls were like snow in whiteness, while the ceilings were as blue as the sky above them, save where stretches of cedar or mahogany, rich in generations of coloring, changed the complexion."

The bed in Stevens's room rested on a bedstead of rosewood, while tables and chairs of shining mahogany, with brass-headed bolts gleaming like gold through the rich-colored wood, were scattered around. The whole furniture denoted ease, wealth, elegance, with all the slumberous voluptuousness of the tropics. The bed was soft as down, and the tired traveler enjoyed a sweet repose such as he had not known since landing on the unhappy island.

"If there was toil or onerous daily duties about the old plantation, Stevens failed to discover them. Don Manuel lived just as every one must live in that transcendently beautiful and luxurious land. In the morning, Fernando Stevens was awakened by the song of the little mountain stream behind the house, in which the birds about and above the house joined, making sleep no longer possible.

"Between eight and nine o'clock, coffee, the universal forerunner of late breakfast, was served." A small negro girl entered his room and graciously offered to bring his coffee to him; but he declined, saying he preferred going to the table.

After a morning bath and toilet he sauntered into the long dining-room, where a clean cloth was laid, and a negress, with a scarlet handkerchief about her head, entered with bread, fresh butter, all kinds of tropical fruits, and coffee. The traveler was alone, as none of the household had yet appeared. He

asked the negress when her master would come, and the answer was: "*Pronto*, senor!"

But tho he waited a reasonable length of time, he came not. He saw little of his friends for a few hours, and watched the lazy negro house-servants and lazier negro stablemen and field-hands as he swung in the hammock, until he grew tired and impatient. Then he rose to "stroll among the orange-groves, wander up and down the stream, while he studied the soil, the rock, flora, and fauna of the district; or had a bout with the countless saucy birds, which whirled, chattered, and caroled in the air, on the grass, and among the trees." Birds of the gayest plumage and with the sweetest songs known were found in the interior of Cuba. The early Spanish explorers once thought they had discovered the famous nightingale in Cuba, but in this they were mistaken.

The birds were not only sweet singers and beautiful to look upon, but so tame as to seem really impudent. They pranced, danced, and frisked all about the visitor in a most tantalizing way; while zorales, the buffoons of the plantation, sat on the bushes and mimicked him in voice and action. Thus the active American whiled away the time until between eleven and twelve o'clock, when *desayuno* (breakfast) was served, and here the first greetings of the day were made.

Don Manuel looked fresh and rosy, and hoped his friend had enjoyed a good night's repose and was *muy bien hoy.*

Stevens thanked his friend, and assured him that he was quite recovered from the fatigue of the day before. There were a few ladies and gentlemen friends visiting at the rich old casa. Among them were some from Matanzas, some from Cienfuegos, and one from far-distant Santiago. Two or three of these were at *desayuno*, and were introduced to the Americano, who could converse quite as fluently in Spanish as any native of old Castile. "Again the splendid tropical fruit was served in bewildering variety; coffee again appeared; bread, made of mixed wheat and yuca; wild and domestic fowls, fried to a golden brown; eggs in all manner of edible form; delicious *chicharones*, or pork scraps, done to toothsome and brittle tenderness—all appeared at the meal, which was extended over an hour or more of pleasant chatter, dalliance, and badinage. Between this time and the *camida*, or dinner, the ladies of the household were visible." Tho the señora was away, her husband's sister, a beautiful brunette of twenty-four, acted the part of hostess and strove to make amends for the absence of the lady of the house.

The time between *el desayuno* and *la camida* is a period in all well-to-do homes in Cuba of absolute siesta and rest, and, anxious as the American was to

resume the journey, his friend would admit of no infringement on the time-honored rule. Finding there was no use to resist the will of Don Manuel, he yielded to his wishes with the best grace possible. "Those odor-laden breezes distil and waft to the most vigorous frame and spirited intellect the siren spell and the thrall of indifference, listlessness, and languorous dreams"; and Fernando Stevens, with all his active Yankee blood, came under the spell.

"The household was silent within. The birds were silent without. Tropical sea, land, and sky were hushed and still. All this continued until five o'clock, when there was a cheerful awakening. The sweet, cool breezes returned. The birds sang and trilled as on our own June mornings. Man, bird, and beast were again alive. The dinner, brilliant with flowers, and quaint old table services, and rarer laces, wonderful fans, and odd country ways," made the Americano feel as if he had indeed wandered into a strange land.

"Then came the tropical night, with its odors and balm, beauties, and intoxicating breezes. The night glowed and grew as the wondrous stars above. At nine o'clock, tea was served. Here, there, and all about the place were the thrum of guitar, the twang of bandurria, the silvery echo of mandolin, mingled with the strange and thrilling minors of Spanish song, from parlor to quarters. It was long after

midnight when the myriads of fireflies silently whirled and swirled in their wavering witch-dances around the old plantation home."

Again and again during the evening the American had tried to gain some information from his Cuban host as to the time they would start on their search for the insurgent colonel; but Don Manuel avoided any allusion to the coming journey. It was not until his guests had retired that he took his American friend to the most remote corner of the great piazza, and, handing him a cigar, lighted one for himself, and said:

"Señor, smoke another before we retire."

As Stevens lighted the cigar, his friend resumed: "I suppose you want to talk a little on the journey and the search that are before us. I hope you will not be offended, señor, at my declining to speak of it before my guests; but at such a time as this, we are compelled to use the greatest precaution."

"Do you doubt any of your guests, Don Manuel?"

"This is a time, señor, at which we can trust no one. These guests seem to be my friends, but they may be spies sent to my very house to glean information for my arrest."

"It would be very ungrateful of them, after partaking of your hospitality, if they should inform on you."

The Don shook his handsome head and answered:

"Señor, gratitude is a flower that does not grow in this soil, fertile as it may seem. On the other hand, treachery with its poisonous sting flourishes. Pardon me if I seem pessimistic. I have cause to be so. I doubt every one save yourself and my wife. These guests may be friends, but there is among them at least one spy."

"Don Manuel, how do you know that?"

"I have been a witness to his work, señor. I do not say who is the spy, nor would I say there is only one; for there may be more. Spain is driven to desperate straits when by money she seeks to corrupt the friends of her subjects. We can none of us know who are genuine friends and who are spies; who are loyal to Spain, and who are the friends of Cuba."

The American was a man of strong self-control, and coolly listened to the remarks of Don Manuel. After a brief silence, Don Manuel resumed:

"You had hoped and believed that your journey here was without the knowledge of the Spanish soldiers."

"Was it not?" he asked, in amazement.

"No; you have been trailed to my very gates, and even now mounted guerrillas are just beyond the hedge, awaiting your departure, to follow you."

"Don Manuel, this is startling!"

"It is true, señor. If you will accompany me to the hedge at the rear of the orange grove, you may have an excellent view of the guerrillas, who care little for human life and hate an Americano next to a Cuban."

They calmly smoked their cigars, and then the American asked his Cuban friend how they were to escape from the foemen watching for them.

"I have been thinking of that all the while, señor, and have arrived at the conclusion that our only hope of escaping their vigilance would be to start early in the morning. Fortunately, my guests have kept rather late hours, and the spy set here to watch me will sleep and the rascally guerrillas will not be in a hurry about getting out, so I fancy we can get a good start if we leave before the stars are out of the sky."

"Will you accompany me, Don Manuel?"

"Assuredly I will, señor. I owe too much to you to leave you to tread the dangerous paths alone. Now retire and get what sleep you can, and all will be arranged. When I awake you, follow me without a word."

"I understand, Don Manuel."

"Until then, *buenos noches.*" He had conducted the American to his room as he talked, and, after bidding him adieu, turned about and left.

"What a mysterious country!" thought the Amer-

ican, as he undressed and went to bed. "How will these adventures end?"

Well it was that a kind future drew a veil before his path, for could he have dipped into it, no slumber would have come to his eyes that night.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXCITING AND INTERESTING JOURNEY.

THE stars were yet in the sky when a gentle hand touched the American's shoulder and a voice whispered:

"Awake, señor; we must ride before the sun, and behold! there is a light coming in the east."

The American leaped from his bed, to find Don Manuel, booted and spurred, with whip in hand, awaiting him. The Cuban said he would wait on the great porch on the north, and passed through the open window. Stevens quickly dressed and joined him.

He had wisely encumbered himself with little luggage, and buckling on a pair of spurs and taking a whip in his hand he was ready for the journey. Don Manuel beckoned and led the way to his stables, where were some fine-blooded Spanish horses. Two were saddled and ready.

There was a faint glow on the hill beyond the orange grove, which indicated the locality of the guerrillas' camp. Silently the two mounted and

rode from the stable paddock to the great gate, which Don Manuel unlocked with his key. The American went out with the horses, and Don Manuel, locking the great gate, crept through a narrow gap in the hedge, two hundred yards to the left, rejoined his friend, and, mounting, they rode briskly away.

"We will have a good start of them," he remarked, as their horses cantered along the road.

"What will your guests think of your sudden departure?"

"I explained to Señor Nicoli that I might go suddenly to Havana, where my wife is. He will excuse my absence to the others, and to all save the spies it will be satisfactory. They will suspect us both, but it will be too late to overtake us."

"Don Manuel, I greatly fear that I will bring trouble on you. I had no intention, when I began this journey, to involve a friend."

"Señor, it was coming anyway. This will only hasten it. Your coming and my aiding you will not add anything to the annoyance I would have suffered."

When they had gone a mile or so from the casa of the Don, they found the road so wretchedly poor that it would have been folly to try to drive a vehicle over it, and even horses were forced to travel with care.

Brighter and brighter grew the eastern horizon,

until the sun in all his tropical splendor arose, flooding mountain, hill, and vale with golden glory. Then, as they rode on, they began to meet people, always on horseback or muleback. In Cuba one never meets a tramp; "everybody rides. Poor and in desperate case, indeed, is the meanest guajiro who owns no jacas or pony."

The coming dawn awoke all the feathered songsters of Cuba. "Bewildering as may be the flowers in the Gem of the Antilles, the variety and singing of birds are positively ravishing. It has been said that what tropical birds gain in brilliancy of plumage they lose in variety and quality of song. This is not true of Cuba." In the early morning ride, the American was continually delighted with the sweetest songs, while brilliant green, blue, scarlet, and yellow plumage fluttered in all the thickets, in an endless variety.

At this time there were brigands in Cuba; but they harmed no one not a Spaniard. Don Manuel assured our friend that no American or Cuban need have any fears of them, tho they were a terror to Spain's standing army in Cuba. Matagas the Terrible in his day was more of a patriot than an outlaw. His methods can hardly be recommended, yet all through seasons of peace he kept the Spanish soldiery in a constant state of alarm, and worried and harassed them ceaselessly, until the home governor

was compelled continually to send fresh troops to take their place. When sought, the brigands never could be found, but were always turning up at some unexpected point when least anticipated.

"Brigand or planter, guajiro or montero, he always had a ready-saddled pony at command. Like a flash, he was into the saddle and away. And what a perfect rider he was! He sat not like one of your park horsemen, who, ramming the pommel into the pit of his stomach, points to the horizon with his trembling legs, and exposes the laughing sky between himself and his saddle; but straight as the wild cane, his knees well forward, with loose rein, and in harmony with every movement of the animal beneath him, rode the patriot outlaw. He could pick up his sombrero from the ground at full run; and because his perfect naturalness and good sense in the saddle were as potent to his horse as any onlooker, there was no reasonable demand to which his pony would not respond."

The exhilarating morning ride of the American through the valleys and mountains furnished him with many observations of Cuban yeomanry in that region, of the espionage and public brigandage of the Spanish soldiery themselves, of Cuban deep woods and their tenantry of beast, bird, and reptile, and of Cuban coffee-lands and coffee culture.

"The Spanish soldiery's goading of the Cuban peo-

ple was no better and no worse than it had been for years previous, even before the proclamation of martial law. The class which seemed best qualified to incite a revolution was the guardia civil. These prowled about the country in small squads, on the pretext of searching for bandits and their harborers, and perpetrated all manner of indignities and outrages upon helpless, innocent people."

On the third day of their journey, Stevens had a sample of their delicate system of levying contributions and collecting Spanish revenues. They were far enough away to be beyond suspicion, when, as they were riding along a mountain road, with a Spanish fort about four miles on their right, there suddenly emerged from behind a thicket of tamarinds half a dozen of the guardia civil.

"*Arto!*" ("Halt!") they shouted to the travelers.

"Had we better halt, fight, or fly?" the American asked his companion.

"Let them come to us," said Don Manuel. "They can have no knowledge of whom we are, and we will get along better by not seeming to fear them or attempting to fight them."

With drawn revolvers, they galloped down upon them.

"*Quien es vd?*" ("Who are you?") the man who seemed to be in command asked.

Don Manuel explained that the stranger was an American, and he was his friend.

"Where are you from?" was the next question, asked in the most insulting and brutal manner possible. When this had been explained, they next asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To visit the coffee-plantations and make an estimate on the yield," was most humbly explained. "But, descrying an American in the party, it seemed to become a serious matter. Fernando's passport was demanded in anything but a pleasant tone of voice.

"'Humph!' 'Oho!' and a hundred '*Carambas!*' followed the examination. It was correctly viséed, everything was as it should be, save it stated that he was twenty-five years of age. They did not believe it, they asserted, with dark looks. Something was wrong. For a moment it seemed as if the arrest of both would follow; but Don Manuel, who understood matters perfectly, drew the American aside and said in Spanish:

"'*Es mejor darle un doblen a cada uno para que nos dejen en paz.*' ('It is better to give a doubloon and not be detained.')"

Stevens accepted the hint and gave the money, and it had a magical effect, for, even tho the guerrillas stared savagely at them, they uttered a "*Buenos*

dias!" and signified by a wave of the hand they were to go on. They accepted, and galloped down a forest road. There was a fascination in the deep, dark, old, solemn Cuban woods. "The American can form little conception of Cuban forests. The noblest are found in the region along the north-east coast. There the stateliness and grandeur as well as the value of these forest trees are almost incredible." It has been estimated that there is ten thousand dollars' worth of mahogany, rosewood, and lignum vitæ on an acre of land. In the wilderness between the old walled town of Holguin and the sea at Sepa, the forests are almost impenetrable.

The portion through which our two friends rode was grand, majestic, with giants still growing that had been trees before the white men of Europe dreamed there existed a land across the unknown ocean. They traveled two days through the forest, halting at the huts or camps of *labradors* for food or lodging, while their horses fed upon the grass which grew in open spaces.

Don Manuel thought there was little danger of detection or arrest, as they were drawing nearer and nearer to the district where they hoped to find Colonel Marti and his little band of patriots.

On the night of the fifth day of their journey, Stevens and Don Manuel "sought shelter at a century-old *bodegay posada* or inn, where they were re-

ceived as men of distinction. This, however, was wholly in the ethical sense. It in no wise bettered the quality of food, ministered to their bodily needs, or cleared the filth, fleas, and cobwebs from their dim old *alcobas.* Stevens was to learn that an out-of-the-way inn in Cuba was a shelter much inferior to the open air. On their arrival the landlord danced all around them with inexpressible welcomes, and called upon all the saints to guard them," but never thought of taking that onerous duty on himself. With the hypocritical fawning of a Hebraic vender of second-hand clothing, he endlessly repeated: "My house is thine!" Then, having put them in possession of it, he calmly went to sleep, leaving his guests to shift for themselves, but awaking on the eve of their departure with a shower of blessings and bills.

The travelers "were no more than settled at the ancient inn when a little episode occurred, illustrating the revolutionary feeling, never suppressed in Cuba," and at this time again in the ascendency. It was evident even then that, ere many decades rolled by, Spanish misrule would awaken the slumbering giant of liberty in North America, who would at one blow break the shackles of slavery of his next-door neighbor.

Don Manuel and Stevens were holding a very quiet council on their future movements when they

were suddenly startled by "a great commotion within the old hostelry. Excited cries issued from below, and in a twinkling half a hundred people had crowded into the little *patio* or court. From the window they saw a mounted squad of the trimly uniformed but utterly despised guardia civil dash across the plaza, and then, sweeping down the *calle* with drawn sabers, dash squarely into the wide *entrada* at full gallop, cutting and slashing right and left as they entered."

"What does it all mean?" asked Stevens, fearing they had been discovered after all their caution.

Before his companion could answer, "out poured the crowd pell-mell, scattering in every direction, and uttering all manner of jeers, oaths, and derisive cries as they disappeared.

"Don Manuel, greatly agitated, seized the American's arm and prevented him from descending to the *patio;* but from the interior gallery, along with a grinning crowd of *mozos*, they could look upon the excited soldiery, and see the dismounted officer in charge hastily clutch his handkerchief, wet it at the *patio* fountain, and use it as a sponge to erase some dreaded emblem from the whitened, inner wall."

"*Caramba!* Had I the knave, his neck would crack for this!" growled the angry officer, scrubbing away to wash off the offensive figure.

The American saw the picture, which was a draw-

ing of the Cuban flag, with its stripes alternating blue and white, and its triangular red field with a star in the center. Beneath was written: "*Vive la Cuba!*"

Stevens turned to Don Manuel, who was white with excitement. Hastily drawing the American back in the grimy *alcoba*, he paced the echoing tiling a moment in silence, and then said:

"That is *our* flag, the banner of Cuba. Thousands of my brothers have fallen to sustain it. Spain is sending over her best soldiers to the island to prevent its recognition by the world. The Cortes at Madrid have publicly stated that there is hardly a regiment left in one hundred sent to devastate our lands. Some daring wag probably traced the flag on that wall, while our old pasadero was asleep. If he were known it would cost him his life. But every soul that saw it, save the cursed guardia civil, loved it, shouted '*Vive la Cuba!*' in his heart if not with his voice, and prays God it may yet wave over a free Cuban people—and *it will!*"

"Don Manuel, your utterances are dangerous."

"They may be, but a man with a heart as strong as a hare prefers death to slavery."

"What is the history and meaning of the flag, Don Manuel? I never saw it before."

"Oh! its history and meaning? It was designed by the Lopez Junta in 1868, and was first raised

by the brave Cespedes of Bayamo in October of that year, with less than fifty men beneath it; but by the middle of November there was an organized army of twelve thousand behind it. They fought like patriots, all the world knows. Next to your own starry flag, it is the most beautiful of banners. A red triangular field, whose base formed the extreme width of the flag at the left end, was broken only by a central white star, and its apex pierced the second division of four stripes, alternately white and blue. These four stripes represent the four states on the island under the hoped-for Cuban Republic; the white stripes are the promise of peace and the unalterable purity of motive in the movement; the stripes of blue are symbolic of the ever-blue skies above Cuba; the triangle was significant of the fact that the members of the Junta designing the emblem were all master masons; the red field reminds

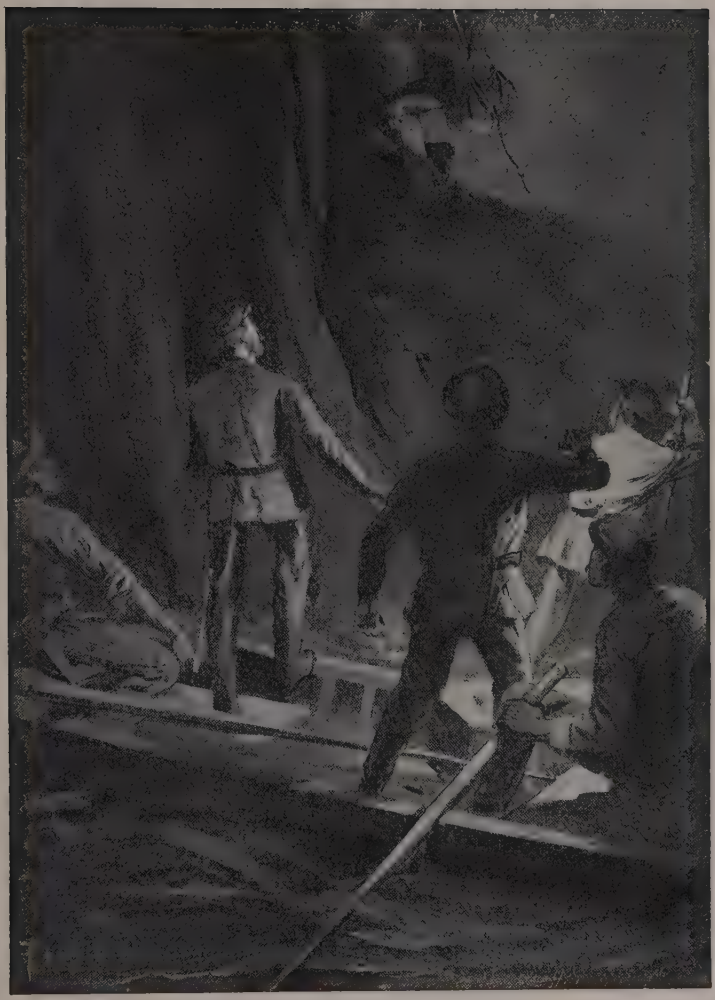
"HAD I THE KNAVE, HIS NECK WOULD CRACK FOR THIS."

us that liberty can only be bought by blood; and the single white star is the universal and sacred pledge that Cuba shall at last add another star to that grand constellation of Statehood in your own country, the American union."

The guardia civil, having performed their noble task of washing away the image of Cuba's ensign of freedom, rode rapidly away. Perhaps the fact that they were very near to the border of the insurgents' district caused them to accelerate their speed.

At daybreak next morning, our travelers were awakened by a loud thumping and hallooing at the door of the old inn. Don Manuel sprang from his bed, took one hasty glance from the balcony, and then, in light attire, descended as precipitately as a nimble sleep-walker to the court below.

The American, greatly fearing they had received another visit from the guardia civil, dressed hurriedly and carefully, and with a cocked revolver in his hand crept to the balcony, to find his friend hilariously greeted and embraced by a party of mounted yeomen who had just arrived. The newcomers were armed with machetes, carbines, and pistols, as if for brigandage or revolution, as the American could dimly see through the half-night light in the narrow *calle* beneath. By giving close attention to a few hasty, low-spoken words, the American learned that they were a party of Cuban insurrectionists, who,



"STAND BACK! HERE COMES SOME ONE!"

having been informed of the presence of a band of the guardia civil at the inn, had ridden all night to capture them, but arrived too late.

Don Manuel saw that here was an opportunity to reach the camp of the insurrectionists not to be let pass. These men were a part of Colonel Marti's command, and he determined to go back with them. Horses were saddled, they paid their score, and in a twinkling were alongside their new-found friends, munching delicious oranges for their stomachs' sake on their way through a grand old forest. The mahogany-trees in that part of the island grow to a marvelous size. Along the southern coast some are so large that it requires five men, finger-tips to tips, to reach around one.

No doubt any stranger on so remarkable a journey as the American was taking would fall upon conditions for observation and study of remote Cuban life and characteristics, and to Stevens it was a delight. He had never been far into the interior before, and it was all new to him. There were twenty Cuban patriots in the party, "mounted and armed with such outrageous prodigality that therein seemed their chief danger. Don Manuel, bright, intelligent, alert, with all those quickened perceptions" which hope seemed to inspire, talked cheerfully of the time when the Cuban flag should wave over every city and fort of the land.

The Cuban cavalrymen were of all ages and complexions, but under the command of a smart, youthful lieutenant, who, tho young in years, was old in experience. He had seen service since the beginning of the revolt, and was one of the thirty-five left to General Agramonte when all others laid down their arms in 1871. He was a native Cuban, but there was no African or Indian blood in his veins. He had one or two scars, the result of hand-to-hand encounters with the Spanish soldiery.

There was little gaiety among the troopers. When night came, they camped near a mountain stream in a small vale, covered with grass, surrounded by a vast wall of forest. Surely there could not have been a more secure hiding-place anywhere. There was little conversation. Sad-eyed and silent, the men sat about their small camp-fires after the evening meal, scarce speaking a word, while the sentries placed about the camp walked their beat in silence.

Sitting apart from the cavalrymen were Don Manuel and the American. The latter was thinking of his young wife and children far away, and speculating on the time when he should rejoin them; while the Don was thinking how many dangers his friend would yet have to run before he was again safe on American soil.

"My heart is very heavy to-night, señor," said the Don. "I feel a depression of spirits which I can

not explain. Our forces, I fear, will meet reverses, and, after all we have done and are doing, the shackles will be tightened about Cuba."

"You are not superstitious, Don Manuel?" asked the American.

"No, señor, I have never been accredited with superstition; but when I have such vague, unaccountable depressions, or I might say impressions, I fear they are not wholly groundless. But, after all, I need not say the feeling of dread is not altogether supernatural. A course of logical reasoning may have brought me to the conclusion I have reached."

"What conclusion have you reached?"

"It is more a fear than a conclusion," said Don Manuel. "I fear this revolt, like all that have preceded it, will end in the defeat of the Cubans and the tightening of the chains."

"My dear friend, I hope you are taking a gloomier look at affairs than circumstances warrant."

"Breathe not a word of this to the men, for I would not utter a discouraging thought that would reach their ears. My friend, I fear you do not fully realize your own danger. To reach the camp of José Marti is easy, but to get back to the coast will be exceedingly dangerous."

"I have considered all that, Don Manuel."

"Then let us get a little sleep, and trust in Heaven for aid to help us through these trials."

CHAPTER IV.

ONE MORE AMERICAN MARTYR.

Long after he had rolled himself in his blanket upon the ground to get a little repose did Stevens lay thinking over all the Cuban had said. Occasionally he heaved a sigh as he reflected on the sad condition of his wife and little ones should he fail to return. There was one matter neglected for which he could not but censure himself. His carelessness, his forgetfulness, in the light of what might happen, was almost criminal.

The camp-fires burned low, and the smoke, ascending in spiral columns, formed fantastic wreaths about the grand old trees. The keen imagination of the American peopled those wreaths of smoke with strange beings. There were castles, pyramids, and mountains that touched the sky, all waving and changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity, until he saw, as it were, a white-robed being, pale and bleeding, floating off into space. The head rested on the shoulder, and as the last faint glow from the dying embers fell on the face, he started and almost

shrieked out in alarm. He had gazed upon his own features. In a moment it was gone, and he was surrounded by the sleeping soldiers with the fire-flies lighting up the vast old wood. He drew his blanket over his head to shut out the visions of the night, and slept.

Day had dawned when he awoke, and the Cubans were preparing their poor meal of baked yams, and broiled steaks from a bull killed the day before. The American arose, and, making his toilet at a small mountain stream, joined the soldiers and Don Manuel at the morning meal.

Several wild dogs of the species indigenous to Cuba were seen wandering about the camp, no doubt attracted by the odor of cooking meat. One of the soldiers seized his carbine and cocked it to fire at one, but at the command of his officer he laid the gun upon the ground at his side.

Breakfast over, they saddled and mounted their horses, breaking camp without any further ceremony. This portion of the wilderness as yet had not known civilization. There were none of the domestic animals, partially wild, which nevertheless cling on the edges of civilization. Only the wolf and the jutia, a small animal of the size of a muskrat, were seen in the day's travel.

As they neared the district of the insurgents, civilization began to appear again. There were houses

and fields, and they met armed bodies of men, always on horseback, galloping over hills, evidently to hang upon the flanks of the enemy. Before sunset they had reached the camp of Col. José Marti. The colonel was not with his regiment, but would return to it in the course of a day or so. A courier was sent to inform him that his American friend and Don Manuel were in camp.

Next day the colonel, a tall, graceful, handsome gentleman, with a broad, high brow, came into camp. His uniform was faded, and the metal scabbard that contained his sword was dimmed by the rust of rains and dews; but his eye was bright, and his step firm and elastic.

"My friend, I am both glad and sorry to see you," he said, taking the hand of the American.

"Why so, Colonel Marti? Does my coming embarrass you?" asked Stevens.

"Not in the way you think, señor. The amount I owe the firm of Parker & Stevens has been set aside for them, and I am ready to deliver it at once; but what does embarrass me is to know how you are to get safely back to your country. It will never do for you to return by way of Havana."

"I have my passport."

"Little good would that do you, señor, if you should be captured on the charge of filibustering or joining or aiding the insurgent army. If it were

known you had been here, had even talked with me on a matter of business, it would cost you your life."

The American was by no means a timid man, and, with the resolute determination of his race, he said:

"Other Americans have been here. You have filibustering expeditions frequently, do you not?"

"Certainly."

"Then why can I not get off the island in one of their vessels?"

"It is your only hope, señor. I will send you to the coast with an escort that is faithful and may be trusted, and we will pray the saints to guard you."

The Cuban army, consisting of about fifteen thousand men, was scattered under the able commander, General Agramonte, who fell a few weeks later at the head of his command. It was the best policy to keep the army scattered over as much territory as possible, as they were better able to sustain themselves by foraging, and could strike more frequent and telling blows at the enemy.

Stevens had been with Colonel Marti three days, when the latter took him to the cloister of an old, deserted monastery. He raised a stone slab from under the altar, disclosing a small aperture, in which were some leather bags. The two were alone, and the cloister, which was lighted by a single tallow candle, giving forth a weird, flickering flame, had a strange, ghostly appearance.

"Here is the exact amount I owe you, señor, in gold. We will take and place it in the leather valise, so you can carry it without arousing suspicion; and the guard I send with you to the coast will be men in whose hands you will be safe."

The money was removed, counted, found correct, and placed in the strong leather bag. So far the American had been successful, and, despite the fact that he had been a victim to fits of melancholy, he began to take courage.

"The battle is half won," he thought; "and once out on the ocean, I am safe from the bloodhounds."

Don Manuel announced that he had come with the full intention of joining the insurgents, and he at once began organizing a new regiment from the numerous raw recruits which had swarmed into the camp.

The American found camp life in the Cuban army very monotonous. There were quite a number of his own countrymen in the army, and when these learned that he was going to return to America, they brought many letters for him to send home to relatives and friends. He placed these, with all the private papers he had brought, in the valuable leather bag.

Only a few of the members of the Cuban army knew of the bag, and none save Col. José Marti had any idea of its value. The colonel came to him one day, and said:

"Prepare to go, my dear friend. Much as I regret to part from you, I can not but rejoice at the fact that you are so soon to be back in your own country."

"When am I to take my departure, colonel?"

"This very night."

"Has the filibuster come?"

"Yes; she has been sighted off the coast, and to-night will land her arms and supplies, take you on board, and sail back to the States."

Again the heart of the American beat high with hope. He had taken a risk to gain what was justly due him, but he would win. At home with his wife and children, he could look back with pleasure on the thrilling adventures and painful experiences in the land struggling for freedom. The Cubans were very kind to him. Don Manuel and Colonel Marti never left off regretting that they were unable to make his stay more pleasant. On his part, he expressed a hope in the strongest terms that their island might sever itself from Spain, and that Col. José Marti might return to his sugar- and Don Manuel to his coffee-plantation.

"Should we ever do so, we hope that we may revive the trade with you which was lost by the war," said the colonel.

"I have retired from business, but may resume as soon as the war is ended," the American answered.

Shortly after dark his two friends came for him, and, with his treasure in the leather carpet-bag, so closely packed with palm-leaves as not to jingle, he started with them to the outer edge of the camp, where half a dozen horsemen, under command of a veteran officer, waited to escort him to the place of embarkation. The leave-taking was very affecting, for the men never expected to meet again. The Spaniard is as emotional as the Frenchman. He loves and hates with a fervor unknown to people of Northern blood. The American was the beloved friend of both Colonel Marti and Don Manuel, and they warmly embraced him and silently sent up a prayer to Heaven for his safe return.

Stevens mounted the same gallant steed which he had ridden from Don Manuel's coffee-plantation, and, with the valise on the pommel of his saddle, galloped off into darkness, surrounded by his faithful guard.

Others had gone in the direction of the coast ahead of him, to take off the contraband goods from the vessel that was even then, with lights out, hovering along the dangerous coast, where no ship had ever before thought of effecting a landing.

For a long distance they rode through the gloom and darkness, the American unable to see even the men who acted as guard. The night was favorable for the landing of the filibuster's cargo,

for clouds obscured the sky and not a star was to be seen.

At last the breeze from the sea reached them, and they quickened their pace. They were halted by sentries placed near the landing, and after a short delay passed on. There were a few lanterns on the top of one of those exceedingly high cliffs which overlook some parts of the coast. Far below could be heard the dash of waves, and a crane rigged on the cliff showed how the goods were to be landed.

"Go carefully there, you are near the edge of the cliff!" whispered one of the guides as the American, alighting, started toward the verge of the precipice.

"I can see it now," he answered. Sitting on the edge, with their feet hanging over, were half a dozen Cubans, smoking and chattering, quite reckless of the fact that, should they lose their balance, they would fall five hundred feet into the sea.

With his precious leather bag at his side, Stevens sat on the cliff, gazing hopelessly out across the dark water, unable to see any object, and hearing only the sullen roar of breakers far below. Suddenly, as he looked, he descried on the water a flash-like light, as if a small quantity of gunpowder had been burned.

"She is coming!" The whisper ran around the group of insurgents. There was a slight bustling about, and an answering flash was sent from the men on the height to their friends down upon the water.

A few moments later, Stevens could see a light bobbing up and down on the wave, and the ponderous crane swung out and the long cable began to unwind.

Tho none could see it, all knew that out there in that rock-environed harbor a ship lay at anchor. A few moments later another light bobbed on the water, then another, and another. Lively now worked the crane. The thunder of the crank, the creaking of the machinery, and the hoisting of boxes, barrels, and bales took the place of the silence. Negroes hurried the arms, ammunition, and supplies back out of the way, to prevent the workmen from being encumbered. Scarcely a word was spoken. The men at the crane were guided only by a whistle in the boat below.

"It will be some time, señor, before you can get away. You might sleep. I have a *poncho*, if you wish to lie down," said one of the guard.

Mr. Stevens thanked him, and, with the bag for a pillow, stretched himself on the *poncho* and fell into a light doze, from which he was repeatedly awakened by the working of the crane. At last some one touched his shoulder, and a low voice said:

"Señor, they are ready for you to go down now."

The American started up and, glancing about, by the light of the torches saw vast piles of boxes and supplies. Instead of one crane, as he supposed, do-

ing all the work, there had been no less than four. The flame from the torches gave a strange, ghoulish glare to the faces of the native workmen.

He arose and found that in one of the cranes had been fastened a basket-like seat, in which he was soon tied. The leather bag was tied to it also. Very strong and secure were the cords which bound him to the wicker seat, so that, even should he lose consciousness in the awful descent, he could not fall from it.

When all was ready, his Cuban friends bade him adieu, and, very much like a condemned man being swung into eternity, the end of the crane swept him out over the awful abyss, and he began to descend with such marvelous rapidity as almost to take his breath away.

Down, down, down, until he grew dizzy and faint. Down, down, down, and still down, that enormous cable lengthened out, until he asked himself if he would ever reach the bottom. At last from far below he heard a voice say in English:

"Stand clear, here comes some one."

Then he saw the rays of a lantern and heard the wash of waves near to him. He was seized and pulled into a boat, released, and fell almost unconscious into the bottom. The boat then put out for the ship, and the American and his leather bag were soon on deck. The captain was a brave, kind-heart-

ed man—a lover of liberty, or he would not have been engaged in furnishing supplies to the insurgents.

"Were you with the insurgents?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; but not one of them. A matter of business took me to their camp, and if you will land me in some American port you shall be remunerated."

"The *White Cloud* is a swift craft, sir, and if only we can get sea-room and a fair chance, we will show any Spanish cruiser afloat a clean pair of heels."

"Have you met any cruisers since you arrived in Cuban waters?"

"Wasn't we chased twelve hours by the *Tornado?* But we eluded her, have landed the goods, and if she's not on the watch outside, we'll make it back to the States. Blockade-running is an easy matter when one learns how to do it."

The captain of the *White Cloud* was a New Yorker named Clark, and a more daring filibuster never ventured in sight of the Cuban shore. He showed the American to the cabin which he was to occupy during the voyage.

"How soon do you expect to reach the States?" asked the American anxiously, as he placed the precious leather bag under his berth.

"If we have no bad luck, sir, we shall be in Tampa, Fla., in three days," the captain answered.

In Tampa in three days! Then in two more he would be able to reach Cincinnati, and be home with his wife and children, whose faces seemed hourly to draw nearer to him. Could it be possible that such happiness was in store. It seemed he had been absent years, instead of weeks; but he began to breathe easier, for he felt that his adventures were almost over.

The boats that had been out came in and were hoisted to their places on the davits; then the ship got up anchor, and began stealing slowly and carefully out of the harbor. It was still dark, and Stevens, feeling a great sense of relief, and being quite exhausted from the nervous strain, undressed and turned into his bunk. The gentle undulation of the waves and the low churning of the wheel soothed him to sleep, and he dreamed of home and loved ones, happiness and peace.

The hours went on, and he awoke to hear the thundering of machinery, the excited cries of men on deck, and the scampering of feet. Filled with alarm, he leaped to his feet, hurriedly dressed, and rushed out on deck. Little need to ask the cause of the alarm, for he could see above the water's rim a funnel, which momentarily grew into a Spanish cruiser.

The American was very calm, tho he knew his fate. The captain came near, and he asked:

"Captain, can you outsail her?"

"I don't know. The *White Cloud's* goin' with a bone in her teeth; but that cruiser creeps upon us in a way I don't like."

"Then what will you do? You won't surrender?"

"Surrender! No! We don't want to be hung at the yard-arm. She watched us go into that port, and lay outside to pounce on us. To surrender would be death."

"But are you prepared to fight?"

"No. We would be blown out o' the water."

"Then, captain, may I ask what you intend doing?"

"Beat her time, if we can."

'But if you can't?"

"Then we'll beach the ship, take to the woods, and trust to chance. See, the shore is only a few miles on our larboard."

The captain hoped that by keeping up the present rate of speed they would be able to reach some neutral point at least. There was, however, an expression of uneasiness on his stolid brow which augured ill for the expedition.

The sun shone brightly in the sky, and climbed higher as they crept farther and farther from the Cuban shore. Stevens paced the deck nervously, watching the face of the captain, which grew darker and more despairing every moment.

Suddenly a lookout forward cried:

"What the devil is that? Another funnel!"

The captain seized his glass and climbed to the forward main-crosstrees, and gave the stranger a long stare. He descended to the deck, and, approaching his only passenger, said:

"Mr. Stevens, I am sorry to tell you my ship is doomed, and there is nothing more to do save to beach her and take to the woods."

"That vessel is another Spanish cruiser?"

"It is."

"Captain, since we are in such danger, I have a secret to confide to you," said Mr. Stevens. "I have in that bag eleven thousand dollars in gold, which Señor Jose Marti owed our firm. I was sent to collect it, and hoped to get away. Now what can I do with it?"

"Take the bag ashore and we will make a cache, bury it, and you can come for it some other time."

"I have thought of that. It shall not fall into the hands of the Spaniards."

At the tremendous rate of speed they were going they had rapidly approached the last-discovered steamer, and were now within range of her long guns. Captain Clark knew he could outrun the *Tornado*, so he swung his ship about and started for the distant Cuban shore, which lay like a cloud of mist on his larboard.

Fernando Stevens stood on the forward deck, gazing at the rapidly approaching cruiser. He saw a puff of smoke suddenly curl up from her bow. Half a minute later he heard a strange sound, and looking upward, he saw a raging, baleful thing fly over the forward deck of the *White Cloud* and plunge into the sea, two hundred or more yards away, in a *mêlée* of flame and spouting foam.

But the *White Cloud* proved more speedy than this new enemy, and before many shots had been fired was beyond her range.

"Mr. Stevens," said Captain Clark, "there is but one thing to do, and that is beach her. I know this coast better than any Spaniard who navigates, and I will lead them a lively chase among the shoals and hidden rocks."

"Maybe we can escape them in that manner."

"No; they will send in their infernal steam launches, and lay out beyond the reefs to sink us as we come out. We are not prepared to repel their boarders, and captivity is death. Our only hope of escape is in taking to the woods and abandoning the ship, which I shall set on fire."

"And my bag of money?"

"Take it with you, by all means. We shall leave no valuables that we can take with us."

The captain seized the wheel and directed the course of the vessel as they approached the danger-

ous shoals and reefs. His two pursuers kept hard in his wake, one gaining on him very perceptibly, until it approached too near the reefs, when it sent a shell whizzing through the rigging.

The captain rang more steam, and the *White Cloud* fairly flew between two dangerous rocks that reared their blackened, weather-beaten heads above the roaring surf, and sped straight toward the shore. There was a sudden swell—the vessel struck; another swell—she floated, and struck again, this time to stay fast among the rocks.

The engines slowed down and stopped altogether, and the captain, leaping to the deck, ordered the boats loaded. Meanwhile the mate had been busy piling in such arms and valuables as they could take with them.

"How is the coast?" asked the captain.

"Clear."

"No infernal Spanish cavalry or guerrillas?"

"Not one."

"Good! We may be able to join Agramonte and fight for *Cuba libre!* Come, boys, over into the boats quickly." Then, going close to Stevens, he whispered: "Have you the leather bag?"

"Yes, sir; safe in the boat."

"Climb down to it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Fire the vessel. I have knocked in the head of

a barrel of kerosene, and a lighted match does the work."

The crew, save six men, were in the boats, pulling for shore, when suddenly the flames darted up from the main hatchway in front of the cabin. The captain climbed nimbly down the ladder, dropped into the boat, and cried:

"Now give way, lads, give way! There is no prize for the Dons in that ship."

The sailors bent to their oars, and the boat seemed almost to leap from the water as it skimmed along the surf.

"Larboard!" cried the captain to the foremost boat. "There's an inlet or mouth of a creek there."

The men were rowing for their lives, and the boats flew into the inlet. Mr. Stevens glanced back, to see the whole ship a mass of flames; then they sped up a creek, and sea, coast, ship, and pursuers were lost to sight.

THE CAVE WAS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GREAT STONE BEAR.

For an hour they pursued the course of the stream, then, abandoning their boats, decided to march across the country to Camaguey.

The captain took Stevens aside, and said:

"You can't carry so much treasure as you have about you, so I would advise you to cache it here. The place is easily found. I know the distance from the sea, for I surveyed the creek once for purposes of navigation. I will give you a description, which you can write down and carry with you."

This seemed the only possible means of saving the treasure, so they tied up the leather bag in a thick sail, and with a shovel that chanced to be in one of the boats buried it at the foot of a large stone which, worn and beaten by time, had assumed the form of a bear. The compass showed that the cache was on the north side of the great stone bear, and just beneath its right forepaw.

Mr. Stevens made a careful description of the spot, and placed it in his pocket. Other valuables were buried in the bag, but he took no heed of them. The shovel was then thrown into the stream, and, taking their arms, they started for Camaguey, the distance to which they could hardly calculate.

Four days later a small party of wild-eyed, half-famished men were driven into the dense forest, almost surrounded by a watchful enemy. Nearly half their number had fallen or were captives. Cap-

tain Clark and Stevens, knowing their fate if captured, refused to surrender, and, half dead with fatigue and starvation, fought as they retreated toward the mountains.

"It's no use, Mr. Stevens," said Captain Clark, as he rammed the last cartridge into his gun; "we're doomed."

The captain fired the contents of his gun, bringing down an enemy, and next moment was struck down with a bullet.

With his helpless wife and children constantly in mind, Stevens, with the energy of despair, struggled for his life as never did man before.

One by one his companions were shot down or surrendered, until he alone wandered in the woods, without ammunition to fight longer, half starved and half crazed. In this helpless condition he was captured and taken to Santiago—that accursed spot where so much innocent American blood has been shed—and landed in prison. He asked to see the American consul, but he was away on a pleasure excursion. When the consul came back he learned of the American, and said he would see what could be done; but delays and Spanish misrepresentations prevented him from accomplishing anything. The prisoner was not even permitted to write, and for a long time his wife was unaware of his peril.

The end was just what might be expected. He

was condemned after a year of miserable captivity; and one beautiful morning, while the sun was still kissing the dew on the green peak of San Juan, an unfortunate man was led from the dungeon beneath old Morro, out upon the ramparts of that grim and antiquated old castle, his tall, manly form silhouetted against the clear sky for a few seconds; then a rattle of musketry, a last shriek, "Annie!" and the swift plunge of a body down into the sea. One more innocent martyr to the cause of freedom!

CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW'S STRUGGLE.

ANNIE STEVENS for months expected her husband's return. The last letter she received from him was dated at Havana, stating that he was going into the interior to close up the business for which he came. Her heart was sad, and yet she hoped against hope. At last there came a report through the newspapers of the arrest and incarceration of an American in the dungeon at Santiago.

In her distress she asked the advice of a lawyer, and he suggested that she inform the State Department. She did so, but the State Department promised everything, and finally did nothing. The case, she was told, had been adjudicated by an admiralty court and the prisoner condemned, as he was taken with arms in his hands in the ranks of the insurgents.

She wrote to the consul at Santiago, but her letter was misplaced, lost, and never answered. The real fate of her husband was not known. After a year's absence she donned the widow's weeds and mourned him as dead.

None but the widow knows how hard her unfortunate lot. Friends who had been always ready to praise in the days of prosperity, began to look with coldness and suspicion on the family in their misfortune.

There was much speculation as to the fate of Mr. Stevens. Was he really a filibuster, as the papers stated and the State Department had asserted?

"What do you think about the story about Ferd Stevens?" Jim Glass asked Judge Hawkins.

"I suppose it is true," the judge answered, while he sucked at his cigar. "The State Department would not have given it out, if it were not true." The judge was a shrewd man, and thought it best always to keep in line with the powers that be.

"Well, I would not have believed it of him. I always thought Ferd an honest man."

"So did I; but we never know what one will do when they get greedy for money."

"No, no. I am devilish sorry for Ferd. They say he was shot. Well, too bad for the poor fellow. He died owing me six dollars, but I have no doubt that the widow will pay it."

"Oh, yes; Annie is an honest girl," the old judge remarked, "and she'll pay every dollar he owed. I'm afraid it won't leave her much, tho, for Stevens was not as well fixed as people thought."

"No, he wasn't. He did a great deal of splurgin'

around, but didn't make such a monstrous big pile at it."

The widow from the first began to economize. Her husband had left some property, and had quite a comfortable bank account. There was enough to rear and educate her two children, and leave her a small competency besides.

Her husband had been gone fully a year, and she was mourning him as dead, when one day his former partner, Mr. Joe Parker, called to see her.

"Have you heard anything from Ferd?" he asked.

"No," she answered, brushing a tear from the corner of her eye.

"Is it true that you've given him up?" he asked.

"I have. I don't believe he is alive, or he would have written me long ere this."

"Well, it's too bad, Annie; I am sorry for you—very sorry."

She looked very pretty as she sat in her widow's weeds, gazing into vacancy. The children saw that she was distressed, and came to her side as if to protect her with their puny hands.

Mr. Parker sat a long time, his brow contracted and his features indicating a great mental struggle. It was quite evident that there was something wear ing heavily on the mind of Mr. Parker. Had he not been a man with a family, an onlooker might have concluded, from his evident embarrassment, that he

was about to propose to the widow. Tho the business he had in hand was not matrimony, it was quite as embarrassing to Mr. Parker. After several moments of awkward silence, which he made four or five futile attempts to break, he at last cleared his throat and said:

"Annie—ahem! Mrs. Stevens, I appreciate your position and feelings, and have for a long time; but, ahem! duty sometimes is painful, you know. With all this load of sorrow on our hearts, we must go on, you know; business will not let us weep when we would."

The widow gave him an astonished look. He met her gaze, and continued:

"I hardly know how to approach a subject of business that must be painful, but you know we must. I beg pardon in advance for saying what I am going to say—what I must say."

The widow fixed her sad blue eyes on him, and asked:

"What are you going to say?"

"You remember that your husband and I were engaged in business."

"Certainly, sir."

"It was very profitable to the firm."

"You closed it up, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, we closed out our business and severed our partnership; but that did not end it all."

The widow felt a great lump on her heart. Somehow the very presence of this man portended evil. She sat gazing at him in speechless silence; her face was a picture of anxiety pitiful to behold.

"You perhaps were told by your husband that he borrowed of me ten thousand dollars to engage in the business. In other words, I advanced the capital, twenty thousand dollars, and he gave me his note for ten, and was taken into full partnership."

"Yes, Mr. Parker, he told me all about that," Mrs. Stevens answered.

"Did he ever tell you the note was paid?"

"No, sir. He told me he was going to pay it when you settled up."

"Yes, so he told me," Mr. Parker answered, a little firmer and a little more easy. "But he did not do it."

"Surely, he did."

"Surely, you have no proof that he did. I have the note uncanceled."

The widow was startled at the manner of the man. She knew this was too serious a matter for jesting, and yet it had never occurred to her mind that the note was unpaid.

"Mr. Parker, there is something strange about this," she declared. "My husband often mentioned the note, and the last he said of it was that he intended paying it when you settled."

"I am not questioning his intentions, madam; but the all-important question is, Did he do it? Now if any one should know anything of the matter I ought to, and I do know the note is in my possession with not a credit on it, save for interest up to the time he left. There is one year's interest due on it now."

The widow's face was filled with apprehension.

"How am I to meet it?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Madam, permit me to assure you that I feel for you; indeed, madam, my heart is very sad"; and Mr. Parker, by a superhuman effort, did work himself up to a degree of sympathy which was almost genuine. "But—you must excuse me, my dear madam—you know, I live upon fixed rules of business. They are as unalterable as the laws governing the planets. Disagreeable as it is, and much as it wounds my heart that bleeds for you, duty is duty."

"Surely, there must be some mistake about this, Mr. Parker"? the widow sobbed.

"No, no; I wish there was;" and he seemed quite heartbroken. "I am helpless. It is law—the inexorable, fixed, and unalterable law of business—which drives me to this course, my dear madam. Ferd was rather careless, and had a loose way of doing business. Poor fellow! his intentions were all right, but he was so wild and visionary that, to admit the

truth, dear friend as he was to me, he was not a safe partner. Now I have no doubt, not even the least doubt, of his intentions to pay the note; but he surely forgot all about it."

"But if he forgot it, what did he do with the money set apart for it?"

"I have no doubt that you will find it invested in some nook or corner of this great world. It will no doubt turn up all right, and, I sincerely hope, with a good profit. Now, tho this note has been long since due, I am willing to extend the time a few months, until you have a chance to look about you and see what can be done."

The widow was so completely dazed and bewildered by this new calamity that she could make no answer, and he left her shortly after.

Long she sat with her hands clasped, her eyes turned upward, appealing to Heaven for aid, while her two little boys stood at her side, mute with amazement, not knowing to whom to look for vengeance. The mother at last awakened in a sort of mental darkness, unable to realize her condition and the calamity that had fallen upon her. She was unwilling to impress the little ones with that awful, crushing sense of despair which weighed like lead upon her heart.

Mechanically she went about her daily duties. The children were fed and put to bed as usual.

In the morning they were bathed, dressed, and fed again, and then she tried hard to believe it all some unpleasant dream. She left the children and went to the bank to learn how her account stood.

"A trifle over six thousand, madam," the cashier answered.

"I hoped it was more," she said, as she felt the painful heart-throbs. Six thousand would not pay eleven. She went to a real-estate agent to ask him how much their real estate could be sold for.

"Well, that is difficult to say, Mrs. Stevens," the bald-headed man answered, pressing his finger and thumb on his smooth-shaven chin; "but you might get six thousand for all three of the houses and lots."

Then all the cash and property together would leave but little more than would pay the note and interest. She realized that they were ruined.

In her distress she called upon Mr. Goodwin, the lawyer, whose friendly counsel she had sought before, and laid the whole matter before him. He listened with growing interest, and at the conclusion asked:

"Do you believe the note was paid?"

"I had no cause to believe otherwise until he told me it was not."

"Does he solemnly assert it is unpaid?"

"He does."

"Has he the note?"

"He says he has."

"Have you seen it?"

"No, sir. I presume I could if I had asked him; but his manner was so positive I could not doubt him."

The lawyer's face was very grave, and he twirled his mustache in silence, while his brow was gathered into a mass of wrinkles. He had known Stevens, and had always regarded him as an honest, upright, and even a careful business man. He had known that the note was given, but, like Mrs. Stevens, he supposed it had been paid. The widow was first to break the silence.

"Mr. Goodwin, did you close up the business of Parker & Stevens?"

"No," he answered, still twisting his mustache spitefully, as if he wanted to strangle it. "I was *persona non grata* with Parker. I once detected him in what was really not legitimate business, and we had some words; so when it came to winding up the business, he secured another lawyer. Your husband wanted me, but he would not agree to it."

"Surely there was something said to the lawyer, before whom the business was transacted, about the note."

"Undoubtedly."

"If it had been paid, he would surely know it."

"Yes; and I am strangely impressed that it was."

"Do you know the lawyer who settled the business for them?"

"Yes; it was James Miller."

"Where is he?"

"Six months ago he went out West. To Denver, I think."

"Can you find him, Mr. Goodwin? Can you learn from him if anything was said about the note, and if so, what was done?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stevens. I will try, and believe I will succeed. At least I hope to do so."

She returned to her almost desolate home with a faint hope in her breast. A great change had come over Annie Stevens in the last few months. Her deep blue eyes had lost much of their sparkling beauty, the lines of care had begun to appear on her face, and in her golden hair silver threads were to be seen, even tho she was still youthful.

She still struggled to bear up under the trials which threatened to overwhelm her. Three or four weeks passed, and Mr. Goodwin called upon her. A glance at his face told her there was little to hope from him.

"Have you heard from Miller?" she asked, as soon as he was seated. Tho she felt there was little to hope for in the answer, she determined to know the worst.

"He is dead. He was killed in Denver in some kind of a brawl."

The widow bowed her head meekly in submission to the inevitable. Then, as a drowning person grasps at a straw, she asked:

"Would his books, his papers, show anything of the note?"

"No, Mrs. Stevens. I have had them searched, but they show nothing," he answered. "I am sorry I have no more cheerful intelligence for you; but it is useless to hope for any aid from that source."

"Mr. Goodwin, what am I to do? The note will sweep away every cent my husband left to support us, and the children must be educated and we must live."

"I know of nothing save to appeal to the generosity of your creditor to leave you something. Parker is a rich man, and most of his money was made by your husband's management in the West Indies. He should give you that note, for he has received five times the amount in profits."

She knew how useless it was to appeal to the man whose heart was so hard, and who was such a slave to what he called duty to business.

Mr. Parker was now a banker; and at a time when interest was high and the demands for money great, his fortune increased rapidly.

She waited several days longer, until she had par-

tially regained her mental strength, and then went to the banker. He was at the paying-teller's window when she entered, and recognized her with a nod and a smile. Mr. Parker's sandy hair and beard, hatchet face, and sharp nose were indicative of shrewdness. He was a soft, easy, pleasant man, who, like the spider, could coax the unsuspecting fly to his web.

"Did you wish to speak with me?" he asked, as the widow stood before the window.

"Yes, sir."

"Just step into my private office"; and he went around a number of clerks and bookkeepers, opened a door, and let her into the interior, then conducted her along a narrow corridor to his own office.

Mr. Parker was a thin, pale man, who could give good advice by the hour, who even assumed a piety that deceived many. He sat in a cane-bottom arm-chair, opposite the widow, to whom he had given the rocker His elbows were on the arms of the chair, and his thin, hatchet face, with peaked beard, turned toward her as he stared at her through his spectacles.

"Well, Annie, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Mr. Parker, I can not pay the note. It is utterly impossible. I supposed it was paid, and made no provision for it. With my children to rear and

educate, it is impossible, and I have come to ask mercy."

"Why, certainly, if you want more time I will give it," said the banker, a pious look on his face.

"I do not want time, Mr. Parker. I want mercy. Time, with the accumulating interest, would only make the debt greater; and unless you can take half of it, and give up the note, I am ruined."

"My dear, good woman, you have no idea how glad it would make my heart to do so; but you ask an impossibility of me. You see, I am a plain business man. I have my partners and associates, who share with me profit and loss. There are fixed and unalterable rules which we must observe. Time could possibly be extended to you, six months or a year longer, if there was any hope——"

"There is none, sir; none."

"Have you no relatives or friends."

"My husband's people are not wealthy, and can not aid me much—certainly can not advance ten thousand dollars to me; and my nearest relative is an uncle in Kentucky, who is only a small merchant and has a large family."

"Well, well, if there is no help, my dear Mrs. Stevens, why then it is my duty to myself, my family, and my associates in business to look after myself. I must do it."

"You mean by that you will take my home from me?"

"No, that is exempt in this State; but the other property is not."

Annie Stevens, on whom it seemed as if the sun of happiness would never again shine, went to her husband's attorney and told him of the interview. After meditating a few moments, he said:

"You have an uncle in Kentucky?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can save more in the money than you can in real estate. Why not go to that uncle to live, and take the money? Once in your possession and out of the State, Parker can not touch it."

"Would that be honest?"

"On general principles, no; but in this case, yes. To begin with, I don't believe his claim is just. I have no evidence on which to found that belief, but belief and opinions are not always founded on evidence. We have intuitions quite as reliable as eyesight. Besides, we know from good authority that Joe Parker is a hypo-

"I DO NOT WANT TIME, MR. PARKER. I WANT MERCY."

critical rascal, cunning and shrewd. If you can beat him and save this money for your children, your act will meet the approval of all right-minded men."

She decided to act upon it; but there was one obstacle in the way. The money was deposited in Mr. Parker's bank. Her lawyer thought if she presented a check for it before a judgment could be obtained or an execution issued, they would not dare refuse to pay her.

She wrote to her uncle that very day, telling him her condition and asking if he would give them a home; but through some strange fatality Mr. Parker learned that the widow was going to leave the State, and he issued an attachment against her, garnished the funds in the bank, and levied on all that belonged to her husband.

Under the laws of the State, nothing was exempt from an attachment when the debtor was about to leave the State. In the cause for the attachment he set up that Fernando Stevens, one of the defendants in the suit, had absented himself from his usual place of abode, so that personal service could not be had on him. At the trial it was shown that there was no evidence that Stevens was dead, and a strong suspicion was advanced, by witnesses whom Mrs. Stevens had never seen before, that she was going to rejoin her husband, who had taken this plan to cheat his creditors. The lawyer made it his chief plea at

the trial, and a jury held the attachment good; so the widow's property was all swept away by the kind-hearted Mr. Parker, who declared that it made him weep to take it, but that he was a creature of law—inexorable law.

Mrs. Stevens went to live at her uncle's house. She secured the position as teacher in the village school, and they got along much better than she had hoped. Her children grew to be bright boys. Fernando, the eldest, never tired of listening to the tragic story of his father's adventures, and in his young heart he vowed to go to Cuba when he became a man, and avenge his death.

Having completed his education at an early age, he went to Louisville and engaged to work for a sugar importer. It was not strange that his occupation and the bent of his mind should lead him to the very land where his father had so mysteriously disappeared.

His brother George at an early age secured an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and, graduating, was commissioned a midshipman and sent aboard one of the Pacific squadron.

Their widowed mother lived for her sons—her only hope and joy of her life. Her husband's fate she knew only from faint rumors and suspicions. Despite great wrongs and sorrows, she still struggled on and lived, tho she felt her heart was half dead.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCRAP OF CUBAN HISTORY.

THE Spanish-American War had been long expected. With Cuba, the largest and most beautiful and productive isle of the West Indies, at our very doors, enslaved, maltreated, bruised, and bleeding, it was only natural that the American people should be aroused. To Spain, the discoverer of the New World, with all its riches and beauty, the New World should have belonged, and would to-day but for the cruelty of the discoverers and conquerors.

Scarcely did the Spaniards come to realize that a continent existed across the ocean when hordes of unscrupulous adventurers and robbers began to overrun the West Indies, South America, and Mexico in search of gold, treasure, and honors. Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, and Velasquez were only so many legalized freebooters sent to plunder, enslave, and murder the wretched inhabitants. Tho men of great daring and capable of enduring wonderful hardships, their real object was blood and plunder; and tho there were many patriotic men

among them, whose intentions were good, the great mass of Spanish conquerors were legalized brigands.

Religious fanaticism, cupidity, and avarice have ever characterized the Spaniards in their dealings with their possessions in America. In the first and second volumes of this series, "Columbia" and "Estevan," the author has dealt fully with the discovery and conquest of the island of Cuba.

The history of Cuba is one long tale of oppression and bloodshed, extending over a period of more than four hundred years. Spanish rule, whether exercised upon the aborigines, the blacks brought from Africa, or the whites who drove out the original natives, has been despotic and barbarous. One by one the vast possessions of Spain on the Western hemisphere were swept from her, till at last Cuba, the "Ever-faithful Isle," and Puerto Rico, were all of importance that remained. It has been said that history repeats itself, and a brief review of the affairs of the island of Cuba, from the time of Columbus to the present, shows the repetition to be continuous. Velasquez, the first conqueror of the island, darkened his conquest by burning Hatuey, a native chief, at the stake.*

Cuba is about 700 miles in length, and 22 miles wide at its narrowest point. According to Humboldt, the best authority, its superficial area is 43,000

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* "Estevan," vol. ii., p. 58.

square miles. Of the richness and beauty of its climate, the reader can draw some conclusion from the visit of the American, Mr. Stevens, to the interior. The island is said to be poor in everything but soil, of which nature has blessed it with the most productive in the world.

The island was at first considered in the light of a military depot, and became the headquarters of the Spanish in the Western hemisphere. From this island the expeditions of Cortez, De Soto, Velasquez, and others were sent out for discovery and conquest. Havana was made the capital about the year 1589. At the same time the first Captain-General was appointed in the person of Juan de Tejada. The office was maintained up to the war with America with a long succession of incumbents, retaining substantially the same functions and the same almost unlimited power.

It was the evident object of Spain to derive as much revenue as possible from the island, and, with few exceptions, every Captain-General, from Tejada to Weyler, sought to enrich himself. No incumbent could hope for a long term of office, hence took no pains to study the good will or interests of the Cubans. The revenue must always be kept well up to the standard set in the past, and the Captain-General must at the same time get rich as speedily as possible. This state of affairs resulted in the greatest

amount of corruption, until there was scarcely an official on the island, from Captain-General down to the meanest subaltern, who was not tainted with it. In the days before the slave trade was abolished, the Captain-Generals connived at the illegal importation of slaves, receiving for their silence a large percentage for every one landed on the island. The cheapness of labor enabled the planters to make great earnings, and the home Government, which benefited by the revenue, was interestedly blind to the traffic. Even Don Luis de las Casas, one of the best Captain-Generals the island has had, encouraged slavery. During the administration of this man, whose memory is cherished with fond respect by the Cubans, the Patriotic Society of Havana was formed, for the purpose of diffusing education throughout the island and introducing a taste for classic literature. Through the instrumentality of this generous Captain-General, the press was established in Havana for the dissemination of education.

The present century has seen many prominent Spaniards holding the office of Captain-General. Don Alejandro Ramires, one of the number, labored to regulate the revenues and economical conditions of the country, and called the attention of the Government to the improvement of the white population. The most important concession obtained, however—the freedom of commerce—was due to the

expedition of Don Francisco de Aranjo, one of the most illustrious names in Cuban annals, and one who was, says Las Casas, "a jewel of priceless value to the glory of the nation, a protector for Cuba, and an accomplished statesman for the monarchy." Spanish historians mention many improvements which he brought about for the benefit of Cuba and Spain.

Another prominent figure in the history of Cuba is Gen. Don Miguel Tacon, whose administration of justice was proverbial, tho he ruled with an iron hand. To the administration of Tacon the island owed many of its reforms. Altho his stern, unbending will brought him enemies, he left his mark on Cuba, not soon to be forgotten. He did much to improve its physical condition, and many customs introduced by him were still in vogue at the beginning of the last insurrection.

Aside from these two just rulers, Cuba was the victim of the worst despots ever known. The rebellion in Cuba is not of recent origin. For nearly eighty years the Cubans have been struggling to throw off the Spanish yoke. From 1820 to 1830 there were frequent uprisings, and one of these occurred under the rule of Tacon. A volume on the insurrections in Cuba would no doubt be as interesting as a novel, but we have only space for a brief glance at them, dwelling only on those which have to deal with this story.

About 1850 the noted insurrectionist and filibuster, General Lopez, landed a force on the island for the purpose of freeing Cuba from Spanish rule. His force, which had been organized in the United States, consisted of six hundred and fifty-two men. In the beginning of July the vessels left New Orleans, with orders to anchor at Coutoy, one of the Mugeres Islands, off the coast of Yucatan. General Lopez, after gaining information from a fisherman, resolved to land at Cardenas, on the northern coast of the island, one hundred and twenty miles east of Havana. In a former volume we have given the details of this unfortunate expedition.* With this expedition was Arthur Stevens, the father of the unfortunate man whose history we have given.

In 1855, Don Ramon Pindo was put to death for being the leader of a conspiracy to annex Cuba to the United States. Don Julian Cadalso and Don Nicholas Pinelo, who were engaged in the same conspiracy, were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and many others were banished from the island.

The Spaniard pursued in Cuba the old colonial policy which had lost him all his other possessions. He was still a Pizarro in the Queen of the Antilles —changing neither his habits nor his convictions that the Spaniard alone was capable of governing.

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* "Humbled Pride," vol. xi., p. 419.

While Spanish officials were well paid and content, the grinding policy of Spain was ruinous to the common people.

The close proximity of Cuba to the United States very naturally drew that Government into the quarrel between Spain and her revolted colony. The education and traditions of the American people naturally drove them to sympathize with their oppressed and downtrodden neighbors. Not only had they cause to sympathize with Cubans, but American blood had been spilled by the Spaniards. The tyranny of Spanish governors dated back to O'Reilly, of Louisiana, and the insolence of the Spanish Dons in Florida. In the Lopez expedition had perished Col. W. L. Crittenden, the son of the Attorney-General of the United States. Almost at our very doors the most horrible barbarities were perpetrated. The cries of suffering, helpless women and children continuously reached our ears. Those who had been taught Christianity, patriotism, and humanity found their blood boiling at the indignities of Spain, and appealed again and again to the statesmen in authority, but for a long time appealed in vain. The old cry was: "The time will come; wait, wait!"

Thousands, who in youth found the blood of impatience racing through their veins, grew old and feeble, grayhaired, and died, waiting, while thousands in Cuba died from want. The long-promised

succor from America, the land of the free, the Mecca of the oppressed, came not.

Then came the uprising of October 10, 1868. Charles M. de Cespedes, a lawyer of Bayamo and one of the leaders of the movement in Eastern Cuba, began the revolt at Yara, with not more than a hundred men, wretchedly armed, but thoroughly determined. He received instant support, however, and quickly had raised his force to fifteen thousand. A declaration of independence was issued, and a constitution framed, providing for a republican form of government, with a chamber of representatives. The constitution was proclaimed in April, 1869, at Guaimaro, where the chamber was organized, and at the same time proceeded to act according to constitutional provision. Cespedes was elected president, and Francis V. Aguilera vice-president, of the Republic of Cuba.

From the outbreak until the end of the year 1870, the fortunes of war favored the Cubans in their struggle for freedom and self-government. The Spaniards were worsted in almost every battle, driven to their fortified positions on the seaboard and elsewhere; but the Cubans could not make further headway from want of artillery and ammunition. During this period they received from their agents abroad only a few thousand stands of arms, and but a comparatively small supply of ammuni-

tion, while the enemy had his numerous troops equipped with the best approved weapons of the United States, and kept the island surrounded by numerous war-vessels, of which the most efficient to prevent any outside help from coming to the struggling Cubans were thirty light-draft steam gunboats built in New York expressly for Spain, and which kept inshore around Cuba.

The insurgents held their own throughout more than half the island, their forces aggregating about fifteen thousand able-bodied men. Out of that number, however, hardly one fifth were properly armed, their arms and munitions having to a great extent been taken from the enemy. Most of those who were operating in the large district of Camagüey, in Central Cuba, despairing of war material from abroad, signified to the enemy early in 1871 a readiness to lay down their arms, provided their lives were spared. Being answered that on surrender they would be pardoned, their surrender commenced at once, and soon General Agramonte, the Cuban commander-in-chief in Camagüey, was left with thirty-five men, who determined to remain in the field. Among them was Colonel Marti, with whom Mr. Stevens had had successful business dealings. When General Agramonte was asked upon what he relied to prosecute the campaign, he curtly answered, "On dignity!"

Through his unremitting efforts he succeeded in raising a fine body of cavalry, which restored Camagüey to the insurrectionists, and which rendered otherwise excellent service, not only under his command, but also under the leadership of his successor. Agramonte fell dead at the head of his troops at the very moment of routing the enemy, after a protracted engagement in the spring of 1873.

Such was the course of affairs in Central Cuba, where fresh troops from Spain had been taking the field to cover the heavy losses, and where the Cubans had in turn suffered severely. Shortly after the breaking out of the insurrection, the old Spanish residents of the towns throughout the western department began to organize themselves into battalions of volunteers, each battalion under the command of a colonel (who in every instance happened to be a wealthy slave-trader), for the Havana corps, which mustered about twenty thousand men.

The volunteers under arms in Western Cuba preferred remaining at home for garrison duty, however, while their companions of the regular army were gallantly confronting the insurgents in the field. Their first feat of arms at Havana was to fire volley after volley upon the main entrance of a theater and on the people as they came out at the end of a play, performed, it was supposed, for the benefit of the insurgents, the performers being

Cubans. Many persons were killed and wounded. Shortly afterward they fired into a saloon while out on parade, and again killed several persons. Their next assault was upon the residence of a prominent Cuban gentleman, who fortunately was away at the time on one of his sugar-estates. But his rich household goods were destroyed by the assailants.

Later on the volunteers deposed Captain Dulce and constrained him to return to Spain, smarting under the indignity offered him and the home Government, which had appointed him only a few months previous to his deposition. The Government put up with the outrage, which emboldened the volunteers, who soon afterward deposed Brig.-Gen. Lopez Pinto from the governorship of Matanzas, and began to turn out in force throughout the country where many harmless people were killed. Hundreds of Cubans were torn from their families and shipped off by the Government under volunteer escort to distant penal colonies in Spain. Then ensued a greater outrage. In November, 1871, forty-three medical students of the University of Havana were arrested and subjected to trial by court-martial at the suit of the volunteers. The cause alleged therefor was that these boys, while at the general cemetery, had scratched the glass plate of a vault containing the remains of a volunteer. The trial was conducted by an educated officer of the

Spanish army, and they were aquitted; but the volunteers called upon the Captain-General for a new trial by court-martial, composed of regular army and volunteer officers. He complied with their wish by ordering a court of five army and nine volunteer captains and a major of the army to conduct the prosecution under the presidency of an army colonel. These officers, organized into a court-martial, soon condemned eight of the unfortunate students to death, while their remaining companions, with the exception of four, who were condemned to imprisonment for six months, were consigned to hard labor. On the following day, November 27, fifteen thousand volunteers turned out under arms, and the eight boys were shot by a detachment from that force. This heinous crime produced general consternation in Western Cuba, and great indignation throughout the United States. The volunteers in Havana seem to have been made up of the worst class of Spanish citizens. Of all the outrages perpetrated in that district there was not one which could not be directly or indirectly traced to them. These stay-at-home soldiers possessed all the barbarity of guerrillas, without the bravery or discipline of the regulars, and every feeling of hatred or revenge toward Americans was fomented by them, and every demonstration organized and carried out by them.

From 1871 to 1873 the war continued with vary-

ing success, but the star of hope, tho sometimes dim, did not go entirely out. The Freemasons in Cuba were among the most active in their efforts to liberate the island. It has been asserted by some that to the Masonic order Cuba is indebted for her freedom from Spain. Gen. Calixto Garcia was in command in Eastern Cuba, and Agramonte in Camagüey until the latter fell.

During the year 1873 the Cuban chamber deposed President Cespedes, who was succeeded by Salvador Cisneros. Shortly after occurred the incident of the steamer *Virginius*,* at the thought of which every American's cheek burns. The *Virginius* was a steamer owned by Americans, which had been engaged by filibusters for the purpose of carrying men, arms, and provisions to the Cuban insurgents. Many of the prominent leaders of the insurrection were on board, and they carried with them two thousand Remington rifles, a large supply of ammunition, and a large stock of provisions. She had come within eighteen miles of the Cuban coast on October 31, 1873, when she was sighted, six miles away, by the Spanish cruiser *Tornado*, which immediately gave chase. The *Virginius* at once changed her course and headed for Jamaica, from which island she was then distant about one hundred miles. Altho she

* "Union," vol. xii., p. 454.

threw over a great portion of her cargo to lighten her load and draw away from the Spanish vessel, the latter rapidly gained on her, and she was brought up at last by a couple of shots fired through her rigging.

Among the passengers on board the *Virginius* were Gen. Oscar Varona, a Cuban officer of great courage and considerable military skill, and William A. C. Ryan, an ex-captain of the Union army, who had attached himself to the cause of the Cuban insurgents in 1869, and risen to the rank of inspector-general in that service. Ryan was a Canadian, about thirty years of age. He had been educated at Buffalo, and the fact that he had been honorably discharged from the Federal army with the rank of captain at the close of the War of the Rebellion put his American citizenship beyond question.

When it became apparent to all on board the *Virginius* that capture was certain, General Varona suggested that the Spaniards be permitted to come on board; and when they took possession of the ship, he would descend to the powder-magazine and blow up the steamer with all on board. "This is a much better fate than to fall into the hands of such a merciless foe as the Spaniards," he declared.

Captain Fry in answer pointed to the Stars and Stripes, under which he was sailing, and answered: "With such protection they dare not harm us; besides, my papers are correct in every detail." Ryan

was not so sanguine, altho he united with the commander of the *Virginius* in opposing the desperate intentions of Varona.

Two boats' crews were despatched from the *Tornado*, and a Spanish officer, coming aboard the American steamer, ordered the Stars and Stripes to be run down from the masthead and the Spanish ensign substituted. Captain Fry presented his papers and challenged the officer to show any flaw in them.

"They are right in every particular," admitted the officer; then thrust them into his pocket and headed the steamer for Santiago. This port was reached at five o'clock on the evening of November 1, and proceedings were at once begun against the whole *Virginius* party as pirates.

All were condemned to death, and on November 4 the first four of the party were taken out and shot. A naval court-martial was then organized to try Captain Fry and his crew. The trial was short, and the result was never in doubt. On November 7 the captain, the first mate, and thirty-four seamen were shot, the execution being attended by acts of the most revolting inhumanity. The smoke from the awful volley which rang out on the air had not had time to pass away when a body of Spanish cavalry galloped back and forth again and again over the fallen bodies, some of which were still writhing in the agonies of death, until he faces were crushed

beyond recognition by the iron shoes of the horses. Some of the Americans shot may have been filibusters, but it has been well established that some were innocent. One of these lived in Iowa and left a wife and four little children.

In February, 1874, Cespedes, who from the time of his deposition had retired to San Lorenzo, in the mountains of Eastern Cuba, was surprised alone by a detachment of the enemy, whom he confronted and fought until he fell dead. He was a high-minded and stout-hearted man, and had shown remarkable executive abilities during the insurrection, but seldom agreed with the assembly that deposed him.

In 1874 fresh troops from Spain took the field by thousands, the Spanish forces having sustained very heavy losses the preceding year. Toward the close of spring, 1875, owing to further losses in battle or in hospitals from the effect of the climate, the remaining Spanish forces were compelled to fall back upon their fortified positions. A lull ensued in the insurrectionary districts, with the exception of Camagüey and Eastern Cuba, where the insurgents every now and then attacked Spanish columns that were escorting heavy trains of war materials and provisions, and generally captured the supplies. Partizan strife had arisen among the Cubans, however, altho the campaign was carried vigorously forward with varying fortunes on both sides until late

in the spring of the following year, when the revolutionists were reduced to a force of scarcely five thousand, scattered in bands of a few hundreds each.

Even these scattered forces were enabled by their mighty ally, the climate, to cause great loss to the Spaniards by steadily harassing them. These losses were, however, fully covered by the arrival from Spain of twenty-five thousand fresh troops during the following autumn, under the able leadership of Gen. Martinez Campos, who had been appointed some time before to the chief command of the Spanish forces in Cuba. The mode of warfare of the Cubans was quite familiar to him, inasmuch as he had fought them in the earlier years of the insurrection. He deployed his troops as he deemed best for a decided campaign, and began vigorous operations. His troops were frequently baffled in Eastern Cuba, and continually harassed in Central Cuba, and his losses were so great that in the spring of 1877 he resorted to negotiations with the insurgent chieftains to bring the war to an end. Success rewarded him, and early in 1878 an armistice was agreed upon between the insurgents in Camagüey and the Spanish commander. Negotiation for peace were entered into, and in February, 1878, every insurgent had laid down his arms and peace reigned throughout the island.

The war had lasted ten years, and the Cubans and Americans hoped that Spain had been taught a lesson which she would remember; but, alas! so short-sighted is the vision of tyrants that they learn nothing even from experience.

CHAPTER VII.

AT SANTIAGO.

THERE are two great rocks on the Cuban coast which rise abruptly from the Caribbean Sea—that sea of brilliant green waters and changing colors which gives the most beautiful shells to the shore for toll, and slips an arm between the great rocks that reluctantly draw apart for it, and stand like sentinels of the ancient harbor of Santiago de Cuba. From the brown rock on the right, the antique yellow walls, the Moorish towers and parapets of Morro Castle, had looked across the sea for over two centuries and a half. The mosses had grown over the crumbling battlements, and wild ivy crept on the queer little turrets and about the grated windows.

The day was warm, the sunbeams danced upon the deep, and the gray lizards basked in the warm light on the great flight of stone steps stretching down to the water's edge, while nesting birds gathered about the huge door or plumed themselves upon the heavy guns pointing out to sea. Perhaps not since the pirates swarmed along the coast, or

met in their chosen and sheltered haunt of Guantanamo half a century before, had the drawbridge over the deep moat been lifted. Those restless waves eternally besieging the castle rock had tunneled a great cave beneath the Morro, high, broad, deep, and unexplored. Strange, wild stories were told of the things hidden within the deep recesses, and of those who used it in years gone by; and the veriest *guajiro* knew well that he who attempted to penetrate its secrets would never return. Only the waves, murmuring as they go, creep into those black lofty portals and come back to the open sea.

Above the cave, out upon the ramparts of Morro, many condemned patriots had been led, their forms outlined against the clear sea sky as they stood awaiting the end. A last cry of "Cuba Libre!" a rattle of musketry, and then the swift falling of bodies down into the sea ended it all. Sometimes, as the waters closed above the brave men giving their lives for liberty, the fierce battling of monsters beneath for their prey made the whole surface a sheet of foam.

It was a mild, delightful day, and sunny peace seemed to have at last assumed sway over the strife of man and elements. The sea was smooth and glassy, and the wavelets gently lapped the stone steps which came down to the water. A small boat from the landlocked bay of Santiago drew near the grim old pile, Morro Castle. There were but two

occupants in the boat, a young man and a beautiful Spanish girl, in whose great dark eyes there was a singular melancholy. She was young, not more than fifteen or sixteen at most, yet in that genial Southern clime beauty buds and blooms at an early age, and she had all the grace and winsome ways of a matured belle.

The boat glided to the steps and lay broadside to, while the boatman shipped his oars, leaped lightly out, and assisted his companion to land. Lightly she tripped from the boat to the old moss-grown steps, and there waited for her escort to make fast the boat to the iron ring in the stone wall and join her; then they slowly ascended the stone steps, he supporting her by gently holding her arm.

A guard at the top of the landing challenged them, but the young man had a passport signed by the commandant, which he handed to the soldier. The guard handed the pass to a soldier who came up at this moment, and that functionary, after reading it carefully, with some apparent reluctance told the sentry they were to be permitted to go inside.

Having gained permission, the two entered the old fort, where antiquated guns were mounted on ancient carriages, and gazed with the curiosity of tourists on the runway along which the ammunition was to be brought in time of siege, without danger from hostile fleets. There were deep dungeons and

grated cells in which prisoners had lingered for years. Grim, silent, and gloomy as death, without hope, was that old castle.

The young man, about two-and-twenty years of age, had the fair face and hair of the Anglo-Saxon, while his companion, with the olive skin and sparkling eyes of the Latin race, was a brilliant and bewitching contrast. He was an American, and she the daughter of a wealthy Cuban, a gentleman in whose veins the bluest blood of old Castile had flowed. Both spoke Spanish and English with equal fluency. The look of fondness which the sunny-haired son of the North bestowed on the brilliant olive-complexioned creature at his side was evidence that his heart was stirred by more tender emotions than friendship or brotherly sympathy. But notwithstanding that these emotions were reciprocal, there was no lightness in the hearts of these young people, over whom a strange melancholy seemed to have settled.

Accompanied by the sentry, they had traversed many of the corridors and curious compartments of the grim old castle, when they paused at the entrance to a long, narrow corridor, and, pointing down to the steps that descended to some subterranean apartment, asked if they might be permitted to visit the "*Dungeon del Diableto*" (Dungeon of the Devil).

The guide gravely shook his head, and a look of disappointment came over the faces of the young

tourists, who had hoped to take a look into that awful chamber in which so many hopes had been forever buried. It was the cell of the condemned, from which they only issued to die. The American youth turned to the sad, disappointed face of his beautiful companion, and, heaving a sigh, remarked:

"We had greatly hoped, señor, that you would let us have a peep into that famous dungeon of which we have heard so much"; and as he spoke he carelessly took a handful of gold coin from his pocket, clinking it very significantly.

The guard's eyes glistened at the sight of the money; but tho he was avaricious and not morally above bribery, he shook his head sternly and said:

"No, señor, it can not be done. I love gold, but what is gold to me without life? My orders are strict, and violation of them is death."

The young American, finding it useless to offer further inducements, turned to his pretty companion, who fondly clung to his arm, gazing into his face with longing eyes, and said: "Let us go above, where the air is more pure."

Her silence was assent, and the two went to the upper chamber, across the parapet and to the hill-side beyond, which has since been torn and scarred by shells from the war-ships of Sampson and Schley. A few palms and coco-trees grew along the hill-side, forming a delightful shade from the scorching rays

of the sun, while a gentle breeze, blowing from the deep blue sea, fanned and cooled their heated cheeks as they wandered to a large stone beneath a palm and seated themselves.

"NO, SEÑOR, IT CAN NOT BE DONE."

"It is no use, Viola," he said, after they had been seated several moments, gazing sadly and silently at the murmuring sea. "We have done all in our power to gain admission, but are baffled."

The señorita's great dark eyes drooped in sorrow as she answered:

"It is there, Hernando; I know it is there. My

mother has often told me of that awful day when, for the last time, she saw her father before he fell from yonder cliff to feed the sharks, dying with the name of Cuba on his lips. He gave her the paper I have shown you, which is so full of mystery. If we should tell the officers the secret of the loose stone in the wall, they would be quick to investigate for themselves. When mother told me of it, and gave me the paper, I promised her I would solve the mystery."

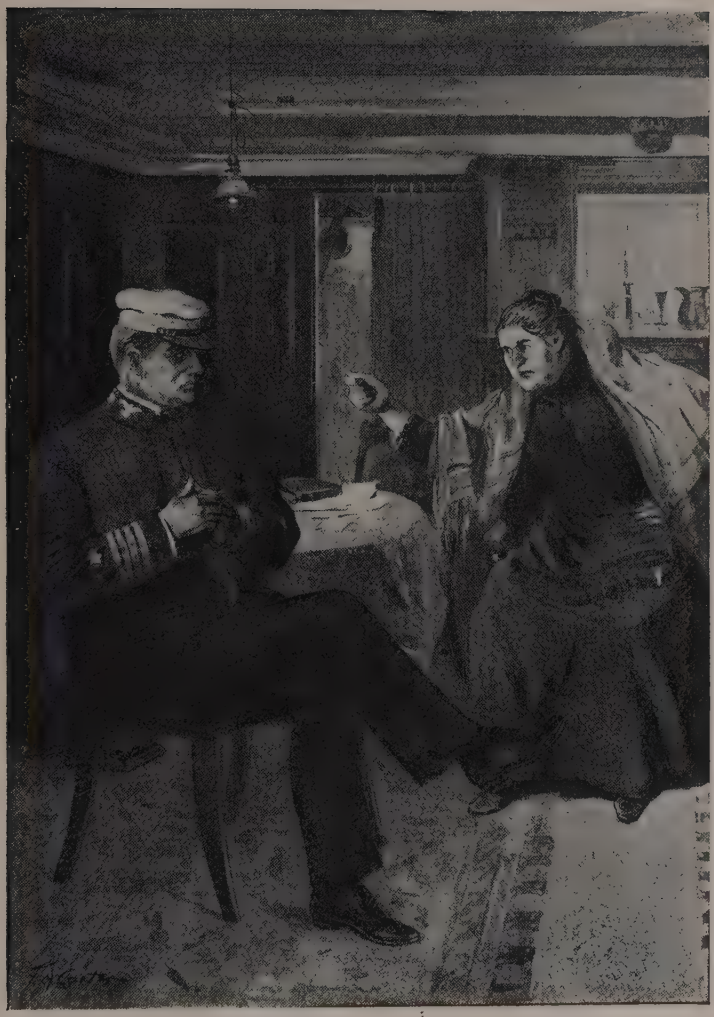
"Sh-h! not so loud, Viola, here comes a Spanish officer. He is watching us, and we might say something that will let him into the secret we are to guard with our lives."

The officer sauntered near them, walked to a distant seat, threw himself upon it, and lighted a cigar. Hernando and his fair companion remained silent until he rose and returned to the fort. Then Hernando heaved a sigh and said:

"It seems useless for you to worry yourself about this secret, Viola; it is certainly lost, hidden by those surly guards, who permit no one to enter the death-chamber."

Then the pretty face became pensive and sad, and she was all unmindful of the zorale, that, buffoon like, hopped near her, gazed at her comically, and seemed trying in every possible way to make himself ludicrous.

A tear stole from the beautiful eye and trickled



"OH, YE NEEDN'T THINK THAT I'M AFRAID OF YE."

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down her cheek, as she said in her sweet, mellow tongue:

"Mother was so anxious that I should some day know it. She thought wealth was hidden by former insurgents which this secret would reveal. She was grandfather's only child, and when at the cathedral, where he went to mass before he was executed, she met him for a moment, he slipped the paper in her hand and whispered that it was the key to the loose stone in his prison where the secret would be found. The writing on the paper was made with the end of a pewter spoon, but mother traced the lines in indelible ink. Grandfather had only time to tell her that a great wrong would be righted by finding the secret, and was then dragged away. When the insurrection of 1868 was over, mother married my father, once a wealthy Cuban gentleman. I was born; my parents died six years ago, leaving me to my aunt, with whom I have made my home, yet I have clung to that paper and hoped to solve the secret. Now there is another insurrection, and war again devastates our beautiful land, and the secret is still unknown."

Her companion heaved a sigh, and after a moment's silence said:

"I almost feel as if I could curse Santiago."

She quickly raised her beautiful eyes to his face and gasped:

"Señor!"

He went on. "The name was the nightmare of my early childhood. Tears and blood dimmed that portion of my life that should have been brightest. Here pirates used to hold revel after their bloody expeditions; here the slaves were landed bound and shackled, to curse their persecutors, first as their slaves and later as their masters. But Santiago has to me a double horror."

"Have you suffered from Spanish atrocity, Señor?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes," he answered in a low, faint voice. "I can hardly tell how much I have suffered; my young life was clouded in such midnight gloom that all the sweet happiness of childhood was lost to me. I seemed old when still young; and all my thoughts were those of a man. The kind care of a Christian mother failed to give me that spirit so essential to happiness. I could not forgive, and often in the still watches of the night I cried out for vengeance."

"Vengeance! Against whom did you seek vengeance?"

"I do not know; some great tyrant who, like a monster, came to deprive me of a father's wisdom and protecting care. To make my mother a widow, to rob her cheek of its youthful beauty, and cause her to grow old before her time."

He paused, and nearly broke down in the earnest-

ness of his emotions; while his companion drew closer to him, and, laying her hand gently on his arm, whispered:

"Has your life, like mine, been so sad? Tell me your story, that I may sympathize with you."

"Viola, there is nothing in my life I need conceal. My ancestors, who trace their generations back to the steel-clad warriors who came with Columbus from Spain, while never rich and great, have always been honest and respectable. My father, Fernando Stevens, or in your language Hernando Estevan, early in life began importing from Cuba. His partner was a Mr. Joseph Parker, a man whose honesty I still doubt, tho I have no means to prove my suspicions. One of their chief customers was José Marti, the patriot and organizer. When the insurrection of 1868 began, José Marti owed the firm about eleven thousand dollars, which he would have sent could he have done so. The firm closed up business, and my father, having the utmost faith in the honesty and integrity of José Marti, took the debt at half price and agreed to collect it himself. It was late in the year 1872 that my father came to Cuba. Aided by a friend Don Manuel, whom he knew he could trust, he set out and found the camp of Col. José Marti.

"The colonel paid him the money, and aided him to get it aboard a filibustering ship, the *White Cloud*.

The *White Cloud* was chased by two Spanish cruisers, run into shore, beached, and destroyed.

"That much of the story is authentic; all the remainder is vague and uncertain. There is a faint tradition that the crew and my father, who was the only passenger, were driven into the wood, hunted down by Spanish guerrillas and bloodhounds, and slain. Another tradition says my father was imprisoned in this old castle for many years, and was either shot with the unfortunate prisoners from the *Virginius* or died of starvation and ill-treatment. At any rate he died near here, that is certain, and at the hands or by the acts of the Spaniards."

"Did you never learn what he did with the money?"

"No; but the Spaniards no doubt got it."

"Perhaps Col. José Marti did not pay him."

"Yes; I have since met Colonel Marti and Don Manuel, both of whom bear witness that the debt was paid, and Colonel Marti has my father's receipt given in his own hand."

There was silence for several moments, broken only by the sweet trilling and merry chattering of birds. After heaving a sigh, Fernando Stevens went on:

"Misfortunes never come singly, and scarce had my mother given up my father for dead ere a new calamity came upon her. My father, in forming the

partnership with Parker, gave him his note for ten thousand dollars, and Parker furnished the cash for the business, twenty thousand dollars. My mother supposed the note had been paid, but it was not; and Parker by some trick of the law took away all my father had left, turned my mother out of doors with her two little children to make her way in the world or starve."

"Oh, what a monster!" cried the señorita, clasping her hands in horror. She had had relatives butchered in cold blood, but she did not regard their executioners as bad as one who would turn a woman and infant children out to starve. "I did not suppose you had such men in America."

"Yes, we have many great rascals there, as cruel as your Spanish tyrants and hypocrites. They care not to violate laws, but have laws made and interpreted by judges to suit their own ends. People there suffer for bread as well as in Cuba and elsewhere."

"How did your mother live to rear her children?"

"Through the aid of friends and relatives; she managed to secure a position in a school in Kentucky, where she taught, and thus earned a living. My uncle secured a position for my brother in the Naval Academy, and mother is now the matron for an orphan asylum in Cincinnati, our former home.

I became a merchant like my father, and like him a trader in Cuba. No other country, no other place would satisfy my ambition. For some reason which I can not explain Cuba possesses a charm for me. I was drawn as by a spell to this strange, beautiful land where my poor father met his fate."

This is the story of Fernando Stevens told by himself. He had succeeded in business until the insurrection of 1894. It was at this time that José Marti, the friend of Fernando's father, formed the Cuban revolutionary Junta in New York. To his side came flocking the veterans of the Ten-Years' War, Cuban exiles in Key West, Fla., New York, Mexico, and the West Indies not belonging to Spain, and even as far as Honduras and Venezuela. Long before the year 1894 the Junta had the moral support of thousands, all actively at work raising a war fund.

At the same time the friends of the cause in the island were gathering arms and ammunition, smuggling them in, or secretly purchasing them from the Government. As early as January, 1894, a filibustering expedition, headed by Antonio Maceo and José Marti, was broken up at Fernandina, Fla. In February the leaders were heard from in San Domingo, having gone thither to arrange further measures for their friends in Cuba. Marti found Maximo Gomez, the veteran of a dozen struggles and a brave and

able soldier, and offered him the command and organization of the army. Gomez accepted, and began at once to arrange his program.

It was agreed that on February 24, 1895, there should be a general rising of the insurgents in all six provinces of the island. In only three provinces, however, was the flag of the republic raised, and in only one was the aspect at all threatening. Disturbances were reported in Matanzas and Havana, but they were soon put down by the capture of the leaders and the dispersal of the forces. The leader in Havana accepted a pardon from Governor-General Calleja, and went back to his work as editor of a newspaper in Havana.

In the Santiago district, which was thinly settled, the revolutionary movement steadily gained ground. The landing of a party of revolutionists from San Domingo cheered the patriots; who welcomed them warmly, being supplied with reenforcements wherever they appeared. The Spanish Government professed to be merely annoyed, nothing more, and pretended to look on the patriots merely as brigands; but Calleja became alarmed at last, when the determination of the insurgents became known, and proclaimed martial law in Santiago and Matanzas, and sent forces to both provinces. But he was able to put only nine thousand men in the field, and had only seven gun-boats for coast duty at his command. The com-

missary arrangements were miserable, and frequently caused the interruption of important movements. The insurgents were most ubiquitous, appearing here and there without the slightest warning, making raids on plantations which they plundered, and from which they enticed away the laborers, disappearing in the swamps, where pursuit was impossible, and appearing again in a day or two in some unexpected spot. In this manner they terrorized the loyalists and ruined their prospects of raising a crop; and as many depended solely upon the soil for their living, this method of warfare struck them a vital blow.

The revolutionists met with many hindrances, however. Many of the original enthusiasts abandoned the cause and accepted amnesty; the autonomists hindered the movement by their policy of doing nothing and waiting for self-government to come to them; and in many cases mere brigands pushed themselves to the front and displaced creditable leaders, thus giving color to the stories circulated in Havana that the insurrection was nothing but an eruption of brigandage.

During the last days of March, 1895, Antonio Maceo, with sixteen comrades, sailed from Costa Rica and landed at Baracoa, on the eastern end of the island. They were surprised by Spanish cavalry, but kept up an intermittent fight for several hours,

when Maceo managed to elude his enemies and escape. After living in the woods for ten days, making his way westward, he met a party of rebels, was recognized, and welcomed with great enthusiasm. He took command of the insurgents in the neighborhood, and recruits flocked to his standard. He engaged in several sharp encounters with the Spanish, and did such effective service that the moral effect was noticed immediately. He and his brother José were made generals.

About the middle of April Maximo Gomez and José Marti landed from San Domingo at about the same point where the Maceos had landed. For days they were obliged to secrete themselves in a cave on account of the Spanish pickets, but they finally reached an insurgents' camp, and Gomez entered upon his duties as commander-in-chief. The insurgents now had an experienced leader at their head; reenforcements poured in, and they soon had a force of six thousand men.

It was during the exciting incidents just narrated that we find Fernando Stevens in Santiago. He had been in the city several months, and as he spoke French almost as fluently as Spanish, he had a strong friend in the person of the French consul, and was thought by many to be a Frenchman instead of an American. He fared much better than the average American, and was given privileges

denied to others. This enabled him to procure a pass for himself and Viola Cespedes to Morro Castle, or such parts of it as were open to the public.

A little explanation may be necessary here, that the reader may know something of Viola Cespedes. She was the granddaughter of a Cuban patriot who had been executed twenty years before, during the Ten-Years' War, and the grandniece of the first president of the republic during that time.

She was living with her aunt when the young American in Santiago was stricken down with fever and sent to the hospital. The good Señora Cespedes in her rounds of charity found the young stranger raving in wild delirium, and got permission to remove him to her own house, where she could give him better attention. She and her niece Viola devoted all their energies to the recovery of their patient, and it was during those delightful, half-dreamy days, when he was awakening to real life, that Fernando learned to love Viola, and was never happy save when her great dark eyes were bending over him. He called for her when she was away; and then when he was able to sit up, she brought her guitar, and sang old Spanish songs in a voice so sweet that he was charmed to health.

The result was just what might have been expected in a youth placed under such romantic circumstances, in the presence of such a delightful girl.

He regained his health, but lost his heart. He was in love, and was not slow to propose.

A girl of fifteen engaged, or even married, is not uncommon in Cuba. His love was returned, and they had been betrothed some time when they went to the castle in the hope of solving the mystery to which Viola's mother had given her the key.

The Spanish officer who had been watching them came toward them, and in an angry manner demanded:

"*Que hacen vosotros ustedes?*"

"Señor Lieutenant, we are sightseeing, and from this delightful spot we are admiring the sea," Fernando answered in Spanish.

"You have been here quite long enough. The hour for visitors is passed, and you must go." As he spoke, the fellow slapped his saber so savagely that it rattled in its scabbard, causing the fair Viola to cling closer to her lover, and murmur in her own mellow tongue:

"*Que haremos?*"

"We will go." Then turning coldly on the savage officer, Fernando said: "*Buenos dias tenga vd, señor.*"

As proud and defiant as any battle-scarred warrior of Spain, the youth, with the beautiful Spanish maiden clinging tenderly to his arm, passed down the path to the castle, and down the steps to where

the boat was moored. He assisted her into it, unfastened the little craft, sprang in, seized the oars, and glided back with the tide to Santiago, while the suspicious Spaniard watched them from the rampart.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUMBOAT KATE'S DAUGHTER.

THE morning sun was shining in all its brilliance and splendor on a picturesque and animated scene. The smooth, glassy bay, with the shipping, like paintings against the sky, the hills and the city in the distance—all were picturesque and beautiful. Mare Island, with its navy-yard, could be seen from the deck of the American cruiser, one of the beautiful white squadron.

The ship, with her great and small guns, her rapid-firers, and her deck covered with bluejackets hurrying hither and thither in a way that seemed to lack discipline, but which was the strictest discipline, added beauty and animation to the morning picture. There were landsmen, coal-passers, stokers, water-tenders, machinists, sailors, marines, middies, ensigns, and officers to the captain.

It was still early in the morning. Life on board a man-of-war in time of peace is full of monotony. At five o'clock the bugle sounds the reveille, then all hands must turn out, dress themselves, and stow

away their bedding. Within five minutes after reveille every sailor fit for duty must be on deck. Next he may have a bowl of coffee if he wishes, and thirty minutes after reveille must begin to scrub the deck, which is kept up until seven. At seven all hands are piped to breakfast.

The above routine had been gone through with on board the cruiser, and the sailors and officers were taking the hour's rest before time for drill, gun practise, or whatever the executive officer might decide upon.

A party of young officers, midshipmen, and ensigns, some in their first year's active service, were seated on the forward deck smoking pipes, spinning yarns, and cracking jokes.

"What is that, Stevens, about your new sweetheart you found while on shore leave?" asked one of the young men of an officer, perhaps the youngest of all.

Stevens was only a midshipman yet, but he was a splendid type of young manhood, and liked by all who knew him. His superior officers were of the opinion that Mr. Stevens would undoubtedly make an able seaman; and who knew but that he might in the distant future command a fleet?—a position to which every young middy began to aspire so soon as he received his commission from the Naval Academy.

Midshipman Stevens was perhaps more dreamy,

more romantic, and more retired than others, he was not unpopular. His story was known to all, and its very sadness seemed to endear him to them. Midshipman Stevens prized one memory more dearly than any other; that memory was embodied in the word "mother."

"Whenever I am confronted by temptation, the memory of my devoted mother, heroically struggling to bring up her two sons to honorable manhood, checks me," he declared.

"Well, Stevens, come now, tell us about your adventure," said the ensign, filling his pipe.

"Gentlemen," said the young midshipman, "there are some matters not to be spoken of too lightly; and while I have no objection to telling you of this adventure, as you please to term it, I do not care to have a jest made of it."

"A jest! Upon my soul, I was never more in earnest in my life," declared the ensign, puffing clouds of smoke from his pipe, almost equal to the discharge of a small gun.

"Is all the papers say true?" asked one.

"No. Reporters color everything, just as the cook seasons the food to suit the appetite. I went ashore to attend the ball given by some friends, and was on my way back to the hotel when I saw a form flit before me like a shadow and dart into an alley. A second later, a great burly fellow, evidently a

sailor, pursued her. He was calling to her in a loud voice, using the most terrible threats and oaths I ever heard. The momentary glance which I got of them led me to believe she was a young girl not exceeding twelve or fourteen years, and her pursuer a man of fifty.

"They had scarcely disappeared in the alley before there came a wild shriek on the air, and—well, you know what any of you would have done under the circumstances. Before I knew what I was doing I had knocked a man down who was brutally dragging the child by her hair. I suppose I struck him rather hard, gentlemen, and I am afraid I kicked him several times after he fell; but it should be remembered that I was excited——"

"You didn't kick him enough if you left life in him," interrupted the indignant ensign.

"You ought to have killed him outright," declared a midshipman.

"Go on, and tell the rest of the story."

"I took the poor, trembling child by the hand and led her to the street. She was too much frightened to speak. When I got her where the light of the street lamp fell on her face, there was something in her clustering hair and great, soft brown eyes which strangely reminded me of Wordsworth's 'Little Cottage Girl.' I am sure no sweeter or fairer face ever inspired poet to song. She was trembling like the

captive fawn, and whispered in her pleading way: 'Don't let him take me. He will beat me, he will kill me.'

"I told her that she need not fear, that I would protect her. At that time the policeman came up and began to inquire into the cause of the trouble. He went into the alley where the child's pursuer was just beginning to recover from the effects of the blow and brought him to the street. When asked to explain why he had assaulted the child, he said she was his daughter, and had left home."

"What did the girl answer to this?"

"She said he was her father, but that her father and mother were separated, and she was living with her mother. The mother, it seems, has been supporting herself and child, while the husband and father had been on a protracted spree. The mother refused to let him come home, and he had tried to kidnap his child in order to make her give him money to continue his spree."

"Well, it was only justice you dealt out to him, Stevens," declared the ensign. "Your hand is heavy enough to do that, and I hope you did your best. What became of the child and her father?"

"The father went to prison for disturbing the peace, and the girl was permitted to return home."

"And that is all the story?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the name of your heroine?"

"I don't know."

The young men roared, and the ensign gravely remarked:

"That is a great oversight in you, Stevens. You should have known the name of the young lady and where she lived, for in the future there might have been a decidedly romantic ending of this adventure."

"I have told you that she is only a child. A very remarkable child indeed, and no more like the brutal man who claims to be her father than a dolphin is like a sea-lion."

One of the young men chanced to glance across the bay that was glistening like crystal in the sunlight, and said:

"There comes Bumboat Kate; now there will be some fun, lads, for the executive officer is determined to put an end to the rum traffic among the jackies."

The young men rose and watched the bumboat as it glided nearer to the cruiser.

Bumboat Kate lived in Vallejo, across from the Mare Island Navy-yard, and she had grown rich bringing her wares off to the ships lying at the dock-yards. She was an extortionate charger, but the bluejackets stood for her heavy prices for the sake of jeering her and listening to her apt repartee. She could always get even with a bluejacket she didn't like, and make him feel like a beach-comber when she

got ready, and no sailor who had had one encounter with her ever hankered for another experience. She was a perfect termagant when her temper was roused, and her cutting, biting sarcasm made even the officers quail.

The cruiser was anchored near the Mare Island Navy-yard, and Kate was bumboating her. A number of the quarantined men, those deprived of shore liberty and kept on board for misconduct, had been getting rum in some way that puzzled the officers, and turned up at quarters and drills in a very wabbly state.

There was no accounting for the way they got their liquor. The steam-cutter was overhauled every time she came off to the ship, and all hands were searched when they returned from liberty, but no smuggled liquor was found, and the mystery grew and deepened until the commander of the ship became almost desperate. Then it dawned upon the chief officer's mind that Bumboat Kate was the rum smuggler, and a secret investigation was started. None but the officers were in the secret, except the ensign who had charge of the investigation, and he fastened the liquor smuggling on Kate beyond a doubt, so the commander determined to brave the termagant and put an end to her bumboating the ship.

Bumboat Kate was a woman of about forty years,

with not unpleasant features, but strong and masculine in appearance. She had known all the hardships and toils of life, and had fought her own way with adversity until she had won an independence and notoriety at the same time. No one knew aught of her private life, nor cared. She was a familiar figure on board the cruiser, and with the sailors had become a favorite.

The young gentlemen watching the approach of the bumboat anticipated a scene; but as their chief officer was to bear the brunt of it, there was lively anticipation on every face.

"Hello! there's some one in the boat with her besides the oarsmen," said the ensign.

"Who do you make it out to be?"

The ensign raised his glass, and taking a long, careful look said:

"It's a child I should think, or a woman. At any rate, it is only a small personage."

George Stevens did not give much attention to Bumboat Kate, for his mind was still filled with the beautiful child whom he had rescued, and whose gentle, pleading eyes seemed to have burned into his very soul.

He walked aft and stood just in the rear of the great revolving turret, beneath a mammoth thirteen-inch gun, gazing away at the bay and shipping. A stormy scene was in anticipation, and as he had no

love for discord, he preferred to be alone and let his companions enjoy the old woman's rage.

The bumboat reached the cruiser, and Kate went on board, taking with her a girl of twelve or thirteen years, whose timid, modest, frightened face appealed to the officers and sailors. Her hair was a mass of golden ringlets, and her face was wondrous fair. She was plainly tho neatly attired, and her refined, gentle manner seemed to have nothing in common with the gross old woman of the bumboat.

The commander of the cruiser sent for Kate as soon as he learned she was on deck, and she, telling the girl to remain near two large baskets, went to his cabin.

Tired of gazing from aft the vessel, Midshipman Stevens walked forward, and having gone around the forward turret, came suddenly upon an object that caused him to stop and utter an exclamation of wonder. Before him stood the young girl whom he had rescued from the ruffianly father but a few nights before.

She recognized him despite the fact that a uniform greatly changes the appearance of a man, and confusion for a moment overwhelmed her. She started toward her rescuer, then recoiled as if the act was immodest, turning alternately crimson and pale. He was first to recover his presence of mind, and going to her, took her small hand in his own, saying:

"I am glad to see you again. I had feared I would never do so."

She glanced shyly into his youthful face, then down at the deck, and at last, truthfulness overcoming modesty, whispered:

"I was afraid I would never see you."

"Did you come in the bumboat?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an humble, meek timidity in her answer, touching to the young man who had all his life known what poverty and suffering were. She did not evince the shy timidity of the child accustomed to polite society, nor was there about her the brazen indifference of a child of the streets. Was it possible that the little maiden who had made such an impression on his mind was related to the old bumboat woman?

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Hallie Norton."

It was a pretty name, and she could have no possible relationship to the old woman accused of smuggling whisky to the sailors; but why had she come with her? In a state of semi-bewilderment, he asked:

"Is this woman, Bumboat Kate, a relative?"

"My mother," she answered in her sweet, musical voice.

Could it be possible, he thought, that nature

should make such a strange contrast? For a moment he was silent and shocked. It was not until several glances from the soft, tender brown eyes had won him back to the reality that he ventured to ask:

"Have you been annoyed any more by that man?"

"No, sir."

"Who was he?"

"My father," she answered sadly.

"Why did he attack you?"

"My mother sent me out to get some purchases, and he wanted the money to buy drink. I would not let him have it, and he chased me into the alley."

"Where is he now?"

"In the city, but he will sail soon on his ship."

"Are your parents separated?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Since when?"

"It has been three years. Father sometimes tries to come home. He has threatened to take me away from mother, and for fear he would do so, she brought me on the bumboat. I did not want to come."

The modest timidity, and the recollection of her mother's calling, which was not such as a young girl would be proud of, caused her cheek to flush. She was very pretty in the eyes of the boyish midshipman. He took a step nearer, and, pressing her little trembling hand in his, said:

"Hallie, I am glad you came!"

"Why?" she asked, turning those soft brown eyes upon him in wonder.

"I feared I would never see you again."

"And did you ever want to see me again?" she asked.

"I did. Surely I did. Your sad young life has appealed to me in a way that interests me." The young middy looked about to see if any of his brother officers were near; but all had gone to enjoy the row between the commander and Bumboat Kate. He offered her a steamer chair, took one near her, and asked:

"Is your father a sailor?"

"Yes, sir. I never saw much of him, for he is gone sometimes years at a time."

"How long has your mother been bumboating?"

"Since I can remember. She had to make a living, and started a small store and a bumboat. I usually stay in the store when not in school."

Her language and manner indicated that she was fairly well educated for her age. She told him that her mother was going to send her to a boarding-school soon.

"Then I am going to be educated for a missionary," she said.

"A missionary?" The incongruity of the thought caused the middy to smile. Here was a woman smuggling whisky to the marines in violation of law

to procure money to educate her daughter for a missionary.

"Have you really made up your mind to become a missionary?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What has led you to such a conclusion."

"I arrived at it from a sense of right and duty," she answered in her simple, honest manner. "I feel that I owe it as a duty first to enlighten myself, and then to devote my life to enlighten the benighted."

It all seemed so strange to the midshipman, this child reared in obscurity, poverty, and perhaps crime, talking of carrying on the great work of redeeming the world, that he could hardly believe his own ears. He had accidentally touched upon the subject in which she took most interest, and she talked as one far beyond her years.

"It will be only three years longer until I shall be far enough advanced to go into the mission-field. I have graduated at the high school, and will enter the training-school in a few weeks, finish up my education, and get away to my work."

"Do you think you will like this sort of life?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Nothing else will suit me."

"What mission-field do you suppose you will be sent to?"

"I do not know, sir. I will cheerfully go wherever I am sent, and shall make no choice."

"Does your mother approve of your accepting this calling?"

She did not answer this question as readily as she had the others, but after a moment said:

"Mother does not wholly approve it now, but she does not oppose it as she did in the beginning. She says I am too good to spend all my life in a junk-shop or on a bumboat as she has done, and she does not pretend to know what is for the best."

As they sat there side by side gazing upon the ocean birds poising on white pinions above the cruiser, strange thoughts came over his mind. Wild, romantic ideas ran through his brain, filling it with strange, impossible stories of one of better birth being the supposed child of people of humbler birth. It could not be that this gentle little being was the offspring of that coarse woman who jollied the sailors; who had made her fortune at trade a part of which at least was questionable. But when he asked her if she was certain that Bumboat Kate was her real mother, she answered that there was no doubt of it. She did not tell him what a kind mother Bumboat Kate had always been, and how she loved her, despite her coarseness.

One thing was quite apparent, that Bumboat Kate, whatever her evil qualities might have been, had shielded this gentle child from the fiercer blasts of life's storm. If her own breast had grown mascu-

line, and her manners hard and coarse in facing the world's buffeting, Hallie had been heroically shielded.

All this the young midshipman thought as he sat gazing into that sweet, innocent young face, and into the depths of those soft brown eyes upon a soul that had never entertained a thought not pure and holy.

Meanwhile, old Bumboat Kate was having a scene with the commander of the cruiser. On her entering his cabin, he fixed his awful eyes upon her and said:*

"Kate, you have been selling whisky to the boys."

"How do you know I have?" she asked rather defiantly, as she flounced herself down upon one of the captain's easy-chairs and gave him an impudent stare.

"I know it," he answered with a firmness in his voice that was always noticeable just before giving the order to loose the heavy guns. "They are drunk two thirds of the time, and my officers have watched you and discovered that the jackies are always drunker just after one of your visits than before. Now, Kate, you can not bumboat this ship any more. I am going to issue an order that you shall not be permitted on board at all."

The old woman's anger rose and her chin quivered with uncontrollable rage. There was a fire kindling

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* A true incident.

within. Bumboat Kate's nature was compounded with the niter of irritability, the carbon of latent passion, and the sulfur of rage, so that when the captain's order, like a spark, ignited the compound, there was an explosion which made even old Fighting Bob quake in his seat.

"Turn me away from yer boat, will ye, Bob Evans? Think I don't know ye, hey? Bob Evans, hain't I known ye since ye were a middy, afore the war, and a nice chap you were too? Oh, ye needn't think, now that ye've got a command, that I'm afraid o' ye! Yes, I did sell the boys rum, and I got the gold right here for it, Bob Evans," and she produced from under her shawl a thick canvas bag filled with gold, which she had made by selling the smuggled rum to the quarantined bluejackets.

Then, after taking a single moment to breathe, she began an invective tirade on Commander Evans. He sat in his easy-chair in his cabin, twirling his thumbs and taking in all she said. She started him off as a middy and punctured his whole career. She bombarded him for every year of his life with her terrific tongue, and he sat smiling through it all. She shook her fists frightfully close to his pleasant face, and called him everything the English language could stand. Commander Evans took out his penknife and began to pare his nails, and still the old harridan went on. There was a grin of eminent

satisfaction on the face of Fighting Bob, but he never tried to work in a word. After about fifteen minutes' tirade the old woman wound up with a withering peroration, and started for the cabin door.

"Oh, I say, Kate," said Evans, rising from his comfortable chair, "you're not done already, I hope, are you? Why, I thought you were a stayer. You ought to be able to keep it going longer than this. Oh, I say there, Kate——"

But the old woman, turning around at the cabin door to shake her fist at him, bobbed out, called to "Hallie," got her wares together, and pulled away from the ship.

When she was gone Fighting Bob Evans strolled out of his cabin with a grin on his face.

"She surely burnt you up, sir," said the marine orderly, who, as an old timer, was privileged.

"Well, she's got a direct way of speaking, if that's what you mean," replied Evans, the broad smile on his good-natured face deepening.

Bumboat Kate was never permitted near the cruiser again. Days, weeks, months, and years glided by; and while time softened the stern visage of the mother in the memory of the midshipman, the image of her beautiful daughter seemed so indelibly imprinted on his heart that it grew more and more as the years rolled by.

CHAPTER IX.

FERNANDO'S ESCAPE.

THE baleful eyes of the Spanish officer watching Fernando Stevens and Viola from the ramparts of old Morro seemed to augur ill to the young American. Viola occasionally turned to cast a glance behind her, then hid her face in her hands and murmured:

"Oh, señor, he means ill toward you!"

"Don't be alarmed about that surly fellow's looks," answered the brave young American, as he sent their small craft up the harbor with the incoming tide toward the ancient city of Santiago.

They reached the city, and after conducting Viola to her home, the young American returned to the Hotel Hispano Americano, where he met many friends from his own country. The incidents of the next few days were startling and disheartening to all lovers of freedom, both Americans and Cubans.

On May 19, 1895, only a few days after the visit to Morro, José Marti left Gomez and started for the coast with the intention of returning to the United

States, where he meant to push forward the financial and diplomatic work in behalf of the patriots. He was led into an ambush by a treacherous guide and killed.

Gomez was near enough to hear the firing, and, alarmed for his friend, dashed forward to the rescue, but arrived too late to save the life of José Marti. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued over the body of the dead patriot. Gomez received a painful wound and was obliged to retreat. Marti's body was taken to Santiago, where the commandant ordered it embalmed and buried.

The loss of Marti was a serious one, as he and his associates had raised a million dollars for the Cuban cause.

No one grieved the loss of the noble Marti more than Fernando Stevens. Somehow he felt that with his death went the last key that might unlock the mystery enshrouding his father's fate. José Marti had told him all he knew; but having been with the American last, he had hoped he might at some time come upon some clue. When the body of the dead patriot was brought to Santiago, and lay in the great cathedral, he went to gaze upon the face of his friend.

As he stood over the pale, inanimate form, gazing on that high, noble brow and those eyes closed forever, a tear stole down his cheek and dropped on the

marble face. Fernando did not notice that venomous eyes watched him, reading every emotion.

Soon after the burial of José Marti, Spanish spies and detectives began to work upon the supposed young Frenchman. Developments were made that were appalling to the Spanish authorities.

He was no Frenchman, but a hated Yankee pig, and no doubt a spy. A secret society for the protection of the rights of Spain at once inaugurated a plan for his capture and confinement in Morro Castle.

One evening, while at the home of Viola's aunt, a Cuban who was a friend of the American, with a look of alarm on his face entered the casa.

"Señor Estevan, you must leave the city this night, or you will be dragged away to Morro and your fate unknown."

"I do not understand you, señor," returned Fernando. Then he and Viola drew near the Cuban, who told them how he had learned through a spy the intentions of the Spanish Protective Society. A plan of escape to the camp of the insurgents, which was his only hope, was laid. He was told that the famous Cuban spy, the beautiful and daring Señorita Senada Morena, had been in the city and had herself planned his escape.

"Your luggage is already gone, señor, and you must not be found after midnight."

To bid Viola adieu was no easy matter. The sad fate of his father, more than a score of years before, came to their minds, and despite all efforts at cheerfulness the dread of a repetition of the calamity was heavy on their hearts. There were mutual pledges of constancy, and promises that, come what might, he would return for her, or she would rejoin him. Then he hastened to his hotel, which he entered as coolly as if nothing had happened. He greeted his acquaintances with nods and smiles, and many a "*Buenos tardes,*" and "*Como esta v?*"

No one could detect the least excitement on the part of the young American. At ten o'clock that night he left the door of the Hotel Hispano Americano, walked eastward on the Matina Calle, passing the Carcel, to the Placa de Armos, and stood on the northeast corner of the square. The cathedral was opposite. He waited on the corner until the cathedral clock struck the first quarter after ten. When the last stroke sounded he walked southward. A man dressed in light trousers, a dark coat, and a straw hat stepped out of the Venus Café about thirty paces in front of him just as the sound ceased, and began to walk.

The man walked with a quick step. After a short distance he crossed the street and turned a corner. Fernando crossed the street and turned the corner, and took the opposite side. His guide turned into

another street, and he did likewise. Again and again they turned, each time taking the opposite side of the street. The thoroughfares of Santiago were dark, narrow, and muddy, and they had to cling to the doorsteps, window-bars, and gas-pipes to keep from slipping into the filth in the middle of the street. Thus in a zigzag fashion the darker and less frequented precincts of the city are reached.

The plans for evasion of Spanish detectives in conveying him to the insurgents were carefully arranged. The minutest detail had evidently been carefully rehearsed, and fully twenty persons, at the time wholly unknown to Fernando, were engaged in aiding him to escape.

The man who was leading him was a resident of Santiago, and the mere mention of his name at the time in connection with Fernando's escape would have made his life cheap. He stopped at the last house in the outskirts of the city, struck a match, lit a cigarette, and walked out into the road. The night was so dark that Fernando had great difficulty in following his silent guide. After they had proceeded some distance, he found it necessary to speak to him, so, stepping forward as rapidly as he could in the mud, he whispered:

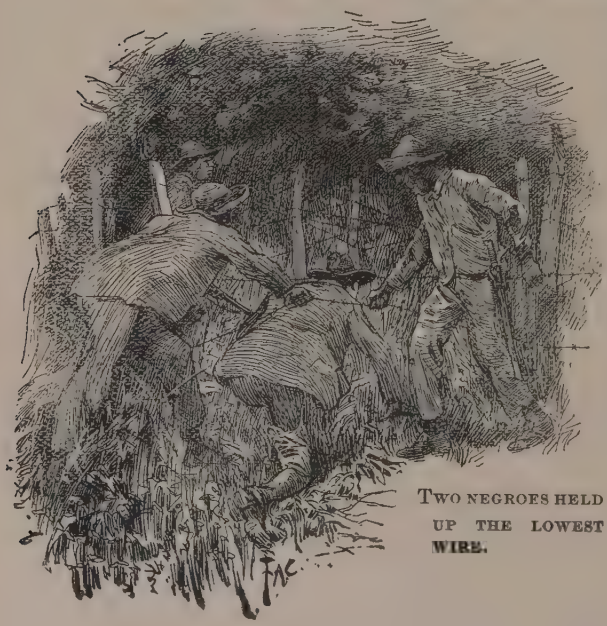
"Keep your cigarette burning brighter." The guide drew more frequent whiffs, and kept waving it to and fro. Before they had gone far on the road,

two more silent persons joined them, walking ahead of the first guide in the same manner as he walked ahead of Fernando.

Before a small adobe hut, which was hardly observable until the opening of a door let out a stray glimmer of light, the leading guides stopped and were joined by the one just ahead of the American, and afterward by Stevens himself. All entered the hut, which was dimly lighted and indescribably bare. The floor was the unadorned earth, the walls were of bamboo sticks and mud, and the roof of the bark of palm-trees. The interior was but one of many of those whose earnings have gone to maintain an unjust government to oppress them. A whispered conversation was carried on; and the guide told Fernando that his light luggage had gone "under," and that everything was in readiness for his departure. They walked out of the hut into the road, retraced their steps toward town for some fifty yards, and entered another building, went out at the rear, and walked about fifteen feet, when they came to a barbed-wire fence. Here Fernando's faithful guide bade him farewell, and the American placed himself in the hands of three or four negroes who seemed laboring under great excitement. From this on, until they were beyond the Spanish lines, not a word was to be spoken, and the greatest despatch to be employed. After a series of gestures, two negroes

held up the lowest wire, making a space between it and the ground, and he crawled under it.

The next wires were held up by negroes lying flat on their backs. Fernando tore the back of his coat on the first, but soon learned that the best method was to lie flat on the ground and roll his body under. At one place he found two negroes lying on the ground waiting for him, and learned they had been lying there for half an hour before his arrival, so as to make his departure from the camp devoid of as much trouble and delay as possible. While a certificate of American citizenship is a good thing, it would not stop a Mauser ball in transit and this he fully realized. He was breaking the law of Spain, and so were his accomplices. But it was a dark night and the chances of detection not one in three.



TWO NEGROES HELD UP THE LOWEST WIRE.

The barbed-wire barricade which the Spanish Government had put around the cities of Cuba, to pre-

vent the sudden approach of the enemy, all persons were forbidden to cross. He noticed while crossing under the wires that they were strung in zigzag fashion.

When they had gone under the last wire he stood erect, placing his hand in that of a negro with whom he was to make a considerable distance. The guide walked in a stooping position, and the American did the same. After they had gone a short distance, the negro stopped and picked up a gun out of the grass and weeds. For the first hour their journey was over a country almost level. His guide grasped his hand firmly and kept his eye on the horizon. Once he stopped and cocked his gun, stole cautiously around a small thicket, returned, and in silence they resumed their journey.*

As they traveled, the sky became clear and objects more distinct. It had rained during the afternoon, and the air was warm and sultry enough to draw out a peculiar hot-house aroma from the verdure. They went through great fields of sword-palms, and near the mountain, beneath tall palm-trees, the wind shook the rain down upon them. The waving palm-leaves produced a peculiar effect in the starlight, while the stars seemed to scintillate with stringy forms, as if each was a small comet.

* Similar escapes under the Spanish barbed wire were frequently reported in the press.

They had reached the foot of the mountain when a silvery voice suddenly rang out on the night air:

"*Quien ba! Arto!*"

They came to a halt as there came the click of a revolver. The negro quickly stopped with his companion, and answered in Spanish:

"Friend."

"*Quien es ese, señor?*"

"Americano."

The word had a magical effect, for the next moment a beautiful señorita, mounted on a snow-white steed, rode from the chaparral into the opening. She was graceful and ladylike in her bearing, but a warrior. On her small head was jauntily set a sombrero gathered up at the side, she wore the close-fitting coat of a Cuban officer, and about her slender waist was a belt which supported a brace of silver-mounted revolvers.

"Señor Stevens, I have heard of you," she said in English, as she drew rein in front of Fernando. "My little friend Viola Cespedes told me of you."

"You are Señorita Senada Morena?" he asked.

She answered in the affirmative, and then uttering a low whistle, a second horse, saddled and bridled, but without a rider, trotted from the chaparral and stood meek and obedient at her side.

"Mount, señor, for we have to ride far and furious to escape Spanish guerrillas."

"Are you alone?"

"Si, señor, but I am accustomed to long rides."

He sprang into the saddle, the negro murmured "*Buenos noches!*" and disappeared, while the American and his fair guide galloped across the mountain wilds.

Senada Morena had the most eventful career of any woman in the Cuban war. She was the daughter of a wealthy Cuban who owned a palace in Santiago and a fine plantation not far from the city. Altho it was strongly believed that the rich old Cuban had at least one son with the insurgents, he managed in the beginning of the insurrection to steer clear of all political troubles; but at last he was accused of harboring the rebels. A body of Spanish soldiery appeared on the plantation suddenly, and began shooting at all whom they saw, and plundering the houses. In vain the old Cuban appealed to the officer in command. He turned a deaf ear to the cries of the wounded negroes and screams of the frightened women and children. A brutal Spanish soldier shot the old Cuban dead on the doorstep of his own home, and when Senada's mother bent over her husband to whisper words of consolation, another brute drove his bayonet through her body. A married daughter with an infant in her arms came upon the scene imploring the vandals to quit their murderous work and spare the

women and children. Noticing that a soldier was aiming a gun at her, she held up her child in the belief that the inhuman wretch would respect its innocence. Another fiend in human form placed a pistol to the infant's head and blew out its brains. Others came up and slashed the fainting mother with their sabers.

Senada fled through a field of cane into the forest. Aided by one of her father's servants, she reached a camp of insurgents, where she told her horrifying story, and induced them to organize a party to avenge the murders. Maddened beyond all endurance, and burning to avenge the death of her people, she rode with the column of Cubans in pursuit of the vandals. Never dreaming of danger, the Spaniards were leisurely plundering the plantations and murdering women and children, when the column of Cuban patriots led by the beautiful Senada suddenly burst upon them like a thunderbolt. The cowards turned to fly, but it was too late. With the terrible cry of "Cuba Libre!" the patriots dashed down upon them, and amid a roar of carbine and pistol shots rushed through the dense cloud of smoke, and the deadly machete began its work. But one man escaped, the brutal officer who led the vandals. Senada rode in the thickest of the battle where the bullets flew like hail, and cheered on her brave friends.

A few days after the affair she reached the main army, where she found her brother. After a consultation, they decided that it was safer for the young girl to remain with the army.

"Yes," exclaimed Senada, "I shall stay with the army, and I shall rejoice in the first opportunity to show you that I know how to avenge the death of my parents."

She did not have long to wait. When General Garcia met the enemy at the Pacheco plantation, Senada and her brother were with his column.

"We are about to engage the enemy," said her brother, "and it is my wish, Senada, that you remain with the reserves out of reach of bullets. You can show your patriotism by helping to care for the wounded."

The young girl made no answer. When the battle opened she galloped among the troops wearing the coat of a lieutenant. White plumes were streaming from her hat, and she was shouting "Cuba Libre!" and brandishing a machete over her head. A wild cheer went up from the ranks, and as the line plunged forward, the beautiful girl rode with them.

"No wonder we beat them," said an old battle-scarred veteran. "Her presence was worth a regiment."

In the thick of the battle Senada saw the officer

who had led the vandals against her father, and she rode at him with her machete raised to strike, crying: "There is the murderer!"

A young dragoon saved her from soiling her hands with the rascal's blood by driving his saber through the brute's body.

She seemed to bear a charmed life, for tho she had had horses shot under her, and comrades had fallen thick and fast about her, she escaped without a scratch. As the enemy fled over the hills, the Cubans cheered the brave girl. They called her their "little general," "the white rose of the army," and "the good angel of Cuba."

Such was the history of the daring little señorita whom Fernando had for his guide. There was nothing of the amazon about her; on the contrary, she was refined and ladylike. She never discarded her side saddle, nor permitted any hardship to become an excuse for parting with her maidenly modesty. She was well educated in both Spanish and English, and proved during that long night ride an excellent conversationalist.

What made her most dear to the heart of Fernando was the fact that she was the friend of his Viola. Senada, appreciating the young man's feelings, never lost an opportunity to sound his sweetheart's praise.

When the delightful dawn broke they were far

away among the mountain wilds, and beyond, but a few miles distant, rose the columns of smoke where the Cuban army lay.

They met a small detachment of cavalry, who conducted Fernando to a hacienda, where he was told he could rest in perfect safety. His sweet, tireless guide bade him "*Buenos dias,*" and galloped away on her snow-white steed. If he had not given his heart wholly to Viola, there would have been danger of his falling in love with this peerless little horsewoman.

Late in the afternoon a squad of cavalry came to conduct him to the Cuban camp. They were a sad, humbled, but determined body of men.

An hour before sunset he was in the camp of Gen. Calixto Garcia at Los Parras Holguin. Here he was met by the brother of Senada, a young officer, who told him there were many Americans in their army; that a regiment was almost entirely made up of them.

"You must stay here to-night, and to-morrow we will send you to the coast, where you can embark on an English ship bound to Jamaica, and from there reach your home."

He regretted to leave, for somehow he felt it his duty to fight for Cuba Libre. The memory of his mother, and the anxiety she had always felt when he was in the tropics, combined with the awful mys-

tery which enshrouded his father's fate, alone prevented his joining the army of General Garcia.

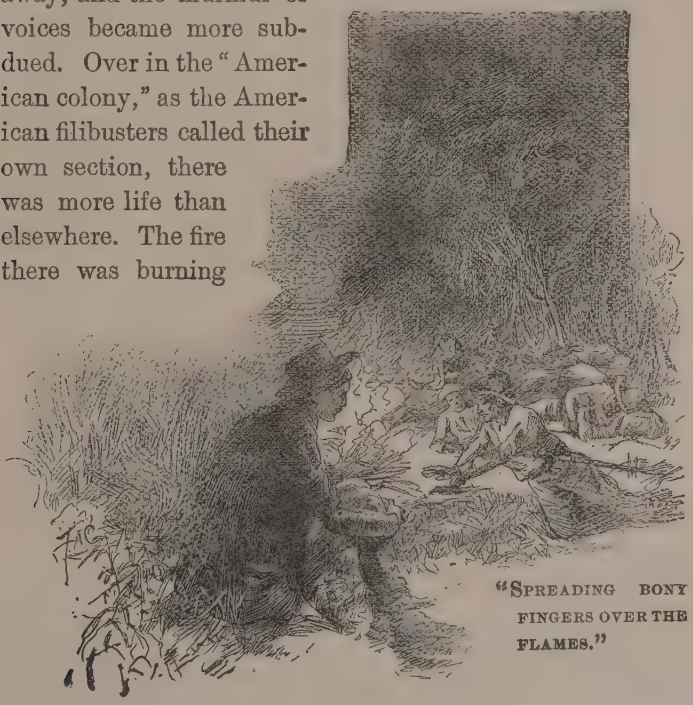
Long he sat after the camp had settled down to the repose of night, battling with himself over the question. It was dark. The camp fires had smoldered into glowing cinders. The whole camp had become reminiscent, and fifteen hundred of Garcia's half-fatigued "maumbi" soldiers, after the hard march of the day, had found solace in the soothing evening shadows and the "pictures in the fire." There were many heads drooping with exhaustion and sorrow, with sad thoughts, and grave fears, and doubtful hopes. There was many a sore limb, there were many weak ones, and there were half-dead men who were dragging themselves closer to the fire, and spreading bony fingers over the flames to warm their chilled blood.

Half an hour before, as he walked down the lines and saw the fires burning brightly, steaming and boiling pots, the blazes lighting up the faces of the men that stirred them, he heard laughter and jokes. The scene then looked like a midnight open-air carnival. He could not then see the sorrow and the suffering that were beneath those faces. He had not heard the tales of anguish, the stories of lost wives and children. They were suppressed.

There are stories of Cuban horror yet untold

which the world will never know. They were hidden within the remembrance of every one of those men. It was hard for Fernando to think, as he walked along the quartermaster's benches, that there were bright homes that night, that there were children with clean faces, that there were lovable wives, and dainty dishes, and that there were banquet-boards where man could look into the face of man without feeling the sorrows of lost homes, and starving wives, and children growing up without culture or occupation.

Taps at last sounded. The fires all smoldered away, and the murmur of voices became more subdued. Over in the "American colony," as the American filibusters called their own section, there was more life than elsewhere. The fire there was burning



"SPREADING BONY FINGERS OVER THE FLAMES."

brighter, and the hammocks swung among the trees. Some fellow was telling his oft-repeated story, much to the delight of the others; one was mending his trousers, while occasionally here and there a tired Yankee had fallen asleep.

Over at General Garcia's headquarters there was greater quiet. The officers were asleep, and the general was holding a low conference with Ruiz. The fires were only red embers seen among the trees. Those of the Americans flickered a little longer; finally all faded away, and the tired army was buried in slumber, and Fernando slept also.

The blue sky of yesterday on the mountain height was an ashen gray before the advent of Aurora's flaming steeds, and the morning air was cool. A dampness was upon the hammocks. Spots of brown ashes showed where the fires of last night had been; a voice was heard here and there among the sleepers, and then the reveille sounded its stirring call. The embers were raked into a heap, bits of dry wood applied, and soon thin faint volumes of smoke ascended skyward.

Breakfast was soon over, and Senada's brother, approaching the American, said:

"We will set out soon for the coast. The vessel is in that will take you to Jamaica."

"I almost feel it my duty to remain and fight for the freedom of Cuba," he returned.

A look of pain swept over young Morena's face, and sadly shaking his head he answered:

"No, no, señor. If you really have our cause at heart you can do it more good in America than by remaining here. We need food and arms now as well as soldiers."

"I will devote my life to Cuba Libre," he vowed enthusiastically.

He reached the English vessel that day, and was taken to Jamaica, from which place he reached his native land.

CHAPTER X.

MORE OF MR. PARKER'S GENEROSITY.

It was a cold morning in January, 1898. Mr. Parker sat in his cozy office, which was kept at summer heat by the radiator. Never was there a more comfortable office, nor a more comfortable man than Mr. Parker.

He had aged somewhat since he dissolved partnership with Stevens, way back in 1872. His light reddish hair and whiskers which covered the lower part of his hatchet face were well sprinkled with gray. His small eyes were partially hidden beneath spectacles which age had compelled him to use, but those eyes had not lost any of their shrewdness, nor had his right hand forgot its cunning.

Mr. Parker had played his cards well in the great game of life. He had acquired a reputation for charity, and had given largely, but his gifts were as bread cast upon the waters: they returned before many days with ten-per-cent. interest. He never gave unless it would in some way yield him a great profit.

If a poor congregation was struggling to build a church, he would donate liberally, and get the custom of the entire congregation, the profits of which soon repaid his donation with interest.

Mr. Parker had some enemies, who thought his piety hypocrisy, his benevolence the snarl of a wolf, and on them his "little ten-per-cent. smile was lost." But Mr. Parker had thrived. He had become rich, and his favor was courted by all who knew him or desired his influence.

On this particular morning Mr. Parker looked decidedly comfortable as he watched the snow-flakes fly before the windows of his neat, comfortable office. He sat smiling and contented. Mr. Parker was scrupulously temperate, and neither smoked nor drank. No man could say aught against his character in respect to any of the small vices that work the ruin of many really good men.

Before him lay a pile of papers which he had just taken from the fire-proof vault, and he was examining them with the utmost care. They were mortgages, bonds, notes, and title deeds representing a good-sized fortune in value. One by one he went over the papers, murmuring softly to himself:

"This is very satisfactory, all very satisfactory. Morgan wants an extension. Very good indeed. The security is gilt-edge, and he shall have it. Now, as to the matter of Bennet, he also needs an

extension, and the dear fellow shall have it, by lapping a trifle on interest, just a trifle. I do not want much of a lap, just a little, six months or so. What a great happiness it is to one to be able to accommodate his fellow man in distress. Verily, it is more blessed to give than to receive, if you can double your rate of interest for six months by doing so."

Then as he took up another mortgage, a look very much like a frown came over his features; but presently his face cleared a little and he said: "Well, it is a small matter, only a trifle, and maybe the place will sell for enough to repay me the principal part of the interest."

Mr. Parker's desk was near the window, and he could see people out upon the street as they hurried by shivering and cold. Poor women with faded shawls drawn close about their shivering forms, little children with benumbed and half-frozen fingers, beggars and business men—all kept hurrying along that January morning to keep their blood circulating.

"Poor devils, I pity them, and can't help it. I don't know that I ought to, and yet it is my gentle way, and I am not really responsible for it. Improvident and wasteful, no wonder they find themselves thrown out in the cold. When the weather was fine they sang and danced like the cricket, while

the ant laid by its store for winter hours; now the ant is comfortable, and the poor cricket must shiver all winter long."

There was a singular, self-approving smile on the face of the banker as he watched the crowd go shivering by. Mr. Parker regarded himself as a very shrewd man. Tracing his own career way back to the very beginning, he had seldom made a bad deal. He began a very poor young man. A school-teacher at first, a clerk, then a government contractor during the war. That was a time in which fortunes were made. Some unscrupulous writers have termed the men who made fortunes on government contracts as robbers of the Government, but they were an envious class.

After the war was over, and there were no more lucrative contracts from the Government, he went into business with Stevens. His part of that was very satisfactory to himself.

"I wonder what the fate of Ferd Stevens was?" he asked himself on that cold January morning. "Rather mysterious, I think. Would it not be strange if after all these years he should turn up alive? Like the prisoner of Chillon, that he was kept in a dungeon foul; but nonsense, that is impossible. Now the widow Annie does not seem to appreciate my friendship. I wonder why? It could not have been because I collected the note.

That was a matter of principle which I could not have shirked. It must be something else. Well, it's too bad. The honest friendship of a man is scorned. She is in the city now, or rather in a suburb as the matron of some orphans' home. A noble calling indeed. I can forgive Annie for all the wrong she has done me in thought and even in word, for she has some noble qualities, and her sons—I remember them as bright little boys—are now young men. The oldest, Fernando, like his father, is engaged in a trade with Cuba, and the youngest a sailor in the navy. Magnificent young men, who are a pleasure to their mother, I hope. Of course, with her prejudice against me, they will never patronize me; but then I harbor no ill will against them for that. It is glorious to be forgiving."

A man, thinly clad, came slowly along the street, his head bowed to the keen blasts of the wintry wind. His poor blue hands were bare and so numb with cold that they had almost lost their feeling. Those hands were hardened with toil, and the face was brown and weather-beaten from exposure.

Mr. Parker caught a glimpse of his face and remarked:

"Why, I believe it is Nathan Baker. It looks very much like Nathan. Poor man; how my heart bleeds for him. He must be very cold and very

uncomfortable. I wonder if he won't come in and warm himself?"

The mental interrogatory was quickly answered by Nathan Baker entering the bank and inquiring of a clerk for Mr. Parker. He was in his private office over there, and the thinly clad, half-frozen man went timidly toward the door, and tapped on it with one bare, benumbed knuckle.

"Come in!" said a voice from within.

The door opened, and Nathan timidly entered.

"Good-morning, Nathan. Right sharp this morning, but it is healthy, and I hope you are enjoying this weather. Have a seat and warm yourself. Why, man, you should have heavier clothes than you wear. Your health demands it."

"It's all right to talk about heavier clothes, Mr. Parker," said Baker, shaking the snow from his coat, "but when ye hain't got 'em, nor money to buy 'em, what ye goin' to do?"

"You must make the money."

"One can't lay up much on a dollar and a quarter a day, when he's got a consumptive wife an' two little children."

"How is your wife, Nathan?"

"Worse."

"Too bad, too bad; oh! my heart bleeds for you."

"She's down in bed now, an' I don't suppose she'll ever get up. The doctors say its consump-

tion, an' I guess they know what they are talkin' about."

"Have you provided her with trained nurses, and all the comforts that can be obtained for a sick person?"

"I ain't got no nuss but myself."

"Why, sir, how can you be so neglectful? It is a duty you owe to your wife to get the best medical skill, and the best trained nurses that can be found——"

A look of painful indignation was on the face of Mr. Parker, and he seemed as if he would annihilate the man before him as a culprit who should be visited with the most condign punishment. But the man who sat shivering and drying his clothes before the register had no compunctions of conscience on that score. He had done all he could, and had reached that point in poverty and hardship at which he was defiant.

"It's all very well to talk about trained nusses, but when ye hain't got money to hire 'em, what ye goin' to do?"

"But you have no right to get into a position in which you can not afford such luxuries to a dying wife. You should have worked while both were in good health."

"Mr. Parker, I did work with all my strength, an' my wife did also to buy our little home of

George Phipps. Now that we've bought it, an' she gave her life for it, you tell us there is a mortgage upon it; that we owe you eight hundred dollars."

"Certainly, certainly; don't the records say so?"

Nathan Baker was an honest, hard-working man, who knew little of the wiles and tricks of law, which, intended for the protection of the weak, often becomes a menace. He hesitated a moment and said:

"George is gone, an' we don't know where he is. He took all the money we had, an' wife got sick, an' it took every dollar to keep her."

For the first time Mr. Parker grew stern, but it was a sternness in the interest of humanity and honesty.

"George Phipps is the rascal who swindled you, Nathan. You should have gone to the records and found out for yourself that the mortgage was satisfied."

This rebuke silenced Nathan for a moment. He moved uneasily in his seat by the register, rubbed his hard, rough hands together, and with his eyes fixed steadily on them, stammered:

"I am only a plain, hard-working man, Mr. Parker. It's very hard on me with a sick wife and two children. I don't know nothin' about law and all them things. I always mean what I say, and I thought everybody else did."

"Well they don't, nor half!" declared Mr. Parker.

"You should know for yourself whether the title is clear or not."

"Didn't know he had a mortgage on it. He showed me a deed. It was all right. I ain't smart, Mr. Parker, like you, and ain't used to law and all them things."

"Well it is high time you were getting used to them, when you allow a man to swindle you out of the earnings of a lifetime. But, Nathan, forgive that harsh speech. It is not like one of my gentle nature to utter such words. I intended them for the rascal who swindled you. I am sorry for you, very sorry, but I can't help you now. Had you talked with me before you bought the place, I could have advised you. But George Phipps is gone, and gone where?"

"I don't know. I reckon he's somewhar in Eelynoy or Missouri, but I'll never find him."

"No, and it's not worth while tryin' to look for him."

"I don't intend to, Mr. Parker." Then he sat silent for a long time. There was something bearing on his mind which he longed to relieve himself of, but he dared not do so. The presence of the great man who was so rich that no one could tell what he was worth awed him to silence. At last Mr. Parker, fishing about among a pile of papers, held up one and said:

"Here, Baker, is the mortgage. It is long past due, and three years' interest on it."

"I know it, Mr. Parker, I know all that; but I hain't got the money. We talked it all over last night, an' she thought as how she's goin' to die soon, an' we got nothin', an' you got so much, you're so rich, you'd let us keep that little place."

As he finished, poor Baker turned his sad, appealing face toward Mr. Parker. That gentleman looked shocked, and actually held up his hands in holy horror at the mere suggestion. He was so overcome that for a moment he could not speak, but recovering himself, in a voice that was so sad that it almost melted one to tears, he said:

"Ah, my dear Baker, you do not know how happy I would be to forgive you the debt; but you must not forget that I am a business man, and wholly controlled by business law, inexorable business law. I would not, I could not under any circumstances violate that law."

"I thought if we could get the place, I could scratch around some way, ye know, an' make a livin'. But the children are babies, helpless little things, they'll soon have no mother——"

"Sad, very sad," and Mr. Parker shook his head, and his pale face, and small eyes that were set very close together, looked serious.

Baker choked up and could not utter a word for

several minutes. As soon as he could speak he said:

"If we could stay there only until spring, we might manage to shift then."

"But you are not able to pay the rent the place will bring," said Mr. Parker. "Get cheaper quarters."

"It's small, but it's comfortable. If we go out on the flat, the winds are cold, and them houses ain't fit for sick people, nor children."

"I am very sorry, I am very sorry!" declared Mr. Parker, "but I can't help you, Nathan, I really can't. I am compelled to follow the inexorable law which is my master."

"Do we have to give it up?"

"Yes, you must. It makes my heart bleed to think of it, but you must." Nathan staggered toward the door, and Mr. Parker called him back.

"Here is five dollars I give you, Nathan, to buy some comforts for your wife, or pay a month's rent, or pay for your moving. Take it, I bestow it freely, and my heart bleeds for you. May Heaven deal graciously with you."

For a moment Nathan Baker hesitated. He longed to hurl the money in the man's face and defy him. But he was crushed and humbled. Poverty curbs the proudest spirit and dulls the most cunning brain. Had he been alone in the world with

his two strong arms, he might easily have defied the banker, but he had a helpless wife and two helpless children. He thought of these dependent ones, and then at the sacrifice of manhood took the money.

"It's most as bad as stealin' it," he thought as he walked slowly away from the banker's office. The keen January wind was all unheeded, and with his hands in his pocket, and his thin coat buttoned up, he went home.

When he reached the neat little cottage which he and his faithful wife had struggled so hard to purchase, he paused at the door to gain the mastery of his feelings.

"It'll be a powerful blow to poor Mary. She was so hope' up with the thought he'd be generous." Then he tried to assume something like a cheerful demeanor, but it was impossible to deceive the sharp eyes of love.

It was very cold, and the children had been persuaded to lie in the bed until papa came home to make a fire for them.

He went over and sat beside her bed, and took her thin hand in his own almost frozen fingers.

"How cold your hands are," she whispered, for she could not speak louder.

"They'll be warmer by and by."

Then he was silent. She drew the benumbed

hand tenderly under the faded bed clothing to warm it. He was undergoing a great struggle, and dared not trust himself to speak. The children peeped from under the covering, and wanted to know if they could come out; but the father told them to wait a little longer.

He had a little coal left, and, making a fire, proceeded to prepare dinner for the hungry little folks. The room soon grew warm, and the children crept from the bed to the floor to hunt up their poor doll and cheap wagon. The father was cook as well as housekeeper, and proceeded to lay the cloth and carry the little mother's plate to her bedside.

When the table had been cleared away, he went again to sit by the bedside and hold her hand in his own. He knew she was going far away soon, and he wanted to be at her side while she remained. He never grew tired of feasting his eyes on that face, which was so dear to him. He called the children to his side and took them on his knee, and they both listened to the sweet, innocent prattle, trying to believe they were once more well, prosperous, and happy.

The evening wore on, and the little ones began to yawn. Lady Emma's little curly head drooped first, and then fell against the father's shoulder, which had so far protected her from the cruel blasts of life's storms; then Zeb grew unconscious, and the father

rose and carried them to their little bed and covered them up. Sweet, innocent childhood, unsuspicious of danger or the deceptions and betrayals of life, the little ones slept.

Nathan crept back to the bedside of his wife, and once more took her thin hand in his. She looked up in his face and whispered:

"What did he say?"

"He gave me five dollars."

"That was very good of him, and he will let us stay here?"

"No," he answered slowly, with a choking sigh. "Says he wishes he could, but he can't."

"Did you tell him all?"

"Yes."

It was several minutes before the dying woman could venture to speak; then she whispered:

"If he would come here and see us he would not turn us out in this bitter, cold weather."

"He won't come," Nathan answered, in a tone which displayed more bitterness than he had shown in all his discourse. "They don't never go themselves, but always send some one to do their work. If they'd go themselves and know more about it, they wouldn't be so hard on us."

"Why don't they?"

"They say they haven't got time; but it's to keep from bein' annoyed. It's the law o' business.

They all say they can't, for the law. Its inexonerable, an' they can't break anything that's inexonerable."

She did not speak for a long time, but lay with her eyes closed, holding the hard, rough hand in her gentle clasp of love. Their life-path had been rugged from the very first. They had struggled against adversity, and fought the wolf nobly from their door. But the wolf was gaunt and strong, and they grew weaker and weaker year after year. Misfortune after misfortune had overtaken them. The work on which he had depended had stopped, and he was out of employment for weeks at a time. He sought other employment, but the panic of '93 had prostrated all business, and he found it difficult to secure employment sufficient to procure the necessaries of life; and then his wife fell ill, and he was compelled to act as housekeeper and nurse.

The physicians were sure she could not recover, for the symptoms were fatal. They told him so. Nathan was manly, and bore the great blow without a murmur. It was after she had been stricken that they learned to their amazement that the little home which they had purchased of George Phipps had a mortgage on it, which Nathan now knew he could not pay. It is no wonder that he humbled his pride and abandoned his independence to go to the heartless man and implore a relinquishment of the

debt. He had appealed, but appealed in vain, and now he was helpless.

He gave his wife some quieting drops which the kind doctor had left, and under their influence she slept. Then he went and sat by the stove and thought over the past, and tried hard to plan for the dark future that was before him.

Away off somewhere he knew there was a race of people struggling for liberty. He had heard the sad story of Cuba, and he longed to aid the patriots; but with his wife and children to care for, he could not go away. Some one had told him they had no cold and no consumption in that beautiful land, and he wished he had his wife and children there.

What signify war and danger, what were bloodshed and horror compared to the dread cold and hunger, and consumption, that was destroying the life of the being so dear to him?

The fire burned low and went out, and still he sat in the cold and thought. His reflections were bitter, and his hopes few. In a few days at most he must give up even this poor home, and then—he dared not think any more.

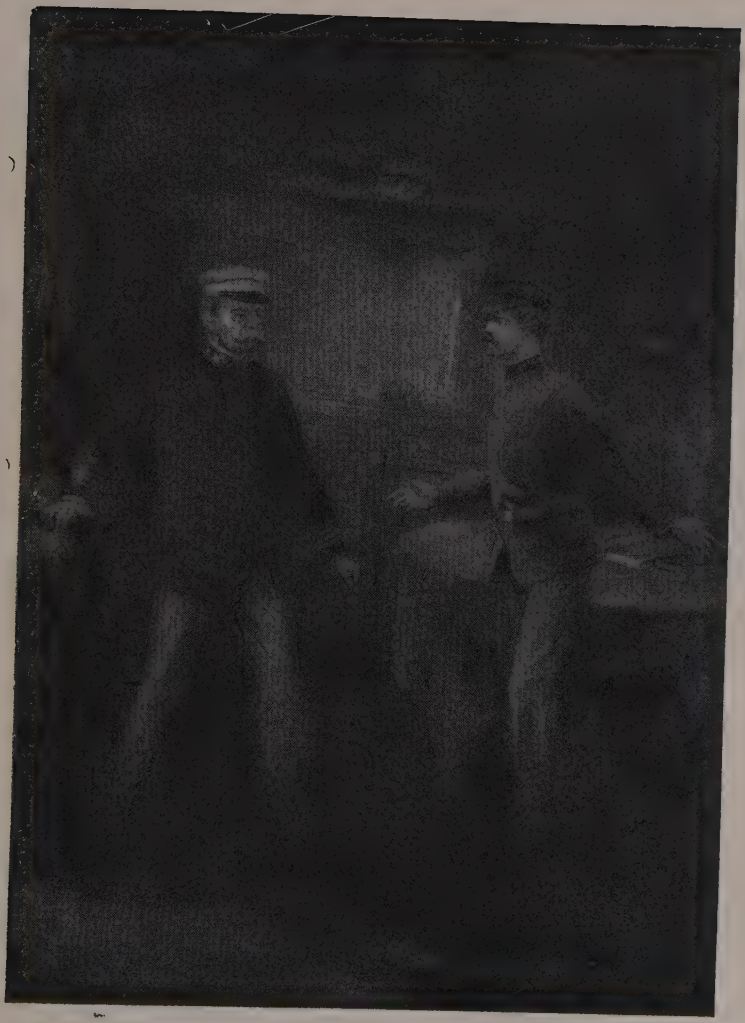
The cold night wind shrieked about the house, crept in through the cracks, rattled against the windows, and still Nathan moved not.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SINKING SHIP.

AFFAIRS in Cuba went steadily on from bad to worse. The death of that splendid patriot and soldier José Marti did not end the war. Fernando Stevens had scarcely reached home when a letter from Viola told him it would be dangerous for him to venture on the island again. She wrote that she and her aunt were closely guarded, and their escape from Santiago was next to impossible. After this no more letters came, and her fate was shrouded in mystery.

In April, 1895, the Spanish Government raised an army of 25,000 men. Martinez Campos came over from Spain, arriving at Santiago April 16, and went at once to Havana, where he relieved Calleza as Captain-General. Campos at once inaugurated a vigorous campaign. He divided the island into zones, by a series of strongly guarded military lines running north and south, so as to prevent the insurgents from joining forces, and finally to crowd them to the eastern end of the island.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, I HAVE TO REPORT THAT THE SHIP HAS BEEN BLOWN UP AND IS SINKING."

(Page 184.)

But Gomez and Maceo proved too much for even this veteran of the Yen-Years' War. They adopted the only practical system of warfare by which they could succeed. Gomez never attempted pitched battles or sieges, but harassed the enemy in every possible way, cutting off their convoys, picking them off in detail, getting up night alarms, and in every way annoying them. His seasoned, acclimated troops, familiar with the country in which they operated, were more than a match for the European troops. The fever was an able ally of the Cubans, and the Spanish armies rapidly dwindled away, notwithstanding that they were continually recruited.

By the end of May, the rebels had more than 10,000 men, three fourths of whom were armed with good rifles. It was estimated that in three months the Spaniards had lost 200 officers and 5,000 men.

During the month of July Maceo gained some signal victories in the province of Santiago, concentrated the forces in Holguin, and moved against Bayamo, capturing one provision train after another *en route* to that place. Campos took 1,500 men with General Santocildes second in command, and went to the relief of Bayamo. About the middle of July he was attacked several miles from Bayamo by Maceo with 2,700 rebels. He and his entire

with good authority that, during his short administration of the affairs of the island, he acquired a fortune of nearly two millions. Weyler's predecessors, who burned poor old Hatuey at the stake, were more merciful than he. It is said he feasted and banqueted his friends in the very midst of starving thousands. The American people took up the subject, and began to demand some relief for the starving inhabitants of Cuba. The statesmen began to look more seriously on the Cuban question than they ever had before.

The treachery of Weyler with his foes, his barbarous treatment of the innocent, and his self-laudation, all comported with the cowardly wretch that he was. He deceived not only the enemy, but his own Government. Being reckless of the truth, his defeats were reported as victories. Every time his scouting parties were chased back to the fortified towns by the insurgents, he reported the incident to the home Government as a great victory.

Gomez—that noble old hero, the Washington of Cuba—fought the best-equipped, armed, and trained troops of Spain with poorly fed, poorly equipped, and half-naked men and boys. Never since the Revolutionary War had such heroism and selfish devotion to country been displayed. Weyler, finding himself unable to conquer the aged patriot, sought to bribe him, but Gomez was above bribery. He wept

over his dead, and fought for his living. His half-starved army, often compelled to seek concealment in the mountains and caverns, always appeared at the opportune moment to strike the enemy hard and fast, and drive them back to their fortified towns.

On March 4, 1897, Grover Cleveland's second term as President of the United States expired, and William McKinley was inaugurated. It was hoped by all the friends of suffering Cuba that the newly inaugurated President would take some immediate steps to alleviate the suffering at our very door. Weyler was at that time in the very height of his career of oppression and starvation. The Republicans in their platform of 1896, through the press and on the stump, had promised that Cuba should not be neglected. The platform declared that "the Government of the United States should actually use its influence and good offices to restore peace, and give independence to the island."

President McKinley sought by every means in his power to bring about the salvation of Cuba without plunging the United States into war with Spain, and but for the treachery and stubbornness of the Spaniards themselves, he might have accomplished this result. The Spanish minister at Washington, after a deliberate insult to the President, was recalled, and Señor Polo sent in his stead. While Señor Polo was more cautious than his predecessor,

he was fully as treacherous and as suspicious of America.

The American Government had in the mean while expressed through official channels its displeasure at the course of General Weyler in Cuba, and he was supplanted by General Blanco, who came with offers of autonomy to the insurgents. Spain asked for more time to try her plan of autonomy, and the United States was given permission to feed the starving reconcentrados. Congress made an appropriation to feed the starving, and there were in addition a great many donations from the citizens of America.

General Blanco, who succeeded Weyler, was a less bloodthirsty man than his predecessor, but showed no greater ability to put down the insurrection, and matters went on very much as before.

Up to February, 1898, the United States Government had not interfered with Cuban matters, except by diplomatic representation, and as Spain had abolished many of the cruel orders of Weyler, adopted a plan of autonomy, and given permission to feed the starving pacificos, it looked as if the storm would blow over, notwithstanding the American people were roused to the highest pitch of excitement, and only a spark was necessary to kindle the smoldering mass into an unquenchable flame.

That spark was suddenly applied.

The American Government had deemed it best to send one of its battle-ships to Cuban waters, presumably on a friendly visit, but probably to look after the cargoes of provisions which Congress had voted for the reconcentrados. The *Maine*, a second-class battle-ship, commanded by Captain Sigsbee, an able seaman and brave commander, was sent on this important mission.

On his arrival at Havana, Captain Sigsbee was visited by Consul-General Lee, in whose company he called upon Captain-General Blanco, the governor of the island. On entering the harbor the *Maine* was ordered by the Spanish authorities to be anchored at "buoy number 4," where the beautiful ship lay in apparent safety from harm.

Havana was quiet and peaceful on that fatal night, February 15, 1898. The Spanish war-ship *Alfonso XII.* and the Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* were but a short distance away.

All was quiet on board the *Maine*. Men and officers, save the captain and those on duty, were below, when about twenty minutes before ten there was heard a tremendous explosion, and almost immediately the sky was illuminated with a lurid glare, and the air filled with flame and smoke.

At the time of the explosion, Captain Sigsbee was in his cabin. He had just finished a letter to his family when the tremendous crash came. The ship

lurched heavily to port, and he knew in an instant what it meant—that his ship had been blown up. All the cabin lights had been put out, and the captain groped his way out of his apartment. He met his orderly, Bill Anthony, coming toward him. The orderly, saluting his officer, said:

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

Reaching the deck, Captain Sigsbee gave orders to post sentries, keep silence, and to flood the magazines. The magazines were already flooding themselves, and the captain soon discovered that the disaster was complete, and several of his men were already struggling in the water. Only three boats were left of the number the vessel carried. These, the gig, barge, and second whale-boat, were lowered as quickly as possible, and every effort made to save the brave fellows struggling in the water.

On shore all was the wildest excitement. It was suspected at once that the *Maine* had been blown up, but how, could not, of course, be then determined. The explosion shattered windows and electric lights, and flung the city into a tumult of excitement, such as had rarely been witnessed before. Crowds that had gathered in public places dispersed in quick order, and other knots gathered, to follow a moment later at the hotels some leader, who knew no more where they were going than they.

Fire-engines went bounding down the narrow streets from no one knew whence, and going no one knew whither. All the populace turned out, and the throngs gradually gathered at the water-front, but for half an hour or more most of those in that jostling, pushing, half-crazed crowd knew nothing of the awful tragedy just beyond. The first report was that the arsenal had blown up, and then came another that the Spanish man-of-war had torpedoed the *Maine*. This report was put in circulation while the officers and men of the *Alfonso XII.* were struggling to the work of rescue.

The Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* and the cruiser were the first to reach the scene, and their crews did all that could be done to rescue the drowning. Some of the survivors were brought to the landing-place and turned over to the firemen, who carried the wounded on stretchers to the hospitals. Others were taken to the *City of Washington* and the *Alfonso XII.*

The wreck took fire as it settled down in the mud, and soon the harbor was lit by the lurid glare of flames, fed chiefly by the inflammable cellulose contained in the forward and after ends. The wreck burned the long night through, and when the dawn broke, dark wreaths of smoke were still curling upward from the shapeless mass. At sunrise all flags in the harbor were at half-mast.

Captain Sigsbee was up nearly all the night looking out for the comfort of his men. He took a short rest before daylight, but soon after stood on the deck of the *City of Washington*, peering into the falling mists, which screened the wreck of his once gallant ship.

The *City of Washington* was then under way, shifting her berth. She passed close to where the curled and twisted plates of the after-superstructure showed all that was left of the *Maine*, and tears came into the eyes of Captain Sigsbee as he thought of the gallant men whose lives had so suddenly gone out.

The *Maine* went down in water deep enough to submerge all but the after part of her superstructure deck. The whole forward part of the hull was turned completely inside out by the explosion. The officers said that had the explosion taken place in deeper water, the first wild lurch would have sent the ship settling sideways to the bottom.

Notwithstanding the grief and horror of Captain Sigsbee, he was a fair-minded Christian gentleman. Tho there was hardly a doubt from the very first that the vessel was blown up by some Spanish agency, the captain, in cabling the sad news to his Government, added the memorable words:

"Suspend judgment until after investigation."

At the time the *Maine* was blown up and sunk,

there was a young man at one of the hotels in Havana whom the Spanish authorities would have given much to have captured. He was Fernando Stevens. Weary with waiting for his own country to go to the rescue of his sweetheart in Santiago, he had resolved to make the effort himself. She was still quarantined in the ancient city, held by the strictest martial law. Fernando knew that every detective and spy in Cuba had a minute description of himself, and that he took his life in his hands by venturing to Havana. It had only been a short time since he had defied the authorities at Santiago and made his escape from the city.

On the night of the explosion he was in a room in the hotel with a gentleman whose black eyes and dark complexion indicated him a son of the tropics. They were talking in a very low tone, and their manner was serious. Tho both spoke Spanish fluently, their conversation was in English.

"I fear, Señor Stevens, you have undertaken a hopeless task. To enter Santiago even in the deepest disguise would in my opinion be fatal. You would be detected beyond question, and the Spanish Government is already so inflamed against Americans that nothing save actual war would save your life."

"Actual war would come so slow that I would be shot or hung long before my country would come to

my aid," he declared. "I have made up my mind to throw myself into the army of Gomez and personally avenge the death of my father and the wrongs to Viola."

"You could not reach the insurgent army from here," his companion remarked. "They would be sure to arrest you. To do that you would have to go to Florida and take passage on the *Three Friends*. That filibuster is the most successful of all the blockade runners, and it is my opinion that she is the only hope of reaching the patriot army——"

"But the delay, the delay," interrupted Fernando. "I am burning with anxiety to be near Viola and protect her. This would all take time."

"My friend, while it may seem delay, it will be the best time you can make."

Then a silence came over the two men, and they sat long, moody, thoughtful, and sad. At last Fernando said:

"I saw that woman again to-day. The fair Nina Diaz."

"What? Weyler's spy?" gasped his companion, his face suddenly blanching white.

"Yes, I am sure, from the description you gave me of her, the woman is still in Havana."

"If she is, look out for mischief. That woman, tho beautiful as an angel, has the spirit of a devil."

"Who is she? Is she a Spaniard?"

"I blush to say she is a Cuban," his companion answered. "Her story is a singular one, and perhaps will never be known to the world. She is the daughter of Felix Diaz, who owned a small tobacco plantation near Santiago. Diaz earned a comfortable income from his ranch, but when the struggle for independence began he left his plantation and with his two sons joined the patriot army under General Capote. About the same time Nina and her mother left their home, and came to Havana to live. Nina, as you know, is a typical beauty, dazzling, voluptuous, and enticing.

"She fell in love with a member of Weyler's staff, a young lieutenant of infantry, who had just been assigned to the Spanish secret service in Havana, and when a daughter of the tropics loves, it is with her whole heart and soul. Weyler wanted some woman spies, for it was his theory that a shrewd woman was the best possible spy if she conducted her campaign on a love basis. To this end he urged his young officers to make use of their sweethearts to discover the plans of the insurgents.

"Nina's lover persuaded her to join the Spanish secret service, and throw all the force of her beauty, cleverness, and magnetism against her native country. Nina's beauty and intelligence soon attracted attention, and she became popular both with the Americans and Cubans. On steamer days Señorita

Diaz made her promenades upon the wharf or upon the decks of outgoing vessels. In this way she met any number of people and secured valuable information, which, through her lover, was carried to Weyler. Most especially did she play upon Americans, and learned to hate them. Her success was so signal in Havana that Weyler decided to send her into the provinces to report the movements of the rebels. Her first venture was in Santiago, near her old home. Disguised as a poor girl, she went about with a small book begging for contributions for the sick and wounded of the insurgent army. Hundreds of arrests followed in the path of her visits. Families were broken up, unhappy mothers and children were thrown into prison, and a trail of misery, suffering, and death marked the path of the beautiful but cruel spy."

"Could not the insurgents capture her?" asked Fernando.

"They did capture her, but she was too cunning for them. One day she was caught by a Cuban picket communicating with a Spanish officer. The spy and Spaniard were both brought before the chief of the insurgents. Nina's cleverness and *sang froid* did not desert her. She informed her captors that she was the daughter of Felix Diaz, a Cuban insurgent, who was known to be in the neighborhood. She was on her way to visit her father, when, she de-

clared, the Spaniard had captured her, and endeavored by bribes and threats to make her reveal the camp of the insurgents.

"At first her story was not believed, but the insurgents sent for her father and brothers, who, confirming what she said, she was released. At dusk that evening Nina escaped and reached the Spanish lines. Using the information she carried them, the Spaniards next morning attacked the insurgents, and a fearful slaughter ensued. Nina has been a perfect fiend. She caused the arrest and imprisonment of her own mother. By Cubans the name of Nina Diaz is execrated; but Weyler declared she was the only loyal Cuban on the island. If she is in the city of Havana it means mischief." *

"What mischief can she do?"

"Miguel Santos, whom Blanco does not suspect of secretly sympathizing with Cuba, informed me that she was in a rage when it was known that the American Government was to send a war-ship to Havana, and she made the threat, if it came, it would never leave port."

"How could she damage a war-ship?"

"She could do nothing herself, but she has assistants whom Blanco does not know, and whom he could not control. When Weyler left, it was hoped

* The story of Nina Diaz has been confirmed by numerous newspaper reports.

she would go with him. The new Captain-General, Blanco, has not countenanced her work, which only finds favor with such as the butcher Weyler. I heard she had returned, but hoped it was a mistake."

Fernando took out his watch, and was looking at the face. It was twenty minutes to ten. Suddenly the whole island seemed shaken, the window-glass rattled, the lights went out, and the two friends were thrown from their seats. Stunned and confused, they groped for a moment in darkness, and Fernando cried:

"In Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

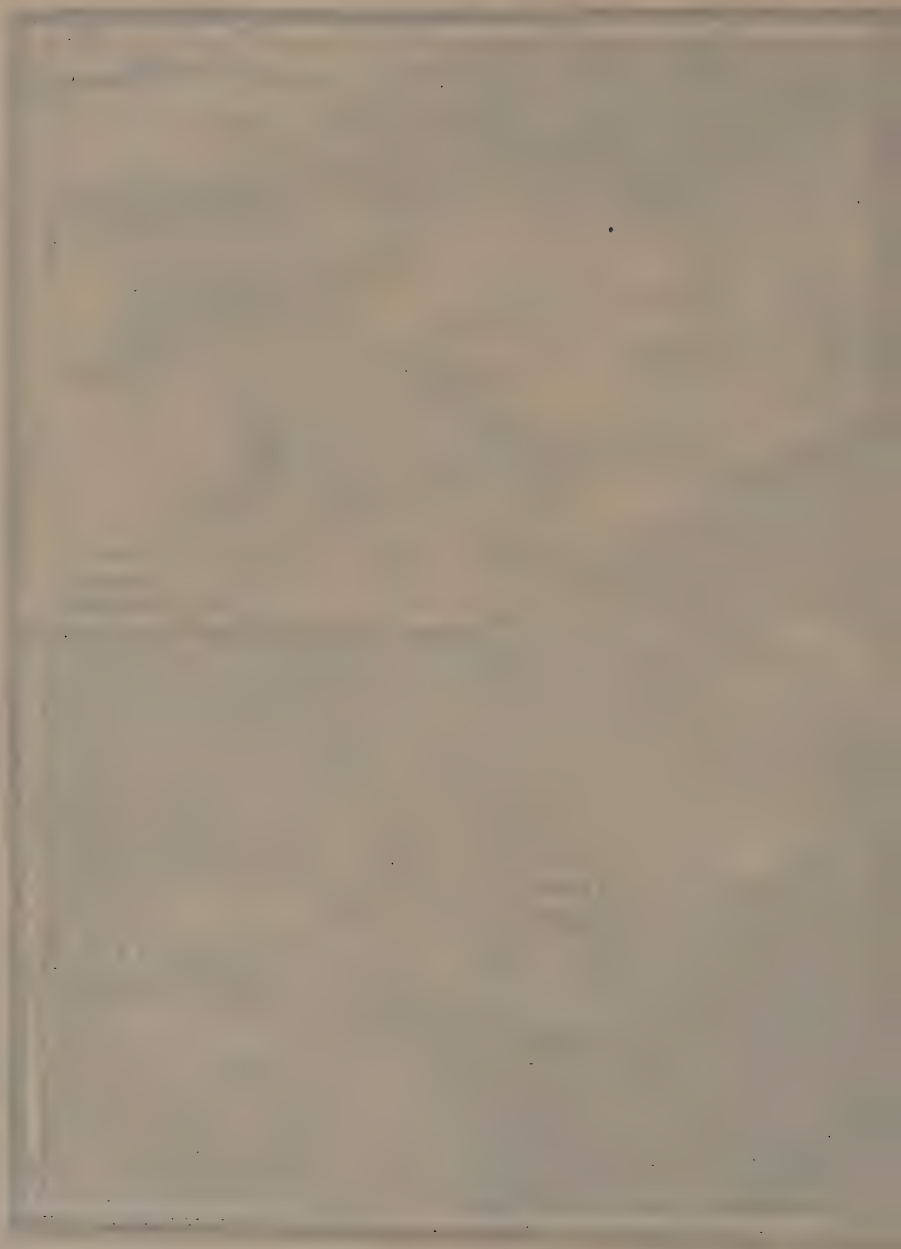
"The saints preserve us, I do not know," his companion answered. "I saw a flash as if the earth had split in twain in the direction of the harbor."

They began to struggle for the door, and in a few moments gained it, threw it open, and hurried out upon the street, where the crowd was surging to and fro, rushing toward the water-front.

"What has happened?" was on every tongue.

"Get out of the way, here come the fire-engines!"

All that awful night Fernando and his friend were at the water-front assisting in caring for the wounded. As day dawned they turned from the sinking ship to retrace their steps to the hotel. The streets were still thronged, and the people jostled each other along the narrow walks.



They caught a momentary glimpse of a face gifted with the beauty of Satan. The features were regular, the eyes large, dark, and soft, but in them was a look of exultation that was fiendish. Fernando and his companion halted and exchanged glances.

"It is Nina Diaz," whispered the American.

"Come to the hotel."

When alone the Cuban said:

"The world may never know who blew up the *Maine*, but we do. My friend, it is not necessary for you to become a filibuster. This cruel act, no doubt at Weyler's instigation, will end in war. You can fight for Cuba in the American army."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PERIOD OF SUSPENSE.

"WAR!" The great heart of the nation throbbed for vengeance. If the shots at Lexington were heard around the world, the groans of the dying, as the *Maine* went to its muddy grave, reached every home in America, and the demand for war was universal. Notwithstanding that the man most grieved and injured by the treacherous act counseled a suspension of judgment, the American people were not a moment in arriving at a conclusion. This was not the first act of insolence and treachery. Santiago and the *Virginius*, the murder of Colonel Crittenden, and hundreds of other like incidents were not forgotten, and the universal opinion was that judgment had been suspended too long already.

The funeral of twenty-seven of the victims, whose bodies had been recovered, took place in Havana on February 17, and was the most impressive ever seen in that city. Not even in their own country, aside from friends and relatives, could the dead seamen have been accorded more pronounced expressions of

sorrow and regret. No expense was spared in the funeral arrangements. The bodies lay in state in the Municipal Hall, and long before three o'clock the coffins were covered with flowers.

Streets were blocked with carriages of the best families, and the government officers, and army officers, and men and officers from the Spanish man-of-war, marched to the palace, and awaited the forming of the procession. Officers and men of the *Maine* took carriages at the consulate, and drove to the palace, each carriage conveying a wreath of flowers. Chaplain Chidwick read a short prayer just after three o'clock. The procession then formed and moved to the cemetery. The local clergy, including the Bishop of Havana, assisted at the burial services.

Each coffin bore a silver cross and plain card with the dead man's name. They were carried to hearses by the local firemen. So great was the crowd that it took the procession an hour to get under way. As it passed through the streets the crowds uncovered, and heads were bowed. Tho the grief of some of the Spaniards was, no doubt, sincere; tho there can be no doubt that Blanco himself was shocked and horrified at the awful act, and that many of his officers grieved at the untimely death of so many brave sailors, the American people charged up the crime to Spain. It was the almost universal belief

that some of Weyler's emissaries who lingered behind the monster did the fearful deed.

A court of inquiry was appointed, consisting of Capt. W. T. Sampson, Capt. F. E. Chadwick, Lieut.-Com. Adolph Marix, and Lieut.-Com. Potter, to investigate the blowing up of the *Maine*, and this court repaired at once to Havana. Work was commenced upon the wreck, removing the débris, but after it had been prosecuted for several weeks it was found impossible to clear it away, on account of the depth of the mud into which it had sunk.

Day by day an impatient public waited the report of the court which to them seemed exasperatingly slow. The court of inquiry withheld all testimony, and even the shrewdest newspaper correspondents were unable to get at any vital facts.

The chief question involved was whether the vessel was blown up by accident or by intention. If blown up by accident, according to the best authority, the explosion would be internal and the plating would be blown out. If blown up by an enemy, the explosion would be external and the armor would be crushed inward. The statement of Lieut. John J. Blandin, who was officer of the watch at the time of the wrecking of the *Maine*, would seem to indicate that there was first an external and then an internal explosion.

The first explosion, experts thought, was from a mine fired by an enemy, and the second, an explosion of one or more magazines inside the ship. The following is Lieutenant Blandin's statement:

"I went on watch at six o'clock, relieving Lieutenant Blow. At twenty minutes to ten o'clock, while on the port side of the quarter-deck, an explosion occurred, seemingly on the port side forward, followed immediately by a second one. I was struck on the head by a flying piece of wreckage, but not stunned.

"I climbed to the poop-deck, where I found the captain, executive officers, and several others. The barge and gig were lowered and manned, they being the only boats left. We picked up all the wounded that could be found and put them into the boats. The Spanish flagship, *Alfonso XII.*, had sent four or five boats promptly to our aid, and more of our wounded were sent to the *Alfonso.* One of our boats pulled around the *Maine,* and picked up several men who had been blown into the water. The executive officers went forward to see if the fire could be put out, and found it was useless to try to do anything to save the ship, as she was a total wreck. The captain then gave the order to abandon the ship, and most of us went in the boats to the *City of Washington,* of the Ward Line, where we

were most cordially received and treated. The captain was the last to leave the ship."

For six long weeks the people waited for the report of the court of inquiry. The court was cautious but firm, and determined if possible to get at the facts. They found that the *Maine* was blown up from an external cause, but were unable to fix the responsibility for the same. The report exonerated the officers and crew of the *Maine* from all blame in the matter, and showed clearly that the catastrophe was not due to any carelessness on their part, but that, on the contrary, the greatest diligence had been exercised at all times.

Press and people declared the blowing up of the *Maine* a *casus belli*, and the report of the court and the subsequent message of the President on the same by no means allayed that feeling. There was a general belief that Weyler had a mine planted at Buoy No. 4, and one of his emissaries remained behind to explode it.

On the 18th day of April, the very day Fernando Stevens returned home, Spain addressed a memorandum to the powers, which was in effect an appeal against the assumption and aggression of the United States. On April 19 the President, by message to Congress, declared that the war in Cuba must end and peace be established.

The American people were living in a state of sus-

pense and excitement. While honest patriots were trying to work out the problem to the best interest of the country and the Cubans, others, with selfish interests, favoring peace at any price, sent messages to the President stating that the lives of two hundred and fifty sailors should not be weighed in the balance against the loss of business in the event of war.

The peace party of 1812 * was duplicated in the peace party of 1898. When Senator Foraker, of Ohio, announced that on a certain day he would address the Senate on the Cuban question, he was at once made the target for the arrows of the peace party. He was threatened, and his clients were urged to write him saying they would withdraw their business and support. But this champion of liberty was not to be deterred from his duty, and was a "flame of fire" on that day.

Despite the opposition of the peace party, war seemed inevitable, and the great crisis was rapidly approaching. The American people of 1898 were as brave and loyal as in 1812, when Terrence Malone knocked the secretary of the peace party into the waste-basket.

To the United States the sequel of the sinking of the *Maine* was not wholly unexpected, and some preparations had been made. A navy that was to

* See "Sustained Honor," p. 262.

astonish the world sprang into existence at a moment's notice. The American navy had been placed at the best advantage for quick work. Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson, with a considerable fleet, rendezvoused at Dry Tortugas, while Commodore Schley with the Flying Squadron was at Hampton Roads, and Commodore Dewey with the Asiatic squadron was at Hongkong. The famous battle-ship *Oregon*, perhaps the best in the American navy, then cruising on the Pacific coast, was ordered to join the fleet of Sampson.

Diplomatic relations between the two nations were strained to the utmost tension, and the friendly cord threatened to snap at any hour. Our minister at Madrid was the victim of many insults from the rabble, and the Spanish police had to keep a guard around the American legation.

Congress having voted an appropriation of $50,000,000 for the army, for coast defenses, and for the purchase of war-vessels, negotiations were at once entered into with several foreign powers, and a number of armed cruisers were purchased and transferred to the United States. The ships of several passenger and mail lines, purchased or leased as auxiliary cruisers, were at once remanned and put in commission. The most notable examples were the two American-built ships *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* of the American line. The new purchases were fitted

up for their new uses at once, and preparations for war went on notwithstanding all the protestations of the peace party.

Congress at last united upon the following resolutions, which were signed by the President on April 20:

"Joint resolutions for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect:

"WHEREAS, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battle-ship, with two hundred and sixty of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and can not longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress on April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore be it resolved:

"First, that the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"Second, that it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"Third, that the President of the United States be, and hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into actual service of

the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"Fourth, that the United States hereby disclaim any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Immediately after signing the resolutions on April 20, 1898, about eleven o'clock A.M., the Department of State served notice of the purposes of this Government by delivering to Minister Polo a copy of the instruction to Minister Woodford, and also a copy of the resolutions passed by Congress the day before. After the report of this notice, the Spanish minister forwarded to the State Department a request for his passports, which were furnished him.

The United States minister at Madrid was at the same time instructed to make a like communication to the Government of Spain. On the morning of the 20th, the Department received from General Woodford a telegram, showing that the Spanish Government had broken off diplomatic relations with our Government, which rendered unnecessary any further diplomatic action on the part of the United States.

Spain quickly furnished Minister Woodford his passports. Consular business in the various Spanish ports was left in charge of the British consuls

The departure of Minister Woodford from Spain was attended with great danger. The train on which he left had to be guarded by Spanish soldiers and police, and at one time the secretary of legation was in great danger of being mobbed by the rabble, but all finally reached Paris in safety.

Spain having by her conduct to General Woodford broken off diplomatic relations between the two countries, it was not deemed necessary for the United States to await any specified time for hostilities, but to commence at once. The President thereupon issued the following proclamation:

"By the President of the United States—A Proclamation.

"WHEREAS, By a joint resolution passed by the Congress, and approved April 20, 1898, and communicated to the Government of Spain, it was demanded that said Government at once relinquish its authority and government on the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters; and the President of the United States was directed and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as might be necessary to carry said resolution into effect, and

"WHEREAS, In carrying into effect said resolution, the President of the United States deems it necessary to set on foot and maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including all ports between Cardenas and Bahia Honda and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast of Cuba. Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, in order to enforce the said resolution, do hereby declare and proclaim that the United States of America have instituted and will maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, in-

cluding ports on the said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast of Cuba aforesaid, in pursuance of the laws of the United States and the laws of nations applicable to such cases.

"An efficient force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels from the ports aforesaid. Any neutral vessel approaching any of said ports, or attempting to leave the same without notice or knowledge of the establishment of such blockade, will be duly warned by the commander of the blockading forces, who will indorse on her register the fact, and the date of such warning, where such indorsement was made, and if the same vessel shall again attempt to enter any blockaded port, she will be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port for such proceedings against her and her cargo as prize as may be deemed advisable.

"Neutral vessels lying in any of said ports at the time of the establishment of such blockade will be allowed thirty days to issue therefrom. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this 22d day of April, A.D. 1898, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-second.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"By the President,

"JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of State."

Congress having approved the blockade, the North Atlantic squadron, under the command of Captain Sampson, sailed at once from Key West to Havana. The fleet consisted of the following vessels: the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana;* the armored cruiser *New York;* the monitors *Puritan, Terror,* and *Amphitrite;* the gunboats *Nashville, Castine, Machias, Wilmington,* and *Helena;* the cruisers *Detroit,*

Cincinnati, and *Marblehead;* and the torpedo-boats *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, *Dupont*, *Foote*, *Winslow*, *Porter*, and *Mayflower*.

Everybody felt some relief from the suspense when it was known that Sampson had actually sailed to Havana to blockade the harbor. At daylight on April 22, the *New York*, *Iowa*, and the *Indiana* were lying in the outer harbor, with the gunboats *Nashville* and *Detroit* off to the south on picket duty, and the *Castine*, the *Newport*, and a naval tug hovering around near the anchorage. A great deal of signaling had been done since nine o'clock the night before, and just before sunrise the *Helena* came from the inner harbor, while the torpedo-boat *Foote* came to the flagship just ahead of her. A few minutes later the *Detroit* left her station and went to the inner harbor, while the *Nashville* came to the flagship and then headed away toward the northward, where the *Machias* and *Castine* had been lying. At this the whole squadron got under way in two lines—the *New York*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana* in one line at the southward, and the *Helena*, *Machias*, *Nashville*, and *Castine* in another, while the naval tug and torpedo-boat went in the lee of the flagship. By six o'clock the *Newport* came to the line from the westward and took her place behind the *Machias*.

Meantime, a smoke had appeared on the horizon

away to the westward, and at six it was plain to be seen that it was from a merchantman. In an hour they had drawn near enough to see that she was a two-masted, black-hulled ship, with white upper works and black smokestack, with the colors of the Spanish flag painted around it, and a Spanish flag flung to the breeze above the taffrail.

Up to this time the squadron had been slowly steaming forward, not going faster than six knots an hour. The first sight of an enemy's flag after the blockade had been declared was sufficient to fill every ship with life and animation. The *Nashville* suddenly left the line and dashed away at full speed toward the Spaniard, while every officer and bluejacket on the fleet strained their eyes to watch the chase. The decks and rigging were alive with observers.

A gun was fired from the port battery of the

A GUN WAS FIRED FROM THE "NASHVILLE."

Nashville, and the shot struck the water a few hundred yards away. The Spaniard at this time was half a mile from the *Nashville*, and held to her course, making no sign of having paid any attention to the shot. For two minutes longer the *Nashville* continued the pursuit, and then tried a second shot, which apparently passed within a rod of the Spaniard's bow, and clipped the spray from the crested waves for a mile beyond. The officer on the bridge of the Spaniard at once ordered her engines reversed, while a man ran aft and hastily lowered her flag.

Within fifteen minutes after the chase began the *Nashville* brought to alongside the Spaniard, with every gun large and small on the starboard broadside brought to bear upon her. Then a whaleboat was lowered, and Ensign Magruder, with a boarding crew of six men, was sent to take charge of the prize.

She was found to be the steamship *Buena Ventura*, plying between New York and Havana and West Indian ports, and she carried a load of lumber. Meantime, the torpedo-boat *Foote* had run down in the wake of the *Nashville*, and she brought to beside the *Ventura*.

Ensign Magruder took charge of the Spaniard's papers, and sent a report regarding them to the *Nashville*. The papers were sent thence to the flagship by the *Foote*. The flagship, with the battle-

ships, had been lying to during this time, and soon after a number of guns were fired from the *New York*.

The torpedo-boat, after lingering long enough at the flagship to receive full instructions, returned to the *Nashville* with orders that the *Buena Ventura* be held, and a few moments later the *Nashville* headed toward Key West with the prize. This was the first actual capture on either side. The *Buena Ventura* was taken to Key West, and the news of her capture flashed all over the land in a few moments. War had begun, and the great suspense was broken. Thousands of hearts began to hope that the *Virginius* and *Maine* would be avenged and Cuba made free.

To no one was the news more welcome than to Fernando Stevens. On his return from Havana he had gone to Oklahoma to look after some interests there in connection with his West India trade, which he was closing up. After spending a few weeks in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, he hastened to Cincinnati to pay his mother a visit. Mrs. Stevens was the matron of an orphans' home in that city, and her son's return filled her sad heart with joy.

He told her of his recent fruitless visit to Havana, and she shuddered and said:

"Oh, how I wish you would never go to Cuba

again! It seems a baneful place for us. Your father lost his life somewhere on that island, and his father before him was a filibuster and came near losing his life. It is fatal, my son; I pray you may never go there again."

"Mother, don't make that request, I implore you, for I expect to return in three months. War has practically been declared, and American guns will soon be thundering at Havana, or some of the Cuban ports. I am determined, if there is a call for volunteers, to secure a position in some command. My grandfather was a soldier, and I will also be one."

"Oxtra! Oxtra!"

Mrs. Stevens was a sensible woman. She realized it was useless to try to dissuade her son when he was so determined. He had a motive far stronger than wealth or the desire for adventure to draw him to Cuba. After a short silence, during which he was thoughtful, he exclaimed:

"Oh! if Heaven would only be kind to me and direct the first attack on Santiago, I would almost feel my prayers had been answered. There is a double incentive to strike Santiago now—vengeance and love. It was there father lost his life in some mysterious way, and it is there poor Viola is held a

prisoner. I feel that, if need be, I should give my life for her freedom."

It was late in that April afternoon, the sun was sinking low in the western horizon, and the dull hum of the city had become more subdued, when suddenly there burst on the air the loud cries of men and boys selling "extras."

"Oxtra—oxtra—oxtra!" rang out the cry far and near from street to street.

"Something has happened; there is some event of the war," said Fernando, and he ran to the street door and raised his hand to catch the eye of one of the newsboys. Half a dozen of them ran toward him, each holding up a paper.

"Buy a paper, mister; all about taking a Spanish ship."

"Here, one will do! There, now you may all go." He snatched a paper from the hand of one, tossed him a nickel, and hurried into the house to read of the capture of the *Buena Ventura*.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORGANIZING THE ROUGH RIDERS.

When war with Spain became inevitable, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, resigned his office and secured a commission to organize a regiment of cavalry to be known as the Rough Riders, or First United States Cavalry Volunteers. Mr. Roosevelt had spent considerable time on the frontier and well knew the fighting character of frontier scouts and cowboys. While he did not confine his selection to cowboys, hunters, and Indian fighters alone, for the regiment was made up of almost every class, from the New York society man to the half-blood Indian of the plains, yet such excellent judgment was used in their selection that a better band of warriors was never gotten together.

When the regiment was raised, which was done in an incredibly short time, Roosevelt refused to accept the office of colonel, as he had had no experience in military matters, and the office was given to Leonard Wood, a soldier experienced in frontier warfare and a personal friend of Roosevelt.

Shortly after the sailing of the blockading squadron and the capture of the *Buena Ventura*, Fernando Stevens learned of the organization of the Rough Riders, and determined to go with the regiment if it was possible. He telegraphed to Roosevelt his services, and received an answer:

"Will be in your city in two or three days. If you are acquainted in the West, can't you raise a body of men on short notice?"

While waiting for Roosevelt, the anxious young lover, who was all eagerness to take part in the coming struggle, and ready to strike the first blow, spent his time in wandering about the city. One day, as he was strolling in the outskirts, a man very shabbily dressed came toward him.

"Howdy do, Mr. Stevens? I'm powerful glad to see you!"

Fernando grasped the hard, rough hand in his own, and looked into the honest, weather-beaten face and sad blue eyes a moment, and said:

"Nathan, Nathan, is it you?"

"Thar, I knowed ye'd know me," said Nathan. "I 'spect I've changed a mighty sight since ye saw me last, Mr. Stevens, for I've been havin' a heap o' trouble. I'm awful pore, an' got the babies to take care of. 'Tain't no place for 'em down there where I've got to keep 'em. Babies can't grow in a mudhole."

"Why, Nathan, I thought you had a comfortable little home, all paid for."

With a sad shake of his head Nathan answered: "No, I never did. I thought I did, but I didn't. I bought a house o' George Phipps, an' paid him every dollar on it, an' he went away. Then wife, she fell sick with consumpshun, the doctors say, an' Mr. Parker, the banker, he tells me as how he has a first mortgage on my place."

"And had he?"

"Yes; Phipps borrowed money on the house an' mortgaged it. I didn't know it. Thought the title was clear, but it warn't."

"And did that infernal Parker rob you of your home?"

"No; he said 'twarn't robbin'. He took it 'cordin' to law, ye know, an' thar warn't no robbin' 'bout it."

"When did he take it from you?"

"Oh, last January. Wife war very low then, an' we had to move out in a poor shanty on the flats."

"Where is your wife?" asked Fernando.

An expression of pain swept over the poor fellow's face, tears welled up in his eyes, and his lips trembled, but no sound came from them. This mute response, so pathetic as to touch the heart of the listener, was far more potent than any answer could

have been. Stevens watched the tear silently course its way down the bearded cheek, and, taking the hard, rough hand again in his own, said:

"Poor fellow, I pity you. I have suffered myself, and you have my heartfelt sympathy."

"I can't help it, Mr. Stevens, raley I can't, when I talk o' her. Ye see, the old shanty was open and cold, an' not suited for her. I couldn't get much work to do when she was well, an' when she got sick, then it seemed I warn't happy anywhar but right thar by her side. I knowed she war goin' away some time soon, an' that I'd never see her ag'in, an' I wanted to be with her much as possible while she did stay."

"What are you doing now, Nathan?" he asked.

"Anything I kin git to do to turn an honest penny. But these are awful times now, since I got the babies to take keer of, an' their mother gone, an' not here to help me."

"Nathan, how would you like to be a soldier, and go to Cuba to fight the Spaniards?"

"I'd like it, master well, Mr. Stevens," said Nathan, "if I didn't have the babies. But they got no mother now."

"Nathan, if I will give them my mother, whom I know to be one of the kindest, tenderest mothers in the world, who will clothe, feed, and care for them, and educate them, until they can care for

themselves, would you then go in the army as a volúnteer?"

"Mr. Stevens, it's just exactly what I want to do. Ef ye could do this, ye'd make me much happier'n I ever expected to be ag'in. If yer mother, who I know's a good woman, 'd take 'em, I'd go an' fight the Spanyards."

"She is the matron of the home, and she will be glad to take your little ones."

"An' will she be like their own mother was to them?"

"Yes."

"Then who'll take me in the army? I'll go."

"Wait, there will be a great man here to-morrow. Come with me, and go and see him. He is organizing a regiment of cavalry. You know all about horses."

"Yes, indeed; I was raised with 'em. I never 'spected to ride another, tho. I won't be able to buy one."

"Uncle Sam will buy it for you. All they want to know is your ability to ride one well, and to handle a gun and revolver."

"I'll ride with any o' the cowboy fellows," declared Nathan.

Fernando then told him to come to the hotel which Mr. Roosevelt had mentioned as a meeting-point, and they separated. As Fernando watched

the healthy, robust form of Nathan sadly moving away he remarked:

"Such men Colonel Roosevelt will not reject. That is one recruit; now to find more."

Next day Mr. Roosevelt was in the city according to promise, and Fernando hastened to the hotel, where he found him in conversation with some other men. He easily recognized him by the pictures in the illustrated papers. Mr. Roosevelt rose and, grasping his hand, asked:

"Are you Mr. Stevens?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad to meet you, and hope your acquaintance in the West and in Cuba may be of service to us. Do you think you can get some suitable recruits?"

"Yes, sir. I have spoken to some whom I know to be splendid horsemen and good shots. They are ready, and my acquaintance in the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and New Mexico will enable me to select a number of suitable men."

"I am on my way to those places now. Can you go with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am pleased to know it. Everything depends on the haste with which our forces are mobilized. We shall have a concentrating point somewhere in the West, where we will organize."

"Colonel Roosevelt, there is one man outside whom I would like to have you speak with." He then, in as few words as possible, told the sad story of poor Nathan Baker. Roosevelt's eyes grew moist as he listened, and at the conclusion he said:

"Call him in."

Fernando went out and brought Nathan into the presence of the colonel. Nathan's strong, robust figure pleased him, and in a pleasant voice he asked:

"So you want to go to the war and shoot Spaniards?"

"Yes, sir, that is when I have taken the babies to Mrs. Stevens's orphan home, ye know. She says she'll take 'em an' be their mother now, seein' as their own mother is in her grave."

Roosevelt's heart was touched. He took out his pocketbook, and counting out four or five bills, placed them in the hand of Nathan, and remarked: "That will help provide for the comfort and happiness of the babies; when you have done that come to the depot, and we will all board the train for the West, where the regiment is to be raised."

Nathan took the money, looked it over in a bewildered manner, and said:

"It's mighty good o' you, colonel, to give me this; I hope I may some day be able to pay ye back, with big interest, too."

"Never mind that now, my good fellow. Go

purchase some little keepsakes for the children; take them to the home, and meet us at the train."

Nathan bowed awkwardly and went away, for it was a long distance to this poor habitation.*

Dragging one foot after the other, as if in pain, Baker reached the end of the mean highway, and was in sight of his home. He shaded his eyes and looked across the batture. His hut was still the same dirty little structure in which he had seen so much sorrow. A child's laugh came from the bottom, and then another.

Baker shook his head thoughtfully.

"They won't miss this old hole," he muttered. "Babies can't grow up in mud-holes."

The little covered basket he had been carrying on his arm was placed under the shade of a willow, Nathan rummaging through his pockets in the halt. A shadow crossed his tanned face.

"Can't be that I've lost it," he grumbled.

A moment later he smiled, then lifted the basket cover and drew out a bit of folded paper. Baker spread it upon his knee, as he sat upon the hump of a root.

"It's mighty good of the colonel," he muttered, "to give me this. Guess he must know somethin' of squatters."

He fondled the paper again, and slipped it in his

* The story of this recruit is in part true.

coat pocket. The basket was once more hanging on his arm, and the man moved along slowly. Soon his foot touched the narrow plank that went from the levee crest to the door of his hut.

"It ain't just right," he said half aloud; "but then, when a man's clean tired o' hangin' 'round he might just as well clear out. You can't do nothin' for yourself and nobody else when you need victuals."

Nathan walked slowly and sadly along the plank which stretched across the marsh-land.

"Is any ladies and gentlemen home?" the man cried out, knocking at the door.

"Yes, daddy." A boy in kilts had spoken. Behind him in the aperture was a black-haired girl, who would have been hidden had she not moved from left to right.

"It's a nice way you folks meet company," the father said in a mock resentful tone. "Next time I won't come to see you."

"Zeb got scaret, daddy, an' said you was the bogie-man," the little girl explained.

"That's mighty bad, my boy," remonstrated the man, gazing at the child with a look intended to be cheerful. "Reckon you'll be sceart when you grow up?"

The father then sat on the only chair that graced the poor house, and the children climbed to his

knees. Since their mother had gone, their father seemed doubly dear to them.

"I got a whole lot o' news for you," he at length said. "Maybe it won't tickle you, Lady Emma, but Zeb will be glad to git away from the diggins." Then the anxious father passed his fingers through his beard, and waited for the little ones to say something. But sorrow and poverty had saddened their young lives and deprived them of that keen curiosity born of childish enthusiasm among those better fed and clothed. "Well, why don't you say somethin', Lady Emma?"

"Is you goin' to take us by-by, daddy!" The little girl's eyes were moist with expectation.

"Yes; I done fixed for a new ma for you two."

Zeb fidgeted in his place, and then put his arms about his father's neck.

"Is she like our other ma, daddy?" the little fellow asked.

A tear stole down the father's cheek, and for a moment he could not find voice to answer; when he did, he said:

"Yes, 'ceptin' she ain't the same. But she's good, very good, and lives in a big house."

"An' kin we live with her, daddy?" inquired Lady Emma.

"Yes, she said she'd like you, an' give you a

whole lot of nice things, an' Zeb is goin' to come in for plenty of fun."

Nathan placed the children on the floor, then opened the basket. Wrapped in brown paper was a china doll.

"This is for Lady Emma," he said, giving it over to the eager little hands. "And here is somethin' for you, Zeb," he added, rolling a rubber ball across the floor toward the boy.

"Is 'is from our new ma?" inquired Lady Emma.

"Yes," the father returned with a faint smile.

He did not feel that he had told a deliberate falsehood, for it was much better for the children to believe the presents came from their new mother than from Colonel Roosevelt. They knew nothing of the dashing colonel of Rough Riders, would not know anything of him, and it was better to give them a good opinion of their new mother in advance; the deception would help to lead the children easier. "But that ain't all," he put in; "I've got a bag of candy to be 'vided 'twixt you two. Better eat it when you git to the new place. Lady Emma, I'm going to fix you up first; ladies come first always, Zeb."

Nathan then took the little girl, and when he had scrubbed the small face with an old rag, he sponged the little hands. She bore it all patiently without a murmur. Then he took her white frock from the

old box beneath the couch and slipped it on Lady Emma.

"There!" he exclaimed, when he had fastened the last button at the neck. "You are as pretty a baby as a man could find, Lady Emma."

The little girl sat on the side of the couch.

"Come on, Mr. Zeb; no screwin' your head around so I can't scrub your face."

"Yes, daddy, I am ready," and Zeb turned up his face to be washed.

"You know I must fix you two up nice," said the father, as he covered a finger with a rag, and ran it around one of the boy's ears. "Your new ma wants you clean, just like your other ma did."

The man sighed. Had the other mother been living, he would not have to wash and dress the children; the old home would have been bright with hope and love, and he would not have thought of going to war in a foreign land. But she was dead. Mr. Parker had taken their comfortable home away, and it was from that humble door he had seen her carried out to her last resting-place. The little girl said:

"I want a doll carriage for my baby."

"Oh, you will have a nice one," answered the father.

"And I want a gun," demanded the boy.

"You'll git it, Zeb, an', more'n that, you'll get a

sojer cap: then you kin play shootin' Spanyards. I'm through with you, Mr. Zeb."

The boy sat next to his sister.

Nathan Baker looked in this and that box, but found nothing worth disturbing. From the plank wall close to the couch he pulled out a few tacks that held a small photograph. He kissed it reverently, while his eyes grew more moist.

"Guess you're watchin' over us, Mary," he muttered. "God ain't ag'in' you wastin' a little time lookin' after Emma, an' Zeb, an' me."

The photograph was lost in the man's inner coat pocket.

"I'm ready for you," he said, lifting the little boy and girl from the couch.

"Daddy, give us the candy," urged Zeb.

"Not yet." The father had reached the door and turned the lock. "If you have it now," he explained, "you will spile your clothes."

"Es you will, Zeb," assured Lady Emma.

The father crouched low like the humbled camel for his load, and said:

"You git on my back, Zeb, and you, Lady Emma, will be carried in my arms. Can't let you cross the plank by yourselves."

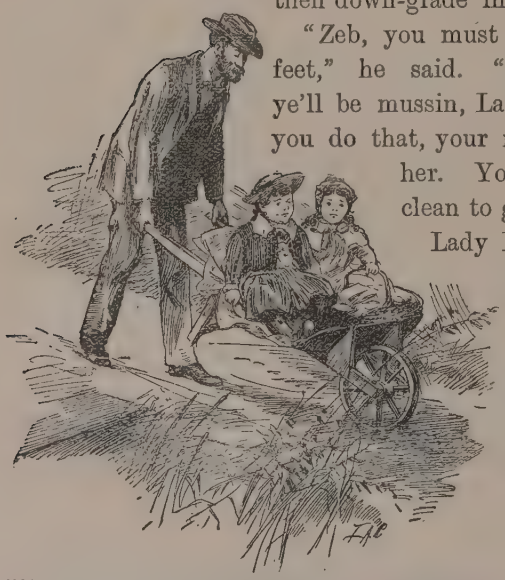
The children climbed to their places, and Baker walked the plank with slow and steady step, for the load he carried was precious to him. When he

reached the levee he told the children they could stand for a moment or so, while he spread a paper in the bottom of the wheelbarrow to protect their clean clothes from contact with the dirt. Lady Emma gripped the basket in which their poor treasures, the doll, ball, and candy were stored, while she watched the father prepare their carriage for them.

"Are you all right?" he asked when both children were seated in the barrow.

"Yes, daddy," Zeb answered.

"Then we will go to the home of your new ma," and with that Nathan grasped the handles of the wheelbarrow, and pushed it along the levee top, then down-grade into the main highway.



"NOW WE WILL GO TO THE HOME OF YOUR NEW MA."

"Zeb, you must be keerful with your feet," he said. "First thing ye know ye'll be mussin, Lady Emma's dress. If you do that, your new ma mightn't like her. You must be nice and clean to go in that big house."

Lady Emma stared, and Zeb pouted a little at the correction.

"Say, Zeb," the father continued, as he struggled along the road with the wheel-

barrow, "there'll be heaps of fun for you. I saw a lot of rocking-horses and marbles for you to play with. All yours if you want 'em. And you, Lady Emma, can have a party every day, 'cause there's dishes, and a little stove, an' all them things."

They had reached an avenue.

"That's the house, right yander," said the father, motioning with his head, for both his hands were engaged. The children clapped their little hands gleefully.

"You must look your prettiest," the father suggested when he lifted his motherless children from the barrow, and gave Lady Emma her basket.

As his big hand jerked the gong knob, a sob died in his throat. It was hard—so hard to part from them, even to go to the call of his country. A moment later the matron, a sweet lady with gray hair, a pleasant face, and kind blue eyes, appeared.

"This lady is your new ma," said the father, as he kissed his children farewell, with difficulty restraining his tears.

Mrs. Stevens smiled kindly on the orphans.

"By-by, daddy," shouted Lady Emma and Zeb; then the great door was closed.

Nathan heaved a sigh, grasped the handles of his wheelbarrow, and went slowly away, feeling very much as he did the day he turned from her grave. He pushed the wheel through many streets, and

finally left it at the brick-yard where it belonged, and entering an electric car was taken to the depot.

Neither Colonel Roosevelt nor Fernando Stevens had arrived. In fact, so diligently had Nathan labored in the performance of his task that he was a full hour ahead of time.

"If they don't come, I've got the money the colonel gave me to buy the ticket, and I kin go by myself."

While sauntering about the entrance to the great depot, Nathan suddenly came upon a man, the sight of whom caused all the color to fade from his face.

"Why, hello, Nathan, how are you? I am really delighted to see you looking so well," and a pale, thin hand grasped his own, while the sharp features of a hatchet face were turned to him, and a pair of little milky blue eyes gazed in his.

"I'm pretty well, Mr. Parker, and the babies are in the home," Nathan answered, carefully withdrawing his hand from the grasp of the banker.

"You are not going to leave us, are you, Nathan?"

"Yes," Nathan answered, averting his head. "The colonel told me to come here; he was goin' on the train, an' I could go with him, where I could get a sojer suit, a heap o' rashuns, and a gun, to shoot Spanyards."

Mr. Parker gazed in blank amazement. He was too much engaged in commercial matters to think

much of the needs of the country. Men of Mr. Parker's class will never save a country. They are a class that bring law and government into contempt. They are of the hypocritical, unscrupulous class, who seek to bend laws and courts to their own ends.

Somehow, when Nathan remarked that he was to have a gun that he might shoot Spaniards, he could not keep back the wish that Mr. Parker was a Spaniard. Parker was affable, kind, and polite, but Nathan turned from him with an expression of infinite disgust.

In a few moments he saw Mr. Fernando Stevens and Colonel Roosevelt coming toward the depot, and then Mr. Parker hurried away. For some reason he did not care to meet the son of his former partner in business.

"You are on time, my friend," said Colonel Roosevelt, in his cheery, pleasant manner, grasping the hand of the recruit. "Did you get the babies comfortably situated, and purchase some little presents to gladden their hearts?"

"Yes, and they are mighty pleased with them. It was very kind o' you, colonel, to give me the money, for they may not remember me when I come back."

"Oh, nonsense, this war is but a flurry, and will blow over in a few weeks or months at most."

"Yes, I reckin it will. 'Twas best I should go. There warn't no need o' keepin' 'em in that flat full o' malaria. They'd 'a' been down with fever'n agur afore cold weather."

He followed the officers, and all bought their tickets. Fernando Stevens had a commission to recruit, and was assured by Colonel Roosevelt that he would be taken care of when it came to commissions in the regiment.

Colonel Roosevelt, in the organization of the Rough Riders, as in all his other transactions, seemed to know exactly where to go and what to do. He combined the culture and refinement of the East with the honest, robust courage, and bluntness of the West. He seemed to know where the men could be found suitable for his purpose. From no one locality, but from all the West, handsome, strong, vigorous, and brave men were chosen.

No wonder the Rough Riders dazzled the world. Scarcely any save Colonel Wood knew anything of military discipline, nor, save brushes on the frontier with Indians or bandits, had any of them been under fire; yet they fought side by side with regulars against the veteran troops of Europe. Their leaders seemed to inspire them with their own ardent personality.

Tho Wood was the colonel, the chief spirit of the Rough Riders was Roosevelt. There was none of

the West Point martinet about him. He was a democratic commander, mingled with the common soldiers, laughed, joked, and sympathized with them in their trouble. He performed such little acts of kindness as we have given in the case of Nathan Baker. He never lost his dignity, nor ability to command the men; on the contrary, he gained their respect, admiration, and love, and they were ready to march into the jaws of death at his command.

While other colonels were holding aloof from the private soldiers under their command, treating them as menials, Roosevelt associated with them, and was the life of the camp. When on duty he was another man, and the strictest disciplinarian could not have complained of the inefficiency of his troops. He studied all the details of the army, as he had of the navy, and there was nothing in connection with the management of his own regiment that his great mind did not grasp.

Fernando Stevens was made first lieutenant, and Nathan was placed in his company. The regiment was hurriedly organized, and went to Tampa, Fla., to await the onset against the hosts of Spain. Lieutenant Stevens awaited the hour to sail, and his prayer to Heaven was that the first great blow might be dealt at Santiago.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE STEVENS AT MANILA.

The various changes in the wheel of fortune of the American navy placed George Stevens aboard the *Olympia*, the flagship of Commodore Dewey, at the time war was declared between the United States and Spain. George Stevens was now an ensign and a promising young officer, who had grown to be a favorite with his superiors, and was loved and respected by his equals and inferiors in rank. In all his career he was known to be honest, truthful, and brave, never boasting of himself, nor failing to observe the merits of others.

George had not seen Hallie Norton, the daughter of Bumboat Kate, since the old woman had been expelled from the cruiser, nor had he ever learned what her fate was. Once, while his ship was lying in Valparaiso, he obtained shore leave, and was strolling about the market-place, when loud, angry shouts and oaths in Spanish and English at one end of the market attracted his attention. He saw some sailors from a merchant vessel, who had evi-

MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

dently been drinking, engaged in a quarrel with some wandering Gauchos, who had strolled into the city. There was an instant gleam of a knife, and one of the sailors fell before the *serenos* (police) could prevent the stroke. The Gauchos fled, mounted their swift horses, sped to the mountains, and escaped.

Drawn by curiosity, and the rumor that an American had been stabbed, he went forward and caught a glimpse of the wounded man's face. He instantly recognized him as the man whom he had struck in the alley that night—Hallie Norton's father.

The sailor was taken to the hospital and died before morning. Subsequent investigation confirmed George's belief. He went to see the dead man, and as he gazed on the features of the bloated old sailor, he would have given much to know the dark secrets that breast contained. Where was the angelic child, with her tender notions of missionary work? Where was the gruff, shrewd, but unscrupulous mother? Could it be that from such parentage such an angel as Hallie seemed to be, could spring? Society is full of inconsistencies; and while the offspring of the worst people on earth often make the noblest and best, the children of our earthly saints are frequently black sheep.

Tho years had rolled by since he had seen Hal-

lie, she had never been out of his mind. He still dreamed of her at night, and during his leisure hours tried to sketch her portrait, never approximating the ideal of the picture. Bumboat Kate had been forgotten by the sailors, and none of his present crew had ever met the shrewd but eccentric woman.

The fleet of Commodore Dewey at Hongkong, early in 1898, was regarded by naval experts as occupying the most important position in the navy. George wrote to his mother soon after the blowing up of the *Maine* that all the officers were of the opinion that in the event of war with Spain, they would have to bear the brunt of the conflict.

Few people in the United States prior to the Spanish war realized the condition of affairs in the Philippines, and the importance, in the event of war, of the American navy striking a telling blow there. The newspapers occasionally published something of the far-off archipelago, and a wandering tourist now and then communicated to some of the magazines or the Sunday papers articles on the curious people who inhabited them.

In 1897, Roundsville Wildman was appointed United States consul to Hongkong. Mr. Wildman was no stranger in the Orient. Having served in the same capacity at Singapore, he was thoroughly familiar with Malay character, and spoke the

language like a native. He reached Hongkong in September, 1897, shortly after the close of the rebellion in the Philippine Islands, in which Aguinaldo had forced the Spanish General Sivera to treat with him on equal terms. The Spanish Government agreed to pay Aguinaldo a war indemnity of $800,000, grant sweeping reforms, and relieve the natives of the galling and licentious rule of the friars. Aguinaldo and fifty of his leaders agreed on their part to leave the island and reside in Hongkong until the country became pacified and the reforms established. The Spaniards paid but half the money in the Hongkong banks, and deliberately broke every pledge; arguing that agreements made with their own subjects were not binding.

In November, 1897, Señor Agoncillo, high commissioner for the defunct republic, called upon Consul Wildman, and, in the belief that war was about to be declared between the United States and Spain, tendered an offensive and defensive alliance. The Filipinos represented that they were all animated with the unquenchable desire to throw off the Spanish sovereignty and become a part of the great American republic. When hostilities were actually declared, Consul Wildman urged Commodore Dewey to accept the services of the Filipinos, and tho not successful at the time the fleet left Mirs Bay, a month later Dewey consented, and

from that time to the close of hostilities Aguinaldo became a conspicuous figure in the Hispano-American War in the Orient.

The fleet of Mirs Bay lived in a continual state of expectancy, not to say excitement. George Stevens strove hard to read the face of the commodore, but it was a sealed book. If he was receiving any sensational orders by cable, there was nothing in his looks or words that would indicate it. During the last half of March no more shore leave was granted, and they drilled every day at gun-practise. The ships fairly groaned with ammunition, and the guns were kept in the best condition possible.

Then came the news of the declaration of hostilities, and every man aboard the fleet, from commodore to landsman, was delighted at the information. Some of the jackies were delirious with joy, but the splendid discipline kept them within reasonable bounds.

Then came the orders from the commodore to weigh anchor and sail from Mirs Bay, which they did April 27, 1898, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Dewey and the commanders of the different vessels alone knew what instructions had been received from Washington, but every man on the fleet knew they were going to engage the enemy at some point not far distant.

The fleet consisted of the protected cruiser *Olym-*

pia, the flagship, carrying four terrible eight-inch guns and ten deadly five-inch quick-firers; the second-class protected cruiser *Baltimore*, scarcely less formidable than the *Olympia;* the second-class protected cruiser *Boston*, the cruiser *Raleigh*, the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel*, and the steel-clad revenue-cutter *Hugh McCulloch*, converted into a gunboat, with the two transport ships *Zafiro* and the *Manshan*.

George Stevens had just finished a letter to his mother, and sent it ashore by the steam launch the morning the fleet sailed. It was similar to all letters written to mothers just before the battle. The brave youth told her not to fear for him, and if he fell in the first conflict with Spain, that she would have the glorious consciousness of knowing that he died for his country, and in avenging the death of his murdered father. While other sailors had the *Maine* to remember, he had a father.

"Oh, I wish it was Santiago we were to bombard instead of Manila!" the youth thought, as he stood near the forward deck gazing out upon the great blue ocean across which they were speeding.

It was supposed that the Spanish would be found either at Subig Bay or at the entrance to Manila Bay; and a story had reached Hongkong shortly after the declaration of war which stated that the enemy had left Manila and started to meet them in

open sea. But few who knew the nature of the Spaniards put any faith in the story. Every blue-jacket had his map and was figuring out a plan of campaign.

The distance from Mirs Bay, thirty miles above Hongkong, to Manila is about six hundred and fifty miles, and it required three days for the fleet, with its slow-going transports, to make the distance.

Late in the afternoon of April 30, the fleet came within sight of Subig Bay.

"Get the men to their quarters," said the captain softly to the executive officer, who was already at his side, at the same time calling by the indicator for half speed. No drum or bugle sounded the alarm. With Subig Bay before them, in which the enemy's fleet might or might not be found, it was deemed best to prepare quietly for the conflict. The division officers hastened to the various crews and messes and said:

"Turn out! Get to quarters quickly."

A tremor of life seemed to run through each ship, as her decks were suddenly filled with scurrying figures running in all directions. While it all seemed the climax of chaos, it was the perfection of discipline. In three minutes the anxious sailors were at their posts of duty eager for the fray. Tho it was still light, a thick haze prevented a clear observation of the bay. An enemy might be there

or might not. At any rate, Dewey determined to be prepared.

"Cast loose and provide!" came the low order, in tones loud enough, however, to be heard all over the deck.

Blocks whined, tackle strained, the tramp of many feet resounded, as the ammunition-hoists dumped with a heavy thud the great shells at the guns; the breech-blocks sprang open, in went the shells with a snap, the breech locked sharply, and the men stood alert at their stations awaiting the onset.

Every ship was ready, every gun loaded, and every sighting-hood contained an officer ready to handle the great guns. On each ship the captain was in his conning-tower, while Commodore Dewey stood on the bridge of the *Olympia*, glass in hand. On glided the fleet into the bay, and just at sunset the fog lifted a little, discovering the fact that the bay was empty. Commodore Dewey evidently did not expect to find the Spanish there, and only the usual precautions were taken. As soon as the fleet lay to in the bay, the cutters began flying about, and in a little while the chief officers from each ship came aboard the *Olympia* for a consultation and final instructions.

For an hour the fleet lay to, during which time in the commodore's cabin the plans for the great battle of Manila Bay were laid. George Stevens at his post waited with the submissive patience which a

sailor must learn. In about an hour the consultation was over, the chief officers returned to their various vessels, there was renewed steaming up, and general activity. The men that long night through were ready to leap to their posts at a moment's notice. Sleep was wholly out of the question, altho they were ordered to get as much rest as possible.

George Stevens remained near his quarters after leaving Subig Bay, and dozed only a few moments during the entire night. The ships were dark except the single light shown at the stern to prevent a collision. There was a moon, but the sky was full of shifting clouds which obscured it most of the time, and it is doubted that the vessels could have been seen by any one watching from the shore. The south channel of Manila is about five miles wide and two hundred feet deep. The flagship *Olympia* passed Corregidor unnoticed, and the other vessels followed in single file, each about four hundred yards behind the one in advance.

The *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, and *Concord* passed in safety, and probably the entire fleet might have stolen into the bay had not a burst of flame from the burning soot in the funnel of the *McCulloch* suddenly betrayed them. The Americans were expected, and the men at the batteries were awake, for signal lights were seen along the shore.

It was now midnight, and the fleet was drawing

well into the bay. Suddenly the slumbering echoes of the distant hills were awakened by the heavy boom of a cannon, but the shot did not come near the vessels. The *Boston* had her guns manned and ready, and responded at once with an eight-inch shell. There came another flash from the shore, and a shell went singing through the air near one of the ships and fell hissing in the water.

Standing on the deck of the *Olympia*, George Stevens heard those crashes of thunder and saw those angry flashes of red on the midnight air, but the stately flagship moved on unheeding this skirmish. After passing the channel, the American line moved very slowly. The men and officers were all wide awake and in a fighting fever, expecting cannonading, but an ominous silence seemed to have suddenly fallen over the scene.

Standing by the great gun at which he was stationed, George Stevens passed the night in almost breathless silence. His thoughts were busy. His mother and brother came in for their share, but somehow in that awful solemn hour, when danger seemed so imminent, the little being whom he had rescued some years before, and who had engrafted herself into his life, as it were, demanded the largest place in his thoughts. He could but wonder where she was, and if she had carried out her intention of becoming a missionary.

On, on, and on they crept, under cover of darkness, and even the pilots were not certain as to their location, or at all sure they would not run into a nest of mines at any moment. It was one o'clock before they were safely within the bay. Between that hour and daylight the fleet moved slowly in a northeasterly direction, headed for a point about five miles to the north of Manila. With the first dawn of day, George Stevens from his post saw the Spanish ships they were to attack to the east, under shelter of the strongly fortified naval station at Cavite. The batteries and town of Cavite were about seven miles southwest of Manila, and an arm of land reaching northward to enclose a smaller harbor, known as Baker's Bay. From the deck of the *Olympia* the young ensign could dimly make out the larger Spanish cruisers and the irregular outline of the shore batteries behind.

"They won't fight unless we make the attack," the ensign heard one of the officers remark. It was evident that the American commodore had determined to attack them where they were, for signals were flying, giving instructions to the different ships.

About five o'clock on that Sunday morning of May 1, 1898, every ship had reported cleared and ready for action. The crews were then mustered, and the insulting proclamation of Basiljo Augustin

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Divilio read, which roused the indignant Americans to the highest pitch of fighting spirit.

This done, the American fleet formed in line of battle and moved forward. The *Olympia* headed straight for the Spanish position. Commodore Dewey, standing on the bridge, watched the advance and, turning to Captain Gridley, looking from the conning-tower, said:

"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley!"

Some one uttered in an undertone through closed teeth, "Remember the *Maine!*"

The *Olympia* was now a scene of suppressed excitement and expectancy. A lieutenant, grizzled and gray in the service, took his station in the sighting-hood, where he first overlooked the serving of the big gun—that is, the cleaning, loading, and priming. Then he deftly turned certain levers, and with his eyes glued to the cross-bars of the telescopic sight, elevated or depressed the great gun, and trained it to the right and then to the left, so as to get it on the enemy, holding it in position as they advanced, awaiting for the opportune moment to arrive for pressing the electrical button which could send the great shell shrieking at the enemy.

Before the fleet had been ten minutes advancing, a wreath of white smoke curled up from one of the Cavite batteries, and a shell dropped into the water

far inshore from the flagship. Several others followed, but the range was too great.

While the *Olympia* was speeding forward like a mighty mailed warrior to the conflict, there were two uplifts of water in her wake and off to the left, showing where two mines had been exploded by their land connection. Tho the water did not splash the sides of the vessel, the hearts of many on board stood still in fear of other mines which might be more successfully exploded.

Already there was a film of smoke over the land batteries and along the line of Spanish ships inshore, while the roar of their guns continued to come across the water. And all this while the gray-haired lieutenant stood with his eye at the cross-bars of the telescopic sight, one hand on a lever, and the thumb of the other ready to press the electric button.

The commodore had given the order to Captain Gridley to begin the battle when he saw fit, and the captain had repeated those orders to the man behind the gun. The moment arrived. One ship of the enemy was covered by the cross-bars of the telescopic sight, and at that instant the gray-haired veteran pressed the button.

With an appalling roar which made the ship tremble, the great gun-breech went thundering along the recoil rail. The turret was filled with

whirling smoke and stifling odor, and trembled on its firm base. The jackies who served the gun, stripped to the waist and perspiring in streams, sprang to it, opened the big breech, and sent a hose stream of water in to clear the gun for the next shot. The shot was scarcely fired ere the gas cleared away, the gun was sponged, and the order to load given. The ammunition-hoists came clanking up with the huge projectile and massive cartridges; the hydraulic rammer glided forward and pushed the great shell into the chamber; the powder followed; the big breech-plug was swung into place and locked, and the electric wire attached, and the jackies, now reeking with perspiration, stepped back. All the while, the grizzled lieutenant was at his post in the sighting-hood. He turned the brass circles and, getting a second range, once more pressed the button, and a second terrific roar made the ship tremble.

But that big gun was not the only deadly monster that was pouring in death and destruction on the enemy. On the superstructure, the five-inch rapid-fire guns were speaking in short, sharp yells, and hurling a hail of steel at the Spanish ships. The *Olympia* moved slowly along on her course, surrounded by a vast curtain of swirling smoke, pierced by long spirts of angry flame. The chief-quartermaster, silent and stern, kept his eyes glued upon the com-

pass-bowl, as he steered the ship. Shells shrieked like flying fiends from the infernal regions, and burst all about the ship, but the damage they did was slight. The captain peered through the slits in the conning-tower, and issued his orders through tubes and telephones, or by means of electric signals. And all the while, standing on the bridge exposed to a fair sweep of the enemy's shot, cool, implacable, and calm as a summer morning, stood the one majestic form. The hell of battle roared about him, but he was unmoved. The new war-god sprang as it were from the ocean's bosom; the calm ruler, the spirit, direction, and life of the battle, were all embodied in the single name *Dewey*.

George Stevens was no coward, but he experienced at first that strange feeling, that distressed uneasiness, which almost benumbs the senses and paralyzes the nerves as one goes into battle. This feeling gave way to exhilarating joy after the battle was fully on.

Viewed from the ships of foreign nations in the harbor, the battle was one of the grandest spectacles ever seen. The American fleet seemed steaming languidly to and fro. There were one or two sharp cracks, then a succession of deafening roars, then one long reverberating roar that boomed and bellowed from shore to shore. A huge cloud of smoke lay close upon the waters, and around it was

a penumbra of thick haze. Through this the American ships could be seen moving, now slowly, now more rapidly, flames shooting from their sides, and answering flames leaping from the Spanish ships and land batteries, while now and then from the direction of Manila came a hollow rumble as the big guns were discharged, more from eagerness to take part in the fight than from any hope of giving aid to their sorely distressed friends.

It soon became impossible for the keenest-sighted officer on board the *Olympia* to determine the effect of their shots on the enemy. The air was filled with the crashing, roaring, thundering, and quaking of guns, and a cloud of smoke that seemed to envelop the whole bay. In the midst of heat and stifling smoke the gunners, stokers, engineers, and jackies in the handling-room worked, unable to know the result of the conflict.

But few words were spoken, save by the commanders, and then always in a sharp yet calm tone of voice. Some one remarked:

"If they sink us, boys, we'll be buried in a million-dollar coffin."

The fleet in its movements poured in first the port broadside, turned headlong toward the shore, and as it moved back toward the northeast, delivered the starboard broadside. Tho the American gunners were firing with deadly effect, they could not at the time

feel sure as to the amount of damage they were doing. Back and forth, alternately delivering port and starboard broadsides, the American fleet moved. To George Stevens those awful moments of peril seemed but an instant. He did not know how many times they had passed before the Spanish fleet when he saw the *Reina Christina* suddenly leave the line of battle and make a dash toward the *Olympia*. The flagship accepted the challenge, and every gun aboard Dewey's ship was trained on the challenger. In the face of an awful fire she advanced. The pitiless rain of bullets and iron balls, shells large and small, failed to check her. She came forward and attempted to swing into action against the *Olympia*, but was struck fore and aft by a storm of projectiles.

George could not but pity the brave Spaniards as the ship swung around and started back to the protection of the land batteries. Just then the gray-haired lieutenant on the gun-platform gave a turn of the brass circle on his sighting-telescopes to correct his range. He opened the hydraulic valve and elevated the breech of the gun. He whirled the little wheel in front of him and revolved the turret.

"Good!" George heard him exclaim. Then he quickly put his hand on the exhaust valve; the breech of the gun went slowly down and the muzzle slowly up until it reached the level, when he

pressed that deadly button. An earthquaking, sea-shaking roar, and an eight-inch shell the next second struck the stern of the *Reina Christina*, fairly wrecking her engine-room and exploding her magazine. She was seen to be on fire as she moved slowly and painfully away.

Commodore Dewey signaled the vessels to draw off, and they retired up the bay, which led the enemy to believe they were defeated and retreating. They came to, breakfast was served, and to the amazement of all it was discovered that none of the ships had sustained any serious damage. While the men were resting and eating breakfast, a short consultation was held, and the course of the second battle mapped out.

Only a brief respite was given, and then those awful American monsters came bearing down once more upon the now trembling Spaniards, who seemed in them to read their doom. George Stevens, again at his post, watched the grizzled lieutenant managing the big gun that thundered destruction at the enemy. It was during this second attack that the daring torpedo-boats attempted to torpedo the *Olympia*. Those rapid-fire guns were trained on them, and like a death-dealing hose poured in such a stream of projectiles that the boats were wrecked and washed upon the shores. Admiral Montejo had only time to change from his

flagship to the *Isla de Cuba* when she burst in flames. Confusion reigned throughout the Spanish fleet. On every vessel the decks were slippery with blood, and the air was filled with shrieks and groans of the wounded. The *Don Juan de Austria* became a center for the American fire. Admiral Montejo, on the burning *Isla de Cuba*, threw up his arms with a gesture of despair as a heavy roar came from the *Austria*, and a part of her deck flew up into the air, taking with it scores of dead, dying, and mangled.

Thus ship after ship went down, or was run ashore and wrecked, until none remained. Then the *Baltimore* was sent to silence the Cavite batteries, which was done in thirty minutes, and the battle of Manila was finished without the loss of an American ship or man, and with only a few wounded, while the enemy lost 400 killed and 600 wounded, and their entire fleet was destroyed.

When evening came, George Stevens sat down to write to his mother of the awful but glorious day's work. He had finished his letter, folded, and sealed it, then, clasping his hands, heaved a sigh; and as his mind wandered back to other scenes he murmured:

"I wonder where she is?"

CHAPTER XV.

SOME WORK IN THE WEST INDIAN WATERS.

WHILE the Asiatic squadron was performing such wonderful deeds of valor in the bay of Manila, and the army of 125,000 volunteers which the President had called for April 23, 1898, was being organized, many strange and startling events were happening in the West Indian waters. Perhaps no land or sea is more fertile in romance and adventure than the West Indies. Those islands were first inhabited by mysterious races, whose traditions are lost in the dim mythology of antiquity; then by a race of steel-clad conquerors, who came from over an ocean supposed to be boundless. The stories of their cruelty and greed are fresh in the minds of the historian. Then came the hunters, buccaneers, and pirates, whom our gallant Commodore Porter finally broke up during the twenties. The stories of these are so wild, thrilling, and exciting as to seem fabrications of some fertile imagination.

The fleet of Sampson which blockaded Havana in April, and captured the first prizes, maintained for

some time a peaceful blockade. News came of Dewey's gallant victory at Manila, and the American sailors in the West Indies chafed under inaction. The *Oregon* was making her wonderful voyage around the Horn from the northwestern coast of the United States to Key West.

On April 27, Admiral Sampson had steamed into the harbor of Matanzas with the *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati*, and bombarded the fortifications there for a while, then steamed out without the loss of a man, and, if the Spanish authorities are to be believed, without doing any harm. The Matanzas affair was not regarded by the sailors as a fight.

Dewey had drawn first blood, and the blockading squadron was growing very impatient at the delay. The younger men in the navy became reckless, no doubt provoked to it by the poor marksmanship of the Spaniards, and some of the small gunboats and torpedo-boats, venturing too near shore, came near being sunk.

The Spanish Cape Verde fleet under Admiral Cervera, early in the war was a puzzle to the American seamen. It was reported to have left Cape Verde and sailed for the West Indies. Great fears were entertained lest this fleet would come upon Sampson's squadron unawares, or meet with the *Oregon*, then sailing around South America. At various points at which Captain Clark touched he

found instructions from the naval strategy board. One of his despatches in reply was as follows:

"Much delayed by the *Marietta* and the *Nictheroy*. Left them near Cape Frio, with orders to come home or beach, if necessity compels it, to avoid capture. The *Oregon* could steam fourteen knots for hours, and in a running fight might beat off and even cripple the Spanish fleet. With present amount of coal on board will be in good fighting trim, and could reach West Indies. If more should be taken here I could reach Key West; but, in that case, belt armor, cellulose belt, and protective deck would be below waterline. Whereabouts of Spanish fleet requested."

Tho the fleet was reported as having returned to Cadiz, Spain, it was expected almost every day either on the Atlantic coast or in the West Indies. Commodore Schley with his squadron was for a long time detained at Hampton Roads to protect the Atlantic seaboard. The harbors on the coast were mined and forts strengthened.

On the 11th of May, the war-vessels *Hudson* and *Wilmington*, the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, and the gunboat *Machias* steamed down the coast to Cardenas, and the first three entered the harbor to attack some gunboats, while the *Machias* remained outside to reduce a work known as Diana Cay.

The little fleet entered boldly and attacked the boats under fire of a masked battery. The principal

fire of the enemy was directed against the torpedo-boat *Winslow*. A shot went through her boilers. Lieutenant Bernandou was wounded by an explosion of a shell. Another shell exploded and killed Ensign Bagley and five men. The *Winslow* would have been sunk had not the *Hudson* come to her rescue, and by means of a cable towed her from the dangerous trap into which she had been drawn.

On the same day the *Marblehead*, *Windom*, and *Nashville* had a sharp fight with a Spanish force on shore, while trying to cut the cable at Cienfuegos. A seaman named Regan was killed and six men wounded.

Not only were the American vessels in danger from shore batteries and the expected fleet from Spain, but during those dark nights, while patroling the harbors they were blockading, they were often in danger of sinking each other. Only the most perfect system of signals and discipline prevented some such disaster. One of the most thrilling experiences of the "peaceful blockade" was with the torpedo-boat *Porter*, commanded by Lieut. John C. Fremont, a son of General Fremont the explorer. It was the *Porter's* business to prevent any Spanish vessel from creeping upon the blockading squadron unawares. The American ships at all hazards must be apprized of the approach of the enemy. The Ardois system of signal lights includes

a signal which, flashed for a second in the darkness, means "enemy's vessel in sight." This system could be used if the scout was within signaling distance of Sampson's ships when the hostile craft was discovered. But as fog and darkness are preeminently the conditions favorable for torpedo work, the *Porter's* business was to investigate the character of any strange ship, and, if satisfied she was Spanish, to blow her up.

On that dark blockade, the American ships recognized each other two ways,—one by the position in which the vessel appeared, which should be her blockading station, and the other by an Ardois signal, which was changed every night. It was grim work on that dark night when the *Porter* came so nearly going to the bottom and taking the flagship with her, but Lieutenant Fremont, ever cheerful, went about his duty with the complacency of a man whose mind was at ease.

As he sat in his cabin that night, an ensign remarked:

"These Spanish destroyers have heavier batteries than yours; what would you do if you ran across one of them out here?" *

"Well, it's my business to keep them from getting in among our fleet," the lieutenant answered. "I'd try to do it. "I'd engage a destroyer, and if I

* This incident is taken from newspaper reports at the time.

found his battery was too heavy for me, I'd close in. If a chance offered I'd torpedo him. If not—well, this boat has made twenty-six knots, I'd go at him full speed. I think the *Porter* would go half way through him before we stopped."

"And then?" was asked with pardonable curiosity as to their fate in a contingency that might arise before morning.

"And then," he said laconically, "I think there would be a swimming match. It saves time to have your mind made up in advance on such matters."

"A light on the port bow," the lookout announced.

The lieutenant looked at it for a moment, and spoke to the man in the conning-tower. They were then going slowly at only about five knots an hour.

"How is your head?" the lieutenant asked.

"Nor'west by west-half-west," came back the answer.

The course was altered, and they steered for the light.

"Three-quarters speed," said Fremont.

The long craft quivered, seemed to hesitate for a second, then shot through the dark waters at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. They ran for half an hour—swift, invisible, a black shape on the dark waters. They approached the coast. The speed was slackened, and they crept into a narrow

bay. The men went silently to the guns—two little one-pounders. Silently the *Porter* moved in until they made out the shore-line. The light was beyond it, and it was on shore, so they had no business with it, and, steaming back to their station, began to sweep in great circles over the sea which they were to guard.

Sometimes lights flashed from invisible signal-masts here and there. The ships were talking, challenging one another, and making sure that only friendly keels were near.

As they were cruising westward, one officer lay on the deck near a one-pound cannon; Lieutenant Fremont went below for a nap, and Ensign Gillis was left in charge of the *Porter*. About two o'clock in the morning the one-pound gun awoke the officer sleeping on deck as thoroughly as if it had been a thirteen-inch cannon, and he raced up to the conning-tower to see what had happened. Before them there loomed up the biggest ship in the world, or at least it seemed so, as it was seen over their port bow, indistinct in the gloom, but close enough to sink them without fail.

The saucy torpedo-boat had fired across her bow to stop her, and learn if she was friend or foe. Foe she seemed to be, and the two little guns of the torpedo-boat were trained upon her, while the port torpedo was ready to leap from its tube and do for

her what she was expected every second to do for the *Porter*.

Lieutenant Fremont stood before the conning-tower. Gillis had made out the loom of the stranger when they were a quarter of a mile away and awakened the commander. Silently the *Porter* stole upon the dark war-ship. When they were about two hundred yards away and within easy signal distance, the night fleet signal was flashed by the torpedo-boat. Two white lights and one red burned for a second or so, and then were turned off. There was no reply. The stranger, dark and unheeding, moved slowly westward. That she had not seen it was inconceivable, for there were twenty men looking out for signals on every American war-ship at this time, and no one could believe that they had overlooked that well-known signal, flashed clear so close at hand.

The *Porter* went closer—so close that every man on her felt that desperate work was in hand, and that they were in for it beyond recall. The blowers of the *Porter* were making a loud drawing noise, and the movements of both vessels through the water added to the difficulty of hearing. Fremont's voice rose so that all who heard it thought it must have rung through the strange ship, the crew of which was even then running to the guns.

"Stop those blowers!" Fremont cried. He was

calm, even deliberate. His eyes swept forward and then aft.

"Are the guns trained on her?" he asked.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the response from both one-pounders. The torpedo, too, was ready, having been tested for pressure only a short time before. At each gun a jackie stood like a statue, his shoulder bent against the rest, his eye on the enemy. In such moments the eye notices queer details. It seemed marvelous that those sailors should stand there so quietly, ready to fight the monster ship which towered above them as a mountain above a mole hill, the absurd one-pounders only toys in comparison to the great guns of the enemy. As Jackie answered, "Aye, aye, sir," his commander's voice rang out again. This time the voice was very stern and menacing:

"What—ship—is—that?"

No answer.

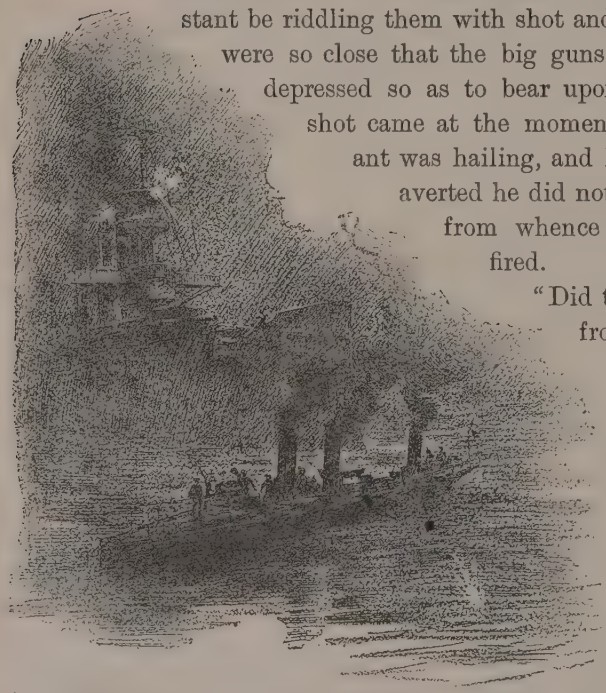
"Fire across her bow!"

Bang! went the torpedo-boat's bow-gun, and the metal rattled as the men shoved another shell home and trained the piece again.

"Show the night fleet signal," Fremont said, and it floated again—two white lights above a red one. They were under the stranger's quarter, close aboard. For one of the vessels there was no escape. At that range a torpedo would inevitably destroy the big ship.

A second after the signal burned, the stranger's signal-mast blazed, and there hung an answer, but not the correct one. In a moment it flashed through Fremont's mind that the enemy might be attempting to imitate the American signals.

There was no time to think. A flash came from the stranger's forward fighting-top, and a shell whistled over the torpedo-boat. Some one in the top had fired without orders, it seemed; but of course the men on board the *Porter* knew nothing of that. They saw only the flash of the gun, and believed that the rifles and machine-guns would the next instant be riddling them with shot and shell. They were so close that the big guns could not be depressed so as to bear upon them. The shot came at the moment the lieutenant was hailing, and his face being averted he did not at first know from whence the gun was fired.



A FLASH CAME FROM THE STRANGER'S FORWARD FIGHTING-TOP.

"Did that shot come from her?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," answered a jackie.

All this transpired in

an inconceivably short time. For a second, perhaps, Lieutenant Fremont stood still and silent, and his men and those on the decks high above them held their breath for the command for destruction to commence. In that moment Fremont, holding the great cruiser at his mercy, even more than the cruiser held him, weighed the evidence and gave the stranger one more chance, which was to be the last.

"What—ship—is—that?"

On the heels of that hail came an answer from the cruiser, and at the first word in English, the men let go the breath they had been holding in one tremendous sigh of relief, for the answer rang clear and loud:

"This is the *New York!*"

On the deck of the big flagship could be heard the sound of tramping feet, and a confused murmur of voices as the men fell away from their guns to return to their hammocks.

The commander of the *Porter* asked:

"Is that Captain Chadwick?"

"Yes," answered the *New York's* captain; "is that the *Porter?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you show the night fleet signal?"

"We did, sir; twice. There was no answer the first time. The second time, just now, the *New York* displayed the wrong signal."

The fog and the failure of one of the *New York's* signal-lights to burn had nearly caused a discharge of shells and torpedoes that would have destroyed both vessels. Two seconds' delay in answering Lieutenant Fremont's hail would have caused a greater disaster to our navy than all the damage the enemy were enabled to do.

The above is only one of the many thrilling incidents of the peaceful blockade. The confirmation of the report that Cervera's fleet was in West Indian waters caused Admiral Sampson, with a fleet consisting of the *Iowa* commanded by Fighting Bob Evans, the *Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Porter*, to start in search of Cervera. Having information—which proved unreliable—that the fleet was at San Juan, he sailed for that harbor and arrived at the entrance about five o'clock on the morning of May 12, 1898.

Tho no fleet was to be found in the harbor, the Americans proposed to have a little gun-practise on the enemy's works. The fortifications of San Juan extend along the sea-front for about a mile and a half on the north coast of the little coral island, on which the city is situated. They also extend about three fourths of a mile along the western shore of the island, at the entrance to the harbor. Thus the city was supposed to be protected from the sea and from vessels attacking it in the harbor entrance.

The American ships did not enter the entrance to the harbor. The channel was very narrow, a good part of it being only an eighth of a mile wide. There was no room for maneuvering in this channel, and the vessels in the squadron would have grounded if they had gotten out of the channel. So the fight was carried on against the Morro Castle.

The cannonading was terrific. The shots from the fleet were at first short, but when the gunners finally got the range they began to tell. A cloud of dirt, cement, and stone could be seen ascending skyward when the shells exploded in the works. The Spanish gunners returned the fire with great gallantry. Some of the big six-inch shells struck the armor of the battle-ships, but bounded off, leaving hardly a dent behind.

One Spanish shell struck a boat on the *Iowa*, passed through it, and entered the superstructure, scattering splinters in every direction. Three men were wounded. In all, the *Iowa* was struck nine times. Later a shell burst on the *New York*, killing one man and wounding several, one of them seriously. The day was furiously hot, and men fainted below decks, and one on the fleet died from exhaustion.

The bombardment of San Juan will be remembered in years to come by a single act of heroism, and that of a Spanish girl, Señorita Pauline Macias.

The skill of the American gunners and the admirable seamanship which enabled the Americans to reduce the forts with such little loss will be merely incidental. The real story * will be about the daughter of the Governor-General who commanded at Puerto Rico.

In this beautiful young woman, with her broad, clear brow and stedfast eyes, burned the sacred fires of martyrdom and patriotism. In all the Spanish war no Spanish soldier, and there were many heroes among them, displayed such heroic patriotism as she.

When the bombardment began, Señorita Macias was in the governor's palace. Other women in the city fled out of harm's way, but the Governor-General's daughter felt that her place was with the soldiers. She made her way to the batteries, and from there to the forts. She watched the deadly execution of the American gunners; she heard the shriek and shell; saw the angry blasts of red, and the clouds of dust, and the mangled bodies; she saw the protecting walls beaten down by the great projectiles, as the sea beats down the sand. Her heart was heavy within her, but she knew no fear. Her lofty love of her land smothered it.

Thicker and faster came the shells, plowing into the sand, crumbling stone walls, turning over great

* A true incident.

guns like dominoes, dealing death and destruction. The frenzied Spanish soldiers shot swiftly and wildly, but their projectiles only tore the air and whipped the angry sea. No harm came to those gray monsters hidden in a pall of smoke. The Spanish

NO MAN COULD WITHSTAND SUCH AN APPEAL.

gunners saw their comrades torn into bits. The faces of the living were spattered with the blood of the dying. Then great fear came upon them, and they turned and fled in panic, rushing hither and thither, anywhere to escape that hell of exploding shells.

But there was no fear in Pauline Macias, only a frightful rage and a sublime spirit of patriotism. She snatched a sword from the trembling hand of a hesitating officer. She raised her voice so that it could be heard above the din of battle. She upbraided the soldiers for leaving their posts of duty, and urged them to return to their guns. Her face glowed as one inspired, and she ran to the central battery, waved her sword above her head, and cried to them in the name of their country to rally about her and fight until no life was left to fire a gun. No man with blood in his veins could withstand such an appeal. The soldiers ran swiftly back, turned to their guns, and fought with greater coolness and desperation than they had shown before, while like a battle fury Pauline stayed among them. Her audacity and her courage were a charm that protected her. Only when the fleet withdrew from the port did she leave the guns, cheered by every soldier of the fort.

Admiral Sampson was still sailing about the West Indian waters seeking for Cervera's fleet, when that evading squadron suddenly put into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, May 19. The news reached Commodore Schley, who had been ordered to Southern waters to act in conjunction with Sampson, and a few days later he was at the mouth of the harbor completely bottling up the Spanish admiral. It was

then that he sent his famous message to the naval board:

"I've got them now, and they'll never get home."

With the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor, and Sampson and Schley both at the mouth, there was little to fear for the transports taking troops to Cuba. The army of invasion had been concentrating at Tampa, Fla., and Key West. As it would require some of the blockading squadron to convoy the fleet of transports with the invading army, Sampson and Schley, in fear of the escape of Cervera while their squadron was away, decided to place an obstruction in the mouth of the harbor. For this service the *Merrimac*, an old craft which had been used as a collier, was chosen, and Naval Constructor Hobson and seven men were selected to run the vessel into the channel and sink her.

On June 3, 1898, Hobson and his brave men ran the vessel into the harbor mouth, and the Spanish gunners assisted them in the task of sinking her. The ship settled to the bottom, Hobson and his men were captured, and well treated by the Spanish officers. The American vessels continued to bombard the earthworks at Santiago harbor almost daily, but it required a land force to take the city.

The battle-ship *Oregon*, having made her wonderful voyage around South America, was ordered to join the blockading fleet at Santiago. On June 10 forty

marines from her went ashore at Guantanamo, and occupied the left entrance of the bay, until the troop-ship *Panther* arrived with six hundred marines under Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

From the time Colonel Huntington's marines first landed, the Spaniards gathered about them in the bushes, and the conflict was almost continual. The incessant crack of Mauser rifles and the whiz of bullets in their camp, even while burying their dead, made their position the most unpleasant imaginable. But for the battle-ship and gunboats which ran up to the bay and raked the hills with shot and shell, they would have been captured.

But the gallant marines, under their brave old gray-bearded commander, held their ground and fought against overwhelming odds, continually crying for reenforcements.

"Send on the army! Send on the army!"

CHAPTER XVI.

LA QUASINA.

"WELL, Nathan, we are off at last!" said Lieutenant Stevens to the soldier, whom he found seated on a coil of rope on the forward deck of one of the transports.

"Yes, leftenant, an' I'm mighty glad of it. I didn't like layin' there in that hot, sandy place. I come to shoot Spanyards, an' I want to git at it."

In his hand the soldier held a letter written by the lieutenant's mother, whose handwriting he recognized at a glance. At the end of the page was some childish scribbling with two circles, in one of which was "kiss from Zeb," and the other "kiss from Emma."

"Reckin they are better off'n I could do for 'em."

"Oh, this will soon be over, Nathan; you will go home and find them well and happy. Then we don't know what may turn up. There may be a brighter future for you yet."

Nathan thrust the letter in the side pocket of his blouse, and took out the same small photograph

which he had removed from the wall on the side of the shanty. He gazed reverently, almost worshipfully on the fair, plain face of the woman who had been all the world to him. Nathan did this every day, in fact many times a day. His comrades observed his strange actions, but asked no questions, and he never made any explanation.

The lieutenant stood in respectful silence until Nathan had returned the photograph and brushed his sun-burned hand across his eyes, then he asked:

"Do you feel any signs of seasickness, Nathan?"

"No." His mind evidently was not on the voyage nor the dangers that might be in store for him, for he almost immediately said: "Leftenant, I'd give a mighty sight to see George Phipps."

"Why?"

Nathan fidgeted uneasily on his seat a moment, and added:

"It mayn't be exactly right in me to feel th' way I do 'bout George; but I can't git it out o' my mind that he killed her."

"Don't think of it, Nathan. Close the door on the past with all its sorrows, and set your face firmly on the future."

"I try to, leftenant, but we can't always think just what we want to, an' we can't always forgit, neither."

The invading army of General Shafter, which had

been so long mobilizing at Tampa, Fla., and had been detained from sailing on account of the various rumors of Cervera's fleet, sailed June 15, 1898. On the 25th of May, the President had issued his second call for 75,000 men, none of whom were used, tho all were mustered into the service.

General Shafter's invading army numbered 15,337 men and officers, on twenty-six transports. The army of invasion left Edgermont Key at noon on Tuesday, June 14, convoyed by a fleet of seven war-vessels. Next day, at Rebacca Shoals lighthouse, the fleet was joined by six more formidable war-ships, and the voyage began.

When the transport fleet left Port Tampa, the intention of those in authority was to take the western course, around Cape Antonio, but later it was decided to go via the Florida Straits, that being a shorter distance. After the fleet got into the rough waters of the straits, the transports were formed into three lines, about one thousand yards apart, while six hundred yards separated the ships. The easily advancing transports presented a very impressive spectacle, stretching for miles over the blue waters. It was one of the largest fleets gathered together in years. The grim-looking men-of-war hovered like watch-dogs on the outskirts of the human-freighted ships.

During the night, every possible precaution was

taken to guard against attack. No lights were allowed on the transports, and the gunboats in the direction of the shore were doubled, while at frequent intervals shifting searchlights swept the waters in the direction of Cuba in search of hostile vessels. Throughout the passage, not a sign of an enemy's ship was seen. The voyage was tedious and uninteresting.

Only a part of the Rough Riders had been taken; the others left at Tampa to come at some future time. The Rough Riders were compelled to leave their horses for lack of transports, but they proved they could fight on foot as well as in the saddle. During the tedious voyage, many of the volunteers were seasick. Fernando, who had gained his sea legs early in life, and was as much at home on water as an old salt, was kept quite busy among the various members of his company. It was on this voyage he first learned fully to appreciate the worth of Colonel Roosevelt. He was continually among those suffering from seasickness or fever, uttering some word of hope or sympathy. He was of a bright, cheery disposition, and his presence was like sunlight in the sick-ward.

At noon on Monday, June 20, the transports, led by the grim *Indiana*, with her bristling guns, arrived off the harbor, greeted by the thunder of salutes from the *New York*, the flagship of the

American admiral, and the entire fleet came to anchor in full view of Morro Castle.

While the fleet was at anchor, and a consultation with regard to landing was being held, the decks of the transports were black with men gazing off toward the dim shore-line, and those two gray rocks which marked the entrance to the harbor. Lieutenant Stevens was reminiscent, as he stood on the forward deck of his transport, straining his eyes to catch some familiar object.

"My prayer has been answered, and we strike the first great blow at Santiago," he thought.

The war-vessels could be seen hurrying eastward. Soon the heavy boom of cannon told that they were bombarding some of the ports.

"Are they shootin' Spanyards?" asked Nathan innocently.

"Yes, Nathan. Those are our guns, and they are clearing a way for us to land."

The fleet was suddenly headed for Baiquiri, and soon lay in the harbor. The cruisers and battleships in the harbor cleared the shore. General Garcia of the Cuban army came down to consult with the Americans, and render what aid he could in landing and in the conflict that was to come. While the war-ships were still belching forth their shells and hurling earthquakes at the hills, the first American soldiers touched Cuban soil, and were

greeted by about fifteen hundred Cubans under General Castillo, who had arrived and taken his stand on shore with the men under his command.

Lieutenant Stevens was perhaps more anxious than even the most patriotic American to land on Cuban soil. It had been months since he had heard from Viola, and the very fact that he came with an armed host to rescue her from the Spanish tyrants was sufficient to arouse his zeal to go ashore before the others.

Into one of the first boats lowered from his transport he leaped, and Nathan Baker dropped at his side.

"If I'm goin' ashore at all, leftenant, might as well go now."

Nathan had his carbine in his hand, and his belt was well filled with cartridges. He was brave, active, and strong, and heartily tired of the enforced inactivity on shipboard.

The bay and shore already presented an animated sight. The shore was lined with armed Cubans, who had been deployed to keep back the enemy while the Americans landed. In the bay floated scores of boats moving toward the shore, while one of the big war-ships was sending shells at an old blockhouse upon the hill. The explosion of each shell was followed by clouds of yellow dust sent skyward.

As soon as his boat touched, Fernando leaped out and hurried across the sands to where some officers and men were gathered in a knot on the beach. He had almost reached them, when down a distant hillside he saw a horse flying at full speed. On his back sat a woman. It was a milk-white steed, which the young lieutenant recognized almost in an instant. Little white spurts of smoke issued from the thickets, and the distant crack of Mausers was borne to his ears. Tho his heart leaped almost to his mouth, and he expected every instant to see the daring rider fall, straight as an arrow she came on and reached the American lines in safety.

She had brought a despatch from General Gomez for Admiral Sampson. Gomez did not suppose the Amerian army had yet arrived, and addressed a note to the admiral, in which he stated the number of troops he could furnish to cooperate with the American army when it arrived.

The lieutenant pressed forward to the side of the fair despatch-bearer and said:

"Señorita Morena, is it not?"

"*Si, señor. Buenos dias!*"

She recognized him almost instantly, and, reining up her steed, offered him one little hand.

"Señorita, when at leisure I want to speak with you."

"I am at leisure this moment," she answered.

"Having delivered my message, I am at liberty until I receive one to take back."

He took her hand and assisted her to alight, then one of the Cubans led her horse away to a bunch of grass.

"Señorita, do you know anything of Santiago?"

"No, señor, only that they expect an attack."

"Do you know aught of Viola?"

"She is there. Her aunt is dead, and she is left alone."

"When did you hear from her?"

"It has been several weeks. One of our spies managed to enter the city and spend a few days there. He told me on his return that he had seen Viola Cespedes, and learned from her of the death of her aunt."

"Why did you not take her away to the Cuban army?" There was just a slight tone of reproach in his voice, which she noticed, and in a moment answered:

"Señor, if you only knew how hard I have striven to take Viola from Santiago, you would alter your tone. I have run more risks, lost more valuable men in the effort, than for any other one object save Cuba itself. But a guard is continually kept about her, and every one who speaks to her is spotted at once as a Cuban, and a dozen spies placed on his heels. Once, Miguel Torenza, one of our most suc-

cessful spies, while in the city had nearly succeeded in rescuing her, but that woman spy of Weyler's, Nina Diaz, who is the dread of all honest Cubans, discovered Miguel. He was arrested and shot."

"Why do they keep a closer watch upon her than any other Cuban?" Fernando asked.

The fair Senada shook her pretty head mysteriously and answered:

"That was a question which for a long time I was unable to answer, nor can I answer it satisfactorily now. There seem to be two reasons, both strong and powerful from a Spanish point of view. The first and most powerful is love——"

"Love!" he gasped, the color almost forsaking his face.

"Si, señor! She has a lover in Col. Illion Constellino; as ardent as ever loved fair woman. When a Spaniard loves, his love becomes dangerous."

"Is his love returned?"

"No, señor. You never knew a Cuban maid to be false to her vows. She loves not Constellino; in truth, she despises him heartily, but that makes her danger only the greater. She has aroused his jealousy, and the jealous rage of Constellino is more to be dreaded than the fury of a whirlwind. There is a second cause, which seems to interest more than Constellino, for many of the officers of Santiago are

concerned in it. I do not fully understand what this is, but it seems from the little that has been gathered that Viola holds some great secret, which they either want or are afraid she will impart to others. I do not know the secret, but I have concluded it must refer to the weaknesses of some part of the defenses."

The soldiers were landing as rapidly as possible, and in a few hours enough were on shore to establish quite a camp. The Spaniards had burned a part of Baiquiri before they abandoned it, but neglected to destroy the pier, the most valuable of all things to the Americans, as it afforded them excellent facilities for disembarkation.

The Spanish flag which had been flying over the place on the night before the landing was gone on the morning of the landing, and the houses were ablaze. Three great explosions during the conflagration indicated that three of the Spanish magazines had blown up.

General Lawton, who landed with the first division as a first precaution, threw out a strong detachment six miles to the westward, on the old Santiago road. Another strong body was sent to the top of the hills north of the little town. As these covered the only possible approaches, the rest of the troops were quartered in the little village. The buildings of the iron company accommodated a good many;

others found lodging in huts, and the remainder had tents, or bivouacked in the fields.

Very soon some women and children appeared on the outskirts of the camp. They had fled from the town with the Spanish garrison, and were in a pitiful state of terror at the proximity of the Americans.

"Leftenant, I see a little one not bigger'n my own Lady Emma a-peepin' from the grass," said Nathan to Fernando.

"Nathan, if you can capture one of the children, do so. They are afraid of us, but if we could bring one into camp, and give him some presents, and assure him there was no danger, the babies and their mothers would soon return."

The big cavalryman made a dash and caught the little fellow, who screamed, and kicked, and tried to get away.

"Oh, don't now, I wouldn't hurt a baby, not even a Spanyard!" said Nathan tenderly. The little fellow did not cease to yell and kick until the company's cook supplied him bountifully with hard-tack and sugar. Then a truce was instantly held, hostilities suspended, and the child sent away with his fists filled to tell his companions that Americans were not so bad after all. A few moments after this incident the children and their mothers returned to their deserted homes.

It soon became evident that an advance on Santi-

ago would be made at once. The sickly season was approaching, and whatever was to be done must be done quickly. After a comparatively pacific prolog, the war drama began in earnest on June 24. The hot sun, coming up from behind the mountain-peaks, lifted the curtain of the morning mist and revealed the scene along a narrow valley, which traces irregular paths between Baiquiri and Sevilla, where were the camps comprising the advance division under General Lawton. Two miles to the rear were the tents of the second division, marking with a white line the road to Demajayabo, where General Wheeler had established headquarters during the night. General Lawton's headquarters was a cluster of half a dozen huts two miles inland from Altares. The little harbor of Altares was crowded with transports, launches, and small boats, which had been engaged all night in landing troops, and which were still at that work.

The third division was clustered about the beach, some bathing, others gathering the scattered equipments, and still others making preparations for breakfast. Far to the front could be seen through glasses the thin line of Castillo's outposts, who for two days had been continuously on duty, their flags fluttering in the morning breeze.

Gradually the sun chased the lingering shadows in and out of the ravines, and began to scorch the

hill-tops. Camps were broken, columns of soldiers were formed, and the advance was resumed. Blazing blockhouses here and there seemed to indicate that the enemy was still in full retreat, hastening to the shelter of the entrenchments about Santiago. Not a Spaniard could be seen, tho a hundred field-glasses scrutinized every foot of ground in a vain effort to penetrate the thickets. Officers and men joked as they marched over the retreat of the enemy, doubting if they would ever make a stand, and fearing Linares would surrender without a fight.

It was seven o'clock when the Rough Riders entered the village of Altares. After a short halt they began to climb the steep, narrow trail which affords the only passage to mount the grand mesa, which shuts the city of Santiago from the sea. By this time the heat of the sun was keenly felt by the men, who, laden with full marching equipments, toiled slowly up the rocky paths, in many places compelled to go in single file. There was not enough air stirring to make a leaf flutter. Some of the men who had been sick with measles gave out, and along the hill-sides several halts were necessary before the men could reach the mesa. A dozen mules were brought to carry the reserve ammunition and supplies, and the heat so affected them that some fell from exhaustion.

But despite all obstacles, the toilsome ascent was

at last made, and the exhausted, perspiring soldiers were rewarded by a refreshing breeze and a magnificent scene. Before the Rough Riders there stretched for nine miles a comparatively level plateau, half a mile in width, dotted with chaparral thickets and frequently broken by small ravines. At the other extremity rose the battlements of ancient Morro, situated high on a point commanding Santiago Bay. The mesa was traversed about one third its length by the Juraguasito Creek, a narrow, lazy stream, spanned at the village of Juraguasito by a railroad bridge, over which General Shafter hoped to send his heavy artillery.

The view from the hill-top was magnificent and inspiring. General Lawton's columns could be seen slowly winding their way along, preceded by the skirmish-line, to prevent a surprise. The mules were dragging the mountain battery along after the Twenty-fifth Infantry. A dynamite siege-gun had been carried by a detail of men as far as Juraguasito, where the men were resting. The Tenth Cavalry had dismounted, and were climbing the mesa from Altares. The Seventy-first New York had landed, and were falling in, preparatory to beginning the same ascent. The sun had set its red face upon the grand mesa. Even the withered, shriveled chaparral shrank under its burning gaze. Fixing their eyes upon the Spanish flag, from there a tiny speck of

yellow fluttering above Morro, the Rough Riders boldly shouldered their luggage and marched toward it. The day proved extremely hot. The land breeze died down, and the first gusts of sea breezes scarcely moved the leaves of the few scattering cocoanut trees along the line of march. The column had not proceeded a mile when the men began to cast off blankets and other articles, and fall into the shade of every convenient bush. Dr. La Motte and the ambulance corps had their hands full attending to the exhausted soldiers.

At a well near the Juraguasito, Fernando Stevens halted for a drink of water. He espied a young Spanish woman standing near a hut, holding a child in her arms. She was badly frightened, and seemed hesitating whether to remain or fly.

"Señora, are there Spaniards in the woods beyond?" he asked in Spanish.

She gave him a frightened look, and answered in the affirmative.

"How many?"

"*No puedo quedarme, señor,*" she answered, turning her great dark eyes appealingly on him.

The halt was but a moment, and the line of march was taken up along the dusty road. A rumor came back to the Americans that the Cubans had already found the enemy and were fighting them. They hurried forward more rapidly. Lieutenant Stevens

found himself alongside the daring soldier Nathan, whom no amount of heat or hardship seemed to overcome. They had not gone far, when they came upon a dead Cuban lying just at the side of the path.

"They are not far away, and we may expect trouble at any moment," said the lieutenant.

"Leftenant, which side are they likely to be on?" asked Nathan Baker, his large, dark-gray eyes watching for them.

"Directly in front, or on our left."

"Won't ye keep behind me, or on my right?"

"Why, Nathan?"

"Well, ye see, ye mought interfere with my shootin'. I'm a master hand at fast shootin' when I'm scart, an' ef we sight them Spanyards, like as not I'll git scart, an' jist go to blazin' away."

"So you fight, Nathan, we don't care how badly you are scared," answered the lieutenant. "There must be no running."

"Wall, leftenant, I 'spect ye'll see some o' the keenest runnin' ye ever saw, when we come up with the dirty dagoes."

"What! you don't mean the Rough Riders will run from the enemy?"

"No, that ain't what I mean. I just mean ef we come in sight o' the dagoes, our boys'll git so bad scart it'll take all the officers to keep 'em from runnin' right in among 'em an' cuttin' their heads off."

At this moment, the soldier, glancing away across the mesa to the left, saw a puff of smoke suddenly issue from the bushes.

"Say, leftenant, d'ye see that?" he cried, pointing away in the direction of the little blue cloud curling up from the bushes. Then another, another, and another puff of smoke arose, and the distant report of rifles was borne on the breeze.

"They're fightin' over there."

"Silence in ranks!" commanded the officers. Then the whole column was ordered to halt while the skirmishers were sent in advance. In a few minutes a Cherokee Indian, member of Troop L of the Rough Riders, reported back that they were advancing upon a Spanish blockhouse.

"Boys, you all know now what is before you," cried Colonel Wood. A suppressed cheer was the answer. Fernando Stevens was sent ahead in command of a detachment of skirmishers. He was pushing along through the brush, and near his side was the Cherokee, Tom Isbell, from Vinita, Indian Territory. Isbell suddenly halted, raised his hand, and said:

"Leftenant, there's a dago." Instantly he dropped on one knee, cocked his carbine, and leveled it at a man nearly a thousand yards away and partially screened by the thick bushes. Lieutenant Stevens almost held his breath as he watched the marksman.

Though the distance was great, the Indian had killed his deer many a time at a greater distance. There was a sharp, keen report, a puff of smoke, and the Spaniard threw up his hands, started backward, and dropped.

Almost immediately a volley rang out from the thicket ahead, and the bullets swept like hail about the skirmishers. Only a few Spaniards could be seen darting about through the bushes, but the firing from the bushes was so incessant as to convince them that a large force was in front.

Troop L of the Rough Riders, which formed the advance line, scattered quickly, sending a return volley in the direction from which the Spanish bullets came. This fire did not check the enemy, who advanced to the attack with great bravery, emptying their rifles as they came, but firing too rapidly for accuracy. Lieutenant Stevens and the skirmishers were forced back. Most of the bullets flew high, cutting through the chaparral in a way that affected the nerves of some of the Rough Riders. Troop G was thrown forward to reenforce Troop L, but still the enemy pressed forward, and Colonel Wood's men yielded their ground slowly.

Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt, for the first time under fire in real battle, seemed a born warrior, and ran boldly up and down the line, cheering his men and urging them to stand their ground.

"It is up to us now, my lads! We are getting our share of it. Let them have it!"

As the Rough Riders fell back, yielding their ground inch by inch, they began to swear at the enemy in front of them, a habit very common with volunteers for the first time under fire.

"Don't swear, boys; shoot!" cried Colonel Wood, whose dauntless courage made him conspicuous on that occasion.

In the extreme front were two men, as dissimilar in private life as they were brave in battle. They were Hamilton Fish, a wealthy New York society man, and Ed Culver, a Cherokee Indian. Side by side they fought as brothers, and were both swept down by the same volley.

"I am wounded!" cried Fish, as he fell.

"And I am killed!" Culver shouted in return. Culver was shot through the left lung, the ball coming out through the muscles of the back. He believed he was dying, but said if he was to die he would do the Spaniards as much damage as possible before leaving. He continued to fire, and sent forty-five bullets at the enemy before he was carried from the field.

Captain Thomas, who was directing some of the skirmishers where to move, passed near Hamilton Fish directly after he was shot. The dying hero heard the sharp commands of the officer, and, think-

ing they were directed to him, raised himself on his elbow, and, trying to pierce the gathering gloom of eternity with eyes already growing glassy, murmured:

"I am wounded! I am wounded!" A moment later he fell back and died.

The fight had raged almost an hour and a half, when Capt. Allyn K. Capron fell, mortally wounded. He was exceedingly popular with his men, who crowded about him. Looking up and smiling, even as he felt the icy clutches of death, he cheerfully said:

"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting!"

There were many heroes of that battle at La Quasina, but there is one who specially deserves his share of praise; that was Dr. Church, of Washington, who went into the firing-line and carried the wounded off the field on his back.

The sound of firing warned the troops at the rear that their comrades were engaged, and there was a great scramble to get to the front. Owing to the roughness of the ground, it was impossible to form ranks, and each man crowded forward as best he could. Troops L and G were found penned up in an awkward position, with a wire trocha on one side and a ravine on the other.

While the eyes of the Rough Riders were riveted on this engagement on their right, a flash came from

the chaparral thicket on the mesa, hardly two hundred yards away.

"Deploy! Lie down!" Colonel Wood commanded. At first the enemy was temporarily checked, but after a little outflanked Wood, and he was forced to fall back again.

Tho in the very thickest of the fight and continually engaged in some part of it, Fernando Stevens's quick eye caught many heroic and distressing sights. Captain Thomas, with a shattered leg, was borne past him. He saw Private Whitney, of Troop L, stagger along, bleeding profusely from three wounds. Private Islade, supported between two slightly wounded companions, also made his way to the rear. He had continued to fire after being pierced by three bullets, and retired only after the fourth had struck him.

He saw the dashing "Reggie" Ronalds, well known in New York society, who, overcome by heat, had sunk exhausted at the side of the road, leap to his feet, fully refreshed at the sound of battle, and dash into the very thickest of it.

"Leftenant, I dropped two o' the dagoes," said a husky voice at Fernando's side; and, turning around, he saw Nathan. "One was goin' for you, an' one for Kernel Roosevelt; but I dropped both on 'em."

"Thank you, Nathan. Doubtless we owe our lives to you," said the officer, who was too busy to give much attention to trifles.

"Yes, an' I'm glad t' be some sarvice, 'cause ye war both mighty good to me an' the babies."

The battle of La Quasina lasted two hours and forty minutes, and for one hour of that time it raged furiously in the burning sun. The men had no water in their canteens, and the throats of the officers became so parched that they could only whisper their commands. Rifles became almost too hot to hold. The few who had water in their canteens gave it to their wounded and exhausted companions.

Never was a more heroic stand taken than that by the American troops, and they not only repulsed the enemy, but drove them from the field. When the fight was over, and the dead and wounded had been removed, Fernando found Nathan sitting in the shade of a bush, his face buried in his hands.

"Are you wounded, Nathan?"

"No."

"Sick?"

"No."

"Then why are you looking so forlorn?"

"Leftenant, I couldn't help in that fight a-thinkin about the way George Phipps had treated me in that land deal, an' a-wonderin' if I'd orter forgive him or not."

"Don't bother your mind with such thoughts now, Nathan. We have other matters far more serious."

CHAPTER XVII.

SAN JUAN HEIGHTS.

"LIEUTENANT STEVENS," called an officer, the second morning after the fight at La Quasina. The lieutenant had just left his tent, to find the sun peeping over the hill in the east. They were still encamped near the battle-field of two days before. Looking in the direction of the voice, he saw a captain of the Rough Riders.

"Did you call me, captain?" he asked, going to meet the officer.

"Yes, sir; this fellow wants to talk with you."

As the captain spoke, Fernando Stevens saw a small man, whose swarthy face, slouch hat, and bare feet indicated that he was one of the Cuban patriots.

The camp at La Quasina presented rather a striking appearance. A more motley group could hardly have been conceived. There were Indians, white men, negroes, Mexicans, and Cubans. Men of almost every hue were to be found in the army. The location was picturesque and romantic. Mountains, pine-fringed, reached down to the water's edge, ex-

cept where Santiago harbor pushed them back far enough to give a foothold to the ancient Spanish capital, invisible from where the camp was situated. Across the harbor mouth the curtain of hills seemed drawn apart to give ingress and egress to ships; but those grim ocean bulldogs, the war-ships, were waiting outside to seize all that should venture beyond the harbor of safety.

The Cuban to whom the captain had called Fernando's attention was a short, thickset fellow, with small, keen black eyes, and a swarthy face.

"*Buenos dias!*" the Cuban said, taking the hand of the lieutenant. Then in an undertone he continued in Spanish: "I have news for you, señor."

"What is it?"

"Come apart with me, and I will tell you."

A little shade of suspicion first came over the face of the young officer. If this Cuban had information, why had he not given it to some superior officer?

"Perhaps what you have to say is for the colonel," remarked the lieutenant, when they had walked a short distance from his camp.

"No, señor. You have been in Santiago?"

"I have," the lieutenant answered. "It has been more than a year since."

"Aye! Señor, there have been great changes since then. There has been great suffering."

"When were you in Santiago last?"

"It was ten days since."

"How were you there?"

"A spy."

"And did you know Viola—Viola Cespedes?"

"Si, señor."

"Why did you not bring her away with you?"

"Señor, she was too closely guarded. Colonel Constellino, with Generals Toral and Linares, will not let her get out of sight of one of them. I managed to speak a moment with her, and she sent a message to you."

"To me? How knew she that I was with the American army?"

"She said if you were alive, you would be with the invading army, and I was to come and find you. But here is her message."

He took from his blouse pocket a bit of manila paper, crumpled and dirty from carrying so long, which he gave to the lieutenant. On it was faintly written in pencil, which had almost faded out, the following:

"Hernando! If this reaches you, I am sure you will be glad to receive it. I know you will be with the invading army if alive. I write this on a bit of brown paper; I can get no other. My aunt is dead, and I am alone. Constellino is my greatest persecutor. He learned in some way that I had a map, chart, or paper that was a key to some valuable mystery in Morro Castle, and he tried to get it from me. I gave it to a faithful friend, to prevent his getting it. This friend went to

Puerto Rico with it. Since my aunt's death I spend most of my time in the cathedral, before the altar. Oh, loved one, it is very dark and gloomy now, and I sometimes fear the clouds will never lift nor the skies brighten. If you ever land on Cuban soil and receive this, you will know that Viola is waiting for you. VIOLA."

He read the missive three or four times in succession, and seemed to linger on each written word as if it were a precious gem from which he was loth to part. Finally, folding the plain brown paper, he pressed it a moment to his lips, and asked:

"Was she well when last you saw her?"

"Well in body, señor, but very much disturbed in mind."

"She has lost hope?"

"She is not so hopeful, señor, as she was."

"God grant that this army may push on at once, without waiting for reenforcements, and that I may live to enter Santiago." Turning to the Cuban, he asked:

"Had she anything more to tell you?"

"No, señor, there was no opportunity. She barely had time to explain that I must find you and give you this, and to give me directions how I was to find you, and then the spies that shadowed her came upon us, and I was compelled to leave the city that night."

The lieutenant went back to his tent to read again

the precious communication, and mediate on the chances for a speedy entrance into Santiago.

"Leftenant, I hearn we are goin' right on to Santiago," remarked Nathan, as he came from his tent.

"I hope we will, Nathan."

"Say, leftenant, I'm writin' a letter home to the babies. It's only to be sent if I—that is, if I don't get through it. Send it to yer mother, an' she's to keep it for the babies until they're old enough to understand it. Now 'f anything should happen t' me, ye know, will ye see that this letter goes to 'em?"

"I will, Nathan; but I hope it won't be sent. Don't be discouraged."

"I try not t' be, leftenant; but, ye see, I can't help it. I had a mighty curious dream last night. I dreamed I saw Mary. I thought I met George Phipps in some strange, wild country like this. I had my saber in my hand, an' war goin' to cut his head off for killin' my poor wife, when he turned to be Mr. Parker, an' Phipps war standin' at his side. Then I said I'd kill 'em both, an' war jist about t' do it, when Mary appears, all white an' smilin' like, jist like a cloud, an' raised her hands for me not to do it. She smiled on me and just vanished away, an' I woke up. I dunno what the 'terpetashun o' the dream means, 'nless it means I'm goin' to die."

"No, no, Nathan. Don't take such a gloomy

view of it. Perhaps it means you will come out of the war prosperous and happy."

"Dunno, leftenant. Seems t' me as if this dark cloud war never goin' t' lift from my sky, an' as if it war just doomed to settle in night."

His interview with the Cuban and the message from Viola made the lieutenant despondent, nervous, and anxious. On the evening of the 31st, an officer told him it was definitely settled that they were to advance on Santiago or San Juan Heights, next morning. Others still more knowing surmised that assaults would be made on San Juan Heights and El Caney at the same time. The massing of the forces of Lawton and Kent in the two positions evidently convinced the younger officers, and even some of the privates, that this would be done.

At one o'clock A.M., July 1, 1898, Fernando's company broke camp, and began moving as rapidly as the tangled underbrush would permit toward the foothills below San Juan. At 4:30 A.M. they halted for breakfast, the last meal many of them had until after dark the next night. About seven they were ordered on to join the artillery. The sun, like a ball of fire set in the eastern sky, was throwing his scorching rays upon the mountain-sides and even down the valleys to the sea, which seemed covered with an immense fleet of American ships.

When ordered to march at seven, Lieutenant Ste-

vens was upon an eminence from which he could overlook the whole imposing scene. Lawton's division was about to move. The men had their breakfast and were formed when the sun rose, and soon long lines were moving on El Caney. As Lawton's division was moving to attack this suburb of the city, the fleet of Admiral Sampson began to thunder at the fortifications in the channel entrance.

At eight o'clock the battle was opened by Lieutenant Grimes's Battery A of the Second Artillery, which dropped a few shells upon the heights by way of warning. The Third, Sixth, and Ninth regulars, and the Rough Riders, all dismounted save the field officers, constituted the first brigade to move on San Juan Heights. The same famous battery which opened the battle of San Juan Heights, thirty-five years before at the same hour opened the battle of Gettysburg. Many brave soldiers recalled this strange coincidence as they marched on to get their position.

When the artillery began, they were perhaps three thousand yards from the Spanish line, entirely concealed by the foliage of the forest; but by a seeming chance the very first shell fired by the enemy burst over the American advanced line, killing one man and seriously wounding two others. The enemy's shells, however, did not check the advance of the Americans, who moved steadily forward, and

formed in line of battle along the bank of San Juan River, not more than six hundred yards from the Spanish entrenchments.

Their front had been covered by a thin line of cavalry to engage the attention of the Spaniards, so that General Hawkins's brigade might take up a position on the left, the idea being to flank the enemy if possible. When the firing on their left indicated that Hawkins's brigade had gained its position, the division which included the Rough Riders advanced and formed a line of battle along the banks of the San Juan.

From this point the serious work of the day commenced. They knew they had to carry the heights, and that no such work had ever been laid out for unmounted men. Never before had soldiers marched up against works manned by soldiers with repeating rifles. When they advanced, their batteries had to cease firing, because the advance brought them right in line of their shots, so they were absolutely of no help at the very time their help was most needed.

The advance of the men was retarded by a network of barbed wire, which, altho the soldiers were able to cut with their sabers, nevertheless delayed them at a time when a moment's delay might cost scores of lives.

The battle roared, until San Juan Heights seemed like some smoking, shaking volcano. The sun

mounted higher into the heavens, as if to get a better view of the conflict raging below. The withering rays were all unheeded now, and the men fought like so many demons. Some fell from exhaustion before they knew it, and the river in many places was crimsoned with the blood of the slain and wounded. It was slow work up that hill. Sometimes they rushed forward, but were slowly forced back.

Fernando, almost suffocated, dropped behind a large boulder for a moment's rest, while his company retired a little lower and lay panting on the ground. Glancing off to his left, he saw the large war-balloon, which, guided by one thousand feet of strong rope, was being carried over the field by eighteen men. It was the intention to direct the movements of the troops from this balloon. The enemy saw it, and poured a tremendous fire at it, the shells exploding among some advancing troops, which otherwise would have escaped. Finally the balloon reached a point known as Hell's Crossing, when a scathing fire was poured into the inflated bag. Showers of bullets pierced it, and three shells from a shrapnel battery exploded in it, tearing it to shreds. The balloon with its three occupants settled in the stream at a place where the water was waist-deep, just as the First and Tenth Cavalry, dismounted, were charging a Spanish ambush in a field of wild corn on the west side of the stream.

"Say, leftenant, did ye see that balloon go down?" asked a voice near, which Fernando recognized as Nathan's.

"Yes."

"Mighty big piece o' tomfoolery that, anyway. Anybody'd know they could shoot a balloon to pieces. Must think them Spanyards is blind, I reckin."

"It is not for us to criticize, Nathan," the lieutenant responded.

"I hain't a-criticizin' at all. I'm jist waitin' for my gun to cool a little so I kin go to work ag'in."

The roar about El Caney and San Juan Heights that day was continuous. The earth at times seemed to tremble beneath the wild shouts of carnage and the heavy roar of artillery. Cervera's fleet, those elusive, phantom ships, which had been such a bugbear to the American Naval Strategy Board, were found at last. From their position in the harbor, they poured a shower of ruin and death among the continually advancing lines of the Americans. Advancing, wavering, then falling back a short distance, but never retreating, the Americans fought all that long, hot forenoon. The sun had passed the meridian and was on the decline, and still the American soldiers lay at the foot of the hill, fighting, and waiting for the order to carry the hill by assault.

Lieutenant Stevens was standing in the shade of a

palm that had been pierced by a score of bullets. Two or three dead lay near, and Nathan lay behind a large boulder, loading and firing at long range. The Rough Riders, as well as all the army, suffered that day. Suddenly there appeared on the field a man who seemed to rouse general life and animation among the soldiers. Many a dry throat cracked in the loud cheer:

"General Wheeler! General Wheeler!"

Old Fighting Joe Wheeler, as he was called, was too ill to sit on a horse, so he was carried to the front on a litter, while General Shafter, prostrated with heat, was some distance at the rear.

Colonel Roosevelt hastened toward General Wheeler, who was brought near to where Fernando Stevens was standing. General Wheeler received a despatch from General Shafter, but the lieutenant, of course, never knew what it contained. Roosevelt was pleading earnestly with General Wheeler, and Fernando heard him say:

"My men are being butchered here, general, but we can take the works by storm. Let us charge them, and we will drive the cursed dagoes out in twenty minutes." Those breastworks at that very moment seemed like the yawning jaws of death.

"It seems the only thing that is left, and I would not blame you if you did!" the sick hero answered.

Fernando could hear no more, but he knew what

was coming. Turning to the platoon of the troop which he commanded, he said:

"Boys, take a good supply of breath, for you will have need of it."

A few moments later one of the men in the line said:

"Teddy is in the saddle; now look out for h—l!" Bates, Kent, and Roosevelt flew to their separate commands, and the trumpets brayed the blast for the forward charge.

The men caught up the cry and sprang from the ground into line. Pale and exhausted but a moment before, they seemed now inspired with new life.

"What does it mean, leftenant?" asked Nathan, starting up from the ground.

"We are going to the Spanish works."

With a yell, the Rough Riders made the charge up the hill, and there was not an officer on the field who could restrain his men. There was not much discipline, and not much need for any. They all broke and followed the Rough Riders. The Ninth and Tenth colored cavalry, and after that the whole army.

It was a battle wherein men did the charging and the fighting. When the charge commenced, they took the whole thing entirely in their own hands, and to them is due the credit of a victory that was simply wonderful.

Only once did the Rough Riders waver. Roosevelt saw it, and, dashing forward on his large bay horse, he shouted:

"Come on, boys! Follow me!" then wheeled his horse about and started up the hill at a gallop, shouting and cheering the men who followed him, amid a perfect storm of bullets and bursting shell. Before the daring Teddy had gone thirty yards, his horse suddenly paused, pawed the earth, and went down. His gallant rider landed on his feet, sending a shot from his revolver whistling at the fort, and shouted, "Come on! Come on!" and not a man able to follow him remained behind.

The regulars were fully as brave as the volunteers, tho it was only natural that the latter should be more impulsive. The advance of all was steady, but there was little of that marching shoulder to shoulder. It was a run and hustle, and every man for himself. The enemy poured in volley after volley; men went down by the score; soldiers leaped over fallen comrades and rushed on swiftly up the hill.

Pressing on well to the front ran Lieutenant Stevens. Roosevelt was just ahead of him, and Nathan was at his side, firing his carbine and revolvers as rapidly as he could. The nearer they approached the works the more like a fire-belching volcano they seemed. The smoke rose in a dense cloud, continu-

ally wafted upward, through which gleamed and flashed a continuous light, playing along the top of the works, and never going entirely out. Onward, straight toward this blazing, roaring pit of death, sped Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. The line struck it almost as one, and over went a thousand men, and the enemy fled.

As Roosevelt leaped into the enemy's trenches, a Spaniard who had been stunned suddenly started forward, and, with a hoarse cry of rage, struck at him with his sword. The blow would have cleft his skull in twain had it not been caught on the blade of Nathan's saber. He turned it aside, and slashed the Spaniard over the head, bringing him to the ground.

Even in the midst of a victory in which he was the most conspicuous hero, Roosevelt caught a moment to express his gratitude.

"I owe my life to you, sir."

"Glad I done it, colonel. I've allers wanted to do ye a good turn since ye war so kind to the babies," Nathan answered.

After they had driven the Spanish off and taken possession of San Juan Hill, Colonel Roosevelt was ordered to occupy another eminence about five hundred yards farther to the front.

"Come, Lieutenant Stevens, bring your men and we will go," said Roosevelt.

"I have but a handful left; most of them are lying on the hill-side."

"Come with what you have."

They reached the point with but ninety men to occupy the position. The Spanish fire never ceased. The Rough Riders were at a disadvantage.

"Lie down!" commanded Roosevelt. The men threw themselves flat on the ground, and had to hold their position in a perfect storm of fire. There was no flinching. No man seemed to think of retiring, but every one was determined to hold the place or die.

After holding the position under an incessant fire, they had later to defend themselves against an assault by the Spanish in an attempt to recapture the position. It was estimated that there were four thousand Spaniards engaged in the sortie to recapture San Juan Heights. The fire was terrific, but the Americans went right into it, and after a while the enemy gave way and fled down the hill.

"Such men to fight never were known," a Spanish soldier was afterward heard to tell his comrade. "Why, they came right up and took hold of us with their hands."

The San Juan Heights battle was over, and victory perched on the American banner. July 1 and 2 had been terrible days about Santiago. It was the night of the 2d, and Lieutenant Stevens

came upon Nathan sitting on a stone, crunching hard-tack and washing it down with water from his canteen.

"Nathan, I am glad to find you alive after the two days' hard fighting."

"I've just been doin' a powerful sight o' thinkin' about it, leftenant," Nathan answered.

"About our glorious victory?"

"No; 'bout my land deal with George Phipps. I wonder ef I wouldn't be justerfied in givin' him a drubbin'. He lied 'bout the land bein' free, and poor wife was weak with consumption."

"Don't think of it, Nathan. Keep your mind on the Spaniards," said Lieutenant Stevens, and left him to his own sad reflections.

"SENDING A SHOT FROM HIS REVOLVER, HE SHOUTED, 'COME ON! COME ON!'"

(See page 301)

After an original drawing by Freeland A. Carter

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENSIGN STEVENS RECEIVES A STRANGE MESSAGE, AND HAS AN ADVENTURE.

"DON'T get between my guns and the enemy!" said Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany. There was no mistaking Dewey's meaning, and the German prince very wisely observed the caution.

Dewey had gone to Manila, had sunk the Spanish fleet, captured some of the Spanish works, and there Dewey stayed. His going, and doing, and staying had a marvelous effect on the future of the Philippines and the United States.

"The battle of Manila killed me, but I would do it again!" declared Captain Gridley, of the *Olympia*, on his death-bed.

The friendliest feelings sprang up between the American men and officers and the men and officers of the British man-of-war.

George Stevens found a friend in a young English ensign named Henry Gascon. As often as they could, they were visiting each other and exchanging views on the coming contest, in which both

thought it probable all Europe might some day be involved.

"It would be a curious sight to see the blue coats and the red, the Stars and Stripes and the red cross of St. George, marching side by side to battle against all Europe," declared the young Englishman.

"I hope there may never be another war between English-speaking nations," George declared.

"When will you take Manila?" the Englishman asked.

"When we have sufficient land forces." Then the English ensign, who had often been in Manila, proceeded to tell him about the city and the strange people who inhabited it.

"The Philippines seem to contain all the wonders of the earth. Their people and resources are wonderful. Were you ever among them?"

"No," George answered. "This is my first voyage here. Are the citizens of Manila a sample of the people of the islands?"

"No. Manila is Spanish. The Filipinos live in the interior."

"What sort of a race are they?"

"A Malay race, treacherous savages, lineal descendants of the pirates of the Malay peninsula. The mountains are inhabited by an entirely different race called Little Negroes."

"Are they black?"

"Yes, black, with woolly heads like Hottentots, but very warlike and dangerous. There is a tradition that some of their mountain tribes were never conquered, and owe allegiance to no man. They are unscrupulous rogues, and nothing delights them more than dashing down on a village or plantation at night, murdering the inhabitants, plundering the place, and retreating back to their mountain fastness. From what I have read and heard of the two races, they seem to possess the characteristics of some of your Indian tribes. They live in caves and lava beds, and the wild game of the mountains supply them with an abundance of food."

"Do they have no industry?"

"Yes, some are agriculturists in a rude way; but they depend more on robbery and theft than upon industry for a living."

"Were there many Americans in Manila before the war?" asked George.

"A few; not a great many. By the way, I met a little American girl, who is an angel if ever there was one."

"In Manila?" asked George carelessly.

"Yes; she was in some way connected with some school; I believe a teacher of music, or some of the fine arts, or languages. She was just such a person as attracts the attention of one at a glance. Her large, soft, brownish eyes and clustering hair, in

such wavy ringlets, are lovely. I tried to form her acquaintance, but she is very shy. I will do so yet."

"If she is an American, why did she not leave the city?"

"She is attached to some sort of an international charity association. I really do not know what it is, but it enables her to claim foreign protection from England, Germany, France, or even Spain itself."

"Perhaps she is a member of the Red Cross."

"No; her calling has something to do with teaching the young idea how to shoot."

George suddenly grew very curious to know more of this young girl, and asked:

"What is her name?"

"I really don't know."

"Have you never heard it?"

"Yes, once; but I have forgotten it. It is a name so common to the English tongue that I doubt if I could recall it, even if it was spoken to me. I am going to see her again soon, however, and I will then learn more about her."

"How do you expect to see her?" asked George. "There is a blockade in this harbor."

"Well, now, my friend, we sometimes like a bit of adventure. I propose to run the blockade. Don't give my secret away, as it may cause a rupture in the good feeling we entertain for each other—may put an end to my hopes for a delightful adventure;

and even if it is carried into effect it can not injure Commodore Dewey's plans."

George Stevens agreed to respect the young man's wishes, and they separated. Somehow his description of the pretty Manila school-teacher revived in the young ensign a strange feeling. A peculiar longing, that had for years haunted him, returned with all its force, and a face that had been dimly impressed on his mind seemed more than ever revived. A week later he again met his friend, the English ensign, who said:

"George, my dear boy, I've got a very strange message for you."

"For me?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes, sir. I think the whole affair is a little romantic, and I wish it was as romantic on my side as it seems to be on yours."

"What do you mean?" George asked.

"There is a young lady in the city who told me to ask you if you recalled rescuing a certain little girl in a certain city from an intoxicated and angry father, some years ago."

"Forgotten it! Good Heavens! I can never forget it. Do you mean Hallie Norton, the old bumboat woman's daughter?"

"Her name is Hallie Norton; but I have no idea whose daughter she is. One thing I am quite certain about, and that is she is an angel."

"You are right there, Henry. And is she in Manila?"

"Yes. She is the same person I was trying to tell you about. Now, to tell how I came to have the honor of bringing this message to you, I must tell you a bit of an adventure."

"I shall listen with pleasure. Go on."

The English ensign took a cigar-case from his pocket and passed it to George, saying:

"They are genuine Manila, for I got them there myself; but now to my story." When both had lighted, and were puffing quietly on the after-deck, he continued: "I have a friend on the German man-of-war, the *Irene*. I knew the Germans were continuously going into the city, and I suspect they are even carrying guns and ammunition to the Spaniards, but, of course, don't know it. My suspicion, however, can count for nothing at this time. My friend on the *Irene* told me he was going to the city one dark night, and asked me to accompany him, and I consented. While the Spanish in Manila have little love for an Englishman, I speak German well enough to be a subject of the Kaiser. I went, and on reaching the city we found Spanish friends ready to receive us. We were given the privilege of wandering about at will within certain prescribed limits. I went to the mission-school where my singularly beautiful little girl of whom I told you lives, and found her."

"And she is Hallie Norton?"

"Yes."

George arose from his seat and walked aft to the rail, pressing his hand on his brow and asking himself if it could all be a dream.

Many years had elapsed since he had heard a word of Hallie. He had prayed earnestly and fervently that he might see her again; that he might tell her that even her coarse parentage made her no less dear to him; that he might explain how he had stood by her father when he breathed his last in a foreign city, and how he had wished for the cold lips to speak and tell him of her. He had longed to tell her that she had never been out of his mind since that strange, dark night when he struck down the cruel father who threatened to choke out her beautiful life. All these reflections coming suddenly and unexpectedly like a flood overwhelmed him.

"You seem startled," remarked the English ensign, when George resumed his seat.

"This was rather sudden, Ensign Gascon, I must confess. I have often wished that I could meet this girl, whose acquaintance was formed under the most peculiar circumstances. But go on; tell me all about your adventure, and meeting her."

"She was the same I have told you about, and I asked her if she was suffering any inconvenience on

account of the siege. She answered that she had been put to small annoyance indeed. Altho she was American born, she was treated with the greatest respect. Very naturally our conversation drifted to the battle in the bay, and the American ships now blockading the harbor. She asked me concerning them, and in the course of the conversation I told her of you. The very moment I mentioned your name, she started as if it had long been familiar to her.

"'You know him?' she asked, and her eyes sparkled with the most intense interest.

"I answered that I did. Then she proceeded to ask a hundred curious questions about you—how you had grown and how you looked. It seems you were only a middy when she knew you, and she was glad to learn you had been promoted to an ensign. I am convinced, friend, that years ago you must have stirred some tender emotion in that little heart, that has not yet ceased to vibrate."

George Stevens sat a long time, his eyes upon the deck and his hands clasped upon his knees. At last he started up, saying:

"Gascon, I must go to Manila."

"Go to Manila?" asked the Englishman. "Why, are you mad, my friend?"

"No, I am rational, perfectly rational; but I must go to the city. It is a matter that concerns me, and I *will* go."

"If you will be a little patient your army will come, and you can then enter Manila."

"I can't wait until then. It will be too late."

"But don't you realize that if you are caught within the Spanish lines you will be shot for a spy?"

"I don't propose to be caught," he answered quickly. "I am going to see Hallie Norton, or perish in the attempt."

"How do you expect to accomplish your purpose?"

"You and your German friend will aid me," he coolly answered, while Ensign Gascon opened his eyes wide, and gave vent to a very suggestive whistle.

"By George, do you expect us to hang with you?"

"No, I expect no one to hang. This is to be an adventure that we will always remember as a successful one. England and Germany should dare what America will. My plan is this: I speak German as well as yourself; we will all dress in the uniform of German officers, and with our friend go to the city, where I can see Hallie."

"What is your object in seeing her?" asked the Englishman.

"I want her to leave Manila. Either we will soon be throwing great shells into the town, or, what may be worse, it may fall into the hands of the

insurgents. In case the latter happens, I tremble for the fate of the women of Manila."

"You are right, my friend."

"Now, do you blame me for wanting to get her away?"

"No——"

"And do you think there is an English sailor afloat so craven in heart as to refuse aid under such circumstances?"

"No, I am ready to go, and I'll vouch for my German friend; but, George, my dear boy, we must keep this from the officers. We'd all be in irons if this was known."

The arrangements were completed, and three nights after the interview some very mysterious things happened in the bay. A little steam launch put out from the flagship to the English man-of-war. A few moments later another launch put out from the Englishman with two officers and disappeared in the darkness, to appear within range of the lights of the *Irene*. The launch was hailed, and, after a short time given to challenging and answering, went alongside.

Great caution had to be exercised, for the bay was filled with armed war-vessels; enemies glared at each other day and night, and the greatest care had to be observed; but all was accomplished at last. George and his daring young friend, Henry Gascon, were

aboard the German ship, and a whispered consultation was going on between them and the young German officer. They had to keep their mission from the commander of the *Irene*, as well as from Dewey. The young men realized that the least hint of their plan would cause the arrest of every one of them. Military and naval law is not the least bit sentimental, and will not bend an inch over such affairs as the rescue of captive maidens. Our modern soldier is far from being the gallant knight-errant of the old days of chivalry. He obeys certain fixed and unalterable laws, and must allow no emotion in his soul to interfere.

It was about ten o'clock at night when a boat was silently and stealthily lowered from the side of the *Irene*, and three young men climbed into it. Those three young men were naval officers representing the three greatest powers in the world. Each seemed stimulated by national pride to outdo the other. They silently laid to the muffled oars and sped quickly in with the tide. The German, who sat in the stern, the tiller in his grasp, kept a sharp lookout for the vessels at anchor in the bay. They sometimes glided frightfully near dark shadows of a vessel, which, had they been seen, might have sunk them.

On they glided, darting here and there, and avoiding those mysterious lights which ever and anon

flashed over the bay. Cavite, where the Stars and Stripes so proudly floated, was left far behind, and they were drawing nearer to the colors of Spain. It was so dark that George did not try to see which way they were going, trusting all to the knowledge of his friends, who were better acquainted with the harbor.

The young officers had so planned their expedition as to have the tide in their favor both going and coming. At last, after what seemed hours, they were hailed by a voice on shore. The German answered in Spanish. A suspicious light was flashed in their faces, all the while the German ensign giving them assurance that they came from the *Irene*. They were hauled in to a pier, where an officer stood to interrogate them. He held a lantern close to their faces and scrutinized them very closely. George met his gaze without flinching.

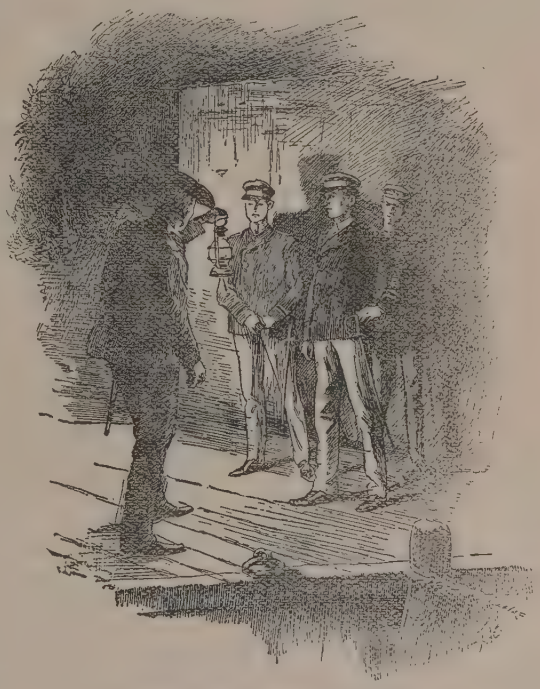
"Do you speak Spanish?" the officer asked.

"No," Karl quickly answered. "He does not speak Spanish. If you speak German, address him in that."

The officer was deficient in German, so, after a careful scrutiny, he was passed on. The three went up into town under a guard, and in an hour found themselves at the door of the mission building, which was dark; but by ringing the bell they brought the proprietress of the establishment. She was an

Englishwoman, one of those gentle, sweet characters whom one loves at first sight.

Hallie Norton was asked for, and after a short delay, she came down into the room where sat the three naval officers. She recognized Henry with a nod, bowed to Karl, but at the sight of George started back with a slight cry.



HE SCRUTINIZED THEM VERY CLOSELY.

"What! it can't be!" she gasped.

"It is," he answered.

Then she grew suddenly dizzy and sat down, while he stood gazing tenderly into her startled face. As soon as she could speak, she gasped:

"Why did you come here?"

"To see you."

"But you will be killed. They will shoot you for a spy."

"If they knew who I was, they would. But I propose to keep my secret to myself, and my friends will not betray me."

"Oh, it is such a risk!"

Notwithstanding the long lapse of time since he had seen her, and the changes that had come, making her a woman instead of a child, George Stevens could easily recognize her. There were the same soft brown eyes, the same abundant clustering hair, as when he had taken her from the alley on that dark night. He felt his heart beating faster as he gazed on her. He took a step nearer, and grasped her hand in his own, and, bending over her, said:

"Hallie, I got your message, and I came after you. You must go away from Manila, for it will soon be the battle-ground between the United States and Spain."

She turned a little paler, and asked:

"Where shall I go?"

"The matron of this institution is an English lady, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take refuge on an English ship, until we have transports of our own in the harbor."

She was silent a moment, as if buried in thought;

then, rousing herself to the dangers of the young American, grasped his arm and said, in low, wild, earnest tones:

"Go, go, Mr. Stevens; you must go at once, or you will be discovered, and murdered—and then——" She stopped short.

"Then—what?"

"You will be dead!" she stammered.

The Englishman and the German smiled, but George overlooked the unintended humor of the remark and said:

"I am in no danger. Promise me you will go aboard some English ship, and I will go at once."

"I will—oh, I will do anything if it will—" she hesitated a moment, then blushed, as she innocently added, "save you."

The two ensigns went out, leaving George and Hallie a moment alone. He took her hand in his and said:

"Hallie, I am happier at finding you than anything else could make me. You have never been out of my mind since that awful night when I rescued you. I have dreamed of you a thousand times." She started, turned deathly white, and trembled; then a blush swept over her face; but she said nothing. He went on, speaking in a low, gentle, thrilling tone, which meant more than words: "There is much I have to tell you, Hallie. I could

talk until morning, and not tell one half that is on my mind; but not now."

"Oh, go, go!" she whispered. "If you should be discovered, I would die!" Unconsciously the tell-tale sentence slipped from those truthful lips.

"I am going now; but, Hallie, I will ascertain which ship you take refuge in, and call on you. Until then, adieu." One swift glance about the apartment showed they were alone; then the impulsive youth almost unconsciously impressed a kiss on her white lips, and hurried out to join his companions and hasten to the boat.

CHAPTER XIX.

OBEYING ORDERS AMID FLAME AND SMOKE.

RECENT developments convince the world that Admiral Cervera was only acting under orders and not on his own cool judgment when he allowed himself to be bottled up in Santiago harbor. He was ordered to the West Indies by the home government, which seemed to know little or care little of the consequences. On reaching Cuba, his orders were to place himself under Blanco. After the destruction of Montejo's fleet, the hopes of Spain were centered in the fleet of Cervera. On June 26, Captain-General Blanco sent the admiral a long telegram, in which he stated: "To-day all the nations of the earth have their eyes fixed on your squadron, and in it is wrapped up the honor of the nation." He advised Cervera, if convinced that Santiago was to fall, to take advantage of some dark night and escape from the harbor, for he admitted that the loss of the fleet would speedily terminate the war.

After the fight at La Quasina, Blanco, still laboring under the delusion that the escape of the fleet

was an easy matter, ordered Linares to embark the soldiers on the Spanish ships. On June 28, General Linares telegraphed to Blanco:

"Impossible to reembark troops from Cervera's ships until the arrival of reenforcements."

Cervera felt all the while that if he was to escape at all, he should have done so before the arrival of the whole blockading fleet and the invading army. When the squadrons of Schley and Sampson were both at the mouth of the harbor, he realized that escape was next to impossible.

His only hope then was to remain in the harbor and assist the army of Linares in keeping the enemy at bay as long as possible. But they were all short of rations. There was not enough for the army, to say nothing of the fleet.

Shafter had only to sit down and wait, and starvation would fight his battles for him. Linares called again and again for supplies and reenforcements, but the Spanish authorities, who had stupidly blundered from the very beginning, were unable in this supreme moment to give aid.

On July 1, 1898, the first day of the great battle, Captain-General Blanco sent an order for Cervera to leave the harbor. At that time many of the sailors and guns were on shore, doing effective work in holding the Americans in check. The Spanish ad-

miral sent the following answer to the Captain-General:

"SANTIAGO, July 1, 1898.

"*Captain-General Blanco, Havana:*

"As a continuation of my cable of yesterday, I have to inform you that General Linares has answered me that he can not return the sailors, because they occupy positions on the firing-line and in the trenches, and that if they are removed the Americans would be able to advance through the places thus vacated. Without these men the squadron can not leave the port. I request further instructions from you. CERVERA."

Later in the day, General Linares being wounded and succeeded by General Toral, and Toral having telegraphed the proceedings of the day's battle, Admiral Cervera, realizing how dangerous an attempt to escape would be, sent the following additional telegram to Blanco:

"SANTIAGO, July 1, 1898.

"*Captain-General Blanco, Havana:*

"From General Toral you know of the battle of to-day. General Toral thinks that the withdrawal of my sailors would result in the loss of Santiago, and without them I can not attempt to escape. My opinion is the same as that of Toral, and our departure would in that event be like a flight. My captains also think so. Send instructions for which I have asked.

"CERVERA."

But it was all to no purpose. Captain-General Blanco saw that the only hope of Spain was to save the fleet. He did not know that even at that time General Shafter was thinking of falling back and re-

forming his line. He determined to save the fleet if possible. He cited the fact that the *Montevideo* and *Santo Domingo* had escaped from Havana, with nine ships on the blockading station; the departure of the *Purisima Concepcion* from Castile with three, and of the entrance of the *Reina Cristina* into the blockaded harbor of Cienfuegos. Surely with such brilliant examples he thought that Cervera ought to escape from the harbor; and on July 2, the second day of the fight at Santiago, he sent the following:

"HAVANA, July 2, 1898.

"*Admiral Cervera, Santiago:*

"Ship with the greatest haste all your sailors and leave immediately with the squadron. BLANCO."

In his own handwriting Blanco added the following words to this despatch, writing them on the back of the telegram:

"Twelve hours only are necessary for Cervera to get ready."

The above terrible order was approved by the authorities at Madrid, as is attested by the following despatch:

"MADRID, July 3, 1898.

"*Captain-General Blanco, Havana:*

"Instructions given to Cervera are approved. CORREA."

Upon receipt of the order from Blanco, approved by Correa of Madrid, Cervera bowed his silver head

in his hand and sighed. There was no need to longer parley. Blanco had made the blunder of his life, but it was not the place of the heroic Cervera to question, but to do or die. All night long sailors and men were hurried aboard the ships, and at midnight they began to steam up. At four o'clock A.M., Admiral Cervera shook the hand of General Toral, bade adieu to the officers and friends on shore, and went on board his flagship. Many a brave sailor who went lightly to his duty knew that he was only rushing into the jaws of death.

Just beyond the harbor bar, there crouched half a score of those marine monsters awaiting their coming to hurl fire and death into their midst. All night long the sailors and officers labored, and it was not until after dawn that they were ready. Then with flags flying and bands of music playing they glided down the harbor to their death. As they passed the grim fortress, old Morro, which had so stoutly withstood the shock of battle, they were lustily cheered by the garrison. But wait a moment. All is changed in the twinkling of an eye from gay banners and music to fire and smoke, and the wails of death.

. . . . . .

"What is that black thing coming out of the harbor?"

The question was asked by the lookout on the bridge of the *Iowa*, as the great battle-ship lay in

front of the harbor of Santiago at 9.30 A.M., July 3, 1898.

The *Iowa* being nearest the harbor, of course had an opportunity to first see any object that might issue from the mouth.

The remainder of the ships were at their blockading stations, save the flagship *New York*, which had gone about twelve miles up the coast. The sailors on all the ships were wide awake and ready to spring to quarters in an instant. The question from the lookout on the bridge caused a hundred eyes and a hundred glasses to be leveled on the object at once. An instant later a voice ejaculated:

"It is old Cervera coming out, sure as fate!"

"Fighting Bob" Evans, the commander of the *Iowa*, was sitting in his cabin talking with his son, a cadet on the *Massachusetts*, who had been left behind in a picket launch when the *Massachusetts* went to Guantanamo for coal at dawn that morning. He had taken advantage of the spare moments left him to visit his father in his own ship. The word had scarce gone over the ship that Cervera was coming out of the harbor, when Captain Evans leaped to the deck, general quarters was sounded, the signal hoisted that the enemy's ships were coming out, and a gun fired to attract the attention of the blockading fleet.

The hurry, bustle, and apparent confusion were from that moment perceptible on every ship of the

fleet. Drums rolled, the fifes shrieked, and jackies ran to quarters. Down into the holds below the protective belt, struggling through the small steel hatch, and down a narrow and almost vertical ladder to the shell-rooms, rushed the jackies whose places were there. The officer in charge of that department ran to the cabin for the magazine keys, grabbed the small leather bag containing them from the hand of the marine orderly on duty at the door of the captain's cabin, and rushed after his men, distributing the keys as rapidly as possible to those already standing at the box-like tops of the magazines, the bolts of which had been loosened.

The ammunition-whips were quickly led out, and men stood with their hands on small levers ready to turn the current of the electric hoists as soon as the hatches were off. When everything was seen to be clear, the endless chain of the hoists started with the whirr of a motor, and rolled their loads of rapid-fire ammunition to the decks above, where men were stationed to receive them.

The great engines of those fighting crafts were whirring at full speed, and the vessels plunging forward like so many greyhounds in pursuit of an escaping fox. Down the chute of the eight-inch gun-turret, as an accompaniment to the deep rumble of the turret, as it slowly swung from amidships to the port or starboard, came the command:

"Full charge, common shot," from the officer in command of the turret; and the answer went quickly back:

"Aye, aye, sir"; and as a response in a lower tone of voice:

"Quick, lads; lively now"; up came the long powder-tanks and heavy 250-pound shell to the base of the turret. There the shell was quickly seized in the tongs by two stalwart apprentices, raised and rammed home in the car. The tops of the long copper powder-tanks were taken off and the powder in two sections was placed in the other compartments of the car. The signals were given, and both cars quickly rose to the breech of the turret-guns, and were sent back, almost as quickly, emptied.

All this preparation of getting ready occupied a space of four minutes' time after all the men went below and the hatches were lowered and secured. The heat in this steel cage varied from 120 to 144 degrees Fahrenheit, and the men quickly stripped to their waists, settled down to work in this air-tight box, filled with sweltering humanity, blindly obeying orders with unquestioning obedience and alacrity, not knowing the cause of the alarm, whether target-practice, bombardment, a false scare, or the escape of the Spanish fleet. Suddenly the heavy report of the first gun was heard, followed in quick succession by a second, then a score at once, and the

battle was on. The crash and roar, flame and smoke from that time on were incessant.

"Cervera trying to escape!" The cry rang all over the American fleet. It reached Admiral Sampson miles away, and the *New York* put about and hastened back to the harbor mouth. But Commodore Schley was already there. The *Brooklyn*, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana*, the *Oregon*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, and the little converted yacht, the *Gloucester*, were already pouring in a steady stream of fire on the fleet, as it steamed out of the harbor. As the Spanish squadron came out in column, the ships, beautifully spaced as to distance, and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, presented a superb spectacle.

The *Iowa* kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Infanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow. The *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas* quickly closed in and were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. In a very short time after the discovery of the enemy's ships approaching, the Spanish squadron was clear of the harbor, and the *Iowa* was driving at full speed, hoping to ram the first or second ship. The *Iowa's* helm was put hard to starboard, and the entire broadside was poured into the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. The helm was quickly shifted to port and the ship went across the stern of the *Teresa* in an effort to

head off the *Oquendo*, with her engines all the while driving at full speed. A perfect torrent of shot passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

The *Cristobal Colon*, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the *Iowa*, the *Colon* placed two six-inch shells fairly through the cofferdam and dispensary, one wrecking the latter, and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side of the water-line, within the cofferdam, where it remained.

The *Iowa*, finding it impossible, on account of the superior speed of the Spanish ships, to ram them, ran parallel with them, pouring in an incessant fire. Running abreast of the *Oquendo*, at a distance of eleven hundred yards, the *Iowa's* entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the *Oquendo*, and the punishment was terrible. Many twelve- and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her, the smoke pouring in vast columns from her hatches. For a moment, the *Oquendo's* engines seemed to stop, and she lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed, gradually drew ahead of the *Iowa*, and came under the terrible fire of the *Oregon* and *Texas*.

The *Brooklyn* was by this time steaming down like a fire-breathing sea-monster. By the commo-

dore's pennant waved the streamer on which was the memorable motto:

"*Remember the 'Maine.'*"

The *Maine* was very much on the mind of American jackies that day.

The *Texas*, sister ship of the *Maine*, seemed to feel it her special duty to remember the sunken ship. Lieutenant Wainwright, on the unfortunate ship at the time of her destruction, remembered her. He commanded the converted yacht *Gloucester*, but he dashed into the fight as tho she were a first-class battle-ship.

"I am afraid you will strain the guns by firing at such long range," declared his chief gunner.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range? Then I'll close in!" the daring lieutenant answered.

There was a mile or more of smoke and flame and fighting stretching westward from the Morro before Cervera's torpedo-destroyers steamed past where the *Merrimac* lay, and swung into the lane of fire marked out for them by the admiral. The *Gloucester* had run toward the harbor mouth at the report of the *Iowa's* gun, and when the last Spanish cruiser was making her turn westward, the yacht was heading straight toward her. The big eleven-inch guns of the cruiser belched fire and smoke as she opened on the *Indiana*. Her captain saw the *Gloucester*, too, and evidently suspected that she might attempt to

torpedo him, so the guns of the secondary battery were trained on the yacht, and shells fell all about her.

Lieutenant Wainwright, whose danger was great, steamed nearer, "not to strain his guns," and answered with his six-pounders. But as the commander of the *Gloucester* saw the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers *Furore* and *Pluton* coming out of the harbor, he held his position in spite of the cruiser, to attack them. As the destroyers made the turn westward, every gun which could be trained on the *Gloucester* by the enemy was fired, and her decks were wet with the spray dashed upon them by Spanish shells. And what was worse, the gunners in the battery beyond Morro were hurling monster projectiles at the yacht, any one of which would have sunk her.

The other ships had held off and permitted the Spanish vessels to get beyond range of the guns in the forts before attacking her, but the *Gloucester* defied them. The *Pluton* and *Furore* were hammered, pounded, beached, sunk, and left amid flame and smoke while the spunky little *Gloucester* sped away after the flagship of the Spanish Admiral.

He was remembering the *Maine*, and how on that dark and sorrowful night he stood on the shattered and burning decks and heard the groans and cries of his poor shipmates, mangled and torn by an act of

treachery and cruelty unequaled in the history of the world.

It was not until the last ship had been sunk and beached that Lieutenant Wainwright said, in a tone more sad than exultant:

"The *Maine* is avenged!"

But there were other heroes that day, men who never saw the battle, but who did the work that kept everything in the ship in motion, and took a greater risk than commodore or captain.

When the *Vizcaya* had been sunk and beached that day, and Commodore Schley gave the order to cease firing, the men in the handling-rooms and turrets were ordered to the decks, while the chase of the *Colon* went on. But the battle was still on for the heroes invisible. Down beneath the protective, informed only of the glories of that day's fighting by the captain's bulletins through the speaking-tubes, men worked in a pit below the water in a temperature of over 160 degrees. From the funnels the black smoke pouring forth told that stokers, coal-passers, and firemen were working like fiends to give the ship a greater speed, so the foe might be captured. At the engines, the engineer and his assistant stood grim and silent watching every pulsation, and encouraging the men to greater exertion to produce more steam. In the stoke-holds men toiled amid fierce flames that licked out at them each time

the furnace doors were opened for more coal, or the long bars went in. The rush of air that came in went out only through the furnaces creating what is known as "forced draught." The call for forced draught made it more comfortable in the stoke-hold, for the extra air forced down cooled the men, while it made hotter the fires. The heat was intense on that July day, and several times the big steel cage opened to let out men who had fainted. So loyal were they that no sooner had they recovered than back they went with an *esprit de corps* the equal of any one on deck.

Both the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were sometimes within a thousand yards of the *Indiana*. Nevertheless, the high speed and the thick armor of their class stood the Spanish in good stead, as they followed in the path marked out by Admiral Cervera. In three fourths of an hour after the action commenced, it became apparent that the Spanish had many guns disabled, and would soon sink. As the smoke cleared a little, one could see the Spanish flagship, her port broadside spouting smoke, still holding to the westward.

At 11:30 Cervera, on the deck of his flagship, saw the *Oregon* cutting inshore ahead of him to round him to. The smoke was very thick, and the firing incessant. Cervera's available guns were no longer well served. Shells had fired his ship near the stern,

and the flames were with difficulty controlled. The Spanish admiral altered his course and headed off from the coast as if to attempt to pass between two ships and run for it.

But this feat was impossible. The *Iowa* and the *Texas* were already moving down to close the gap, and the Spanish flagship, raked by the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* at from one thousand to three thousand yards, and by the *Iowa* and *Texas* at longer range, turned inshore again and ran for the rocks, where the surf was breaking. The admiral's guns still replied occasionally, and all wondered every time the smoke lifted if his ship would still be afloat. The Spanish officers seemed determined to make good the words of Lieutenant de Carantha: "That not one Spanish ship shall be taken. Your navy may send some of them to the bottom, superior forces may annihilate them, but not one Spanish ship will surrender to the American navy." *

The American war-vessels closed in on the doomed admiral. The Spanish flag from time to time, as the smoke drifted away, could be seen, and the flash of a gun at intervals proved that the Spaniard was consistently following the idea on quitting the harbor, which was a glorious end.

His ship moved slowly as if disabled; in a few minutes more his guns were silent. Black smoke

* "History of the War with Spain," p. 124.

replaced the swirling white; the flagship was aflame. Unable to work the guns or smother the flames, she was headed for the rocks. She struck on them, and her bow rested there. Red flames burst through the black smoke, and soon a pillar of cloud rose straight up a thousand feet and bent against the green mountain.

Cervera's ships were hopelessly lost. One by one they were driven in and beached, sunk and in flames. The American war-vessels ceased firing on the flagship before she struck, and ran in with the intention of saving the survivors. This was evidently expected by the Spaniards, notably the *Vizcaya's* men, hundreds of whom thronged the forward deck, watching the flames eating their way toward them.

The *Gloucester*, being of lighter draught than the battle-ships, ran in closer, and received Admiral Cervera on board. Grasping the hand of the gray-haired admiral, Lieutenant Wainwright said:

"Allow me to congratulate you, admiral, on the gallant fight you have made. It is the most daring feat in modern history."

The admiral bowed his head, uttered not a word, while the silent tears, coursing their way down his furrowed cheeks, told how his lion heart was lacerated and torn at defeat. The Cubans on shore began shooting at the Spaniards in the water, until an order to cease came from the war-vessels.

As the *Texas* bore in to receive the Spaniards left, and the crew saw every one of the formidable fleet wreckéd and in flames, they began to cheer. Captain Philip, whose heart was as tender as brave, in a voice more sad than otherwise, said:

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIGURE AT THE ALTAR.

FROM his position on San Juan Heights Fernando Stevens could see little of the gallant fight just outside the harbor. It was known soon after the fleet was under way that it was going out, and signals were set flying to warn Sampson. But little need was there for signals. The ever-vigilant sailors were on the alert, and saw the fleet in time.

The news of the victory reached the army and changed a scene of gloom to one of rejoicing. A rumor had been widely spread through the army that General Shafter was going to re-form his lines, and they would have to give up the ground they had bought with their blood.

But Cervera's dread fleet was no more. Perhaps Sampson would now force a way into the harbor. There was no need to fall back, no need even to wait for reenforcements, for they could force their way into the city in spite of the network of trenches and defenses. The rainy season was on them, and they were frequently drenched with downpours, and then,

within five minutes, scorched by the blistering rays of a tropical sun.

It was night. Cervera's fleet had been destroyed two days before, and still the American soldiers were in the trenches. Twice the Spaniards had assaulted them to drive them away, but could not move them. Fernando had business at another part of the line, and was moving along slowly, when he heard voices talking in low tones.

"Jake," a soldier in the trenches whispered to his comrade, "war is awful."

"M'yes," Jake answered, shifting a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other; "but there's somethin' worse," he added philosophically.

"What?"

"Starvation. Big soulless corporations like Pullman that hire men and make slaves of 'em; rob 'em of liberty, unfit 'em for any other callin', and then starve 'em. War kills men, and does it quick. Poverty kills women and children. The Bible says they that be slain by the sword be better than they be slain by hunger. Then, while some o' the poor are dyin' to-night, some o' the rich and aristocratic go down with 'em, Ned. The rich suffer only durin' war, the poor suffer all the time."

"Why, Jake, you talk strangely to-night."

"Maybe I do, Ned," Jake answered bitterly, "but I've been thinkin' since we've been restin' here how

near I was several times to my poor wife, who Pullman and the soldiers was the cause o' starvin' to death that winter. I was workin' for the Pullman Company, and I know none o' us wanted to strike. But they kept grindin' us down by degrees. They had us, they knew it, and it was work for almost nothin' or starve. We who had families saw they intended to make slaves o' us; we tried every way in the world to settle peaceably. The newspapers only printed one side o' the story; our side will never be told. When we did strike, they brought soldiers, who shot us down like sheep, because we would not be slaves. I saw Henry Johnson sitting peacefully and quietly on a flat car, when a soldier drove a bayonet clean through his body. I saw women and children shot down, and one little babe killed in its mother's arms, all because we would not be Pullman slaves. I was a striker, black-listed, could get no work, and that winter my wife and child died o' starvation in a land o' plenty. There were hundreds o' women and children starved that winter. People will grow sentimental over the men who fell in front o' Santiago to save starvin' Cuba, but will any one ever be brave enough to say a word for our own brave women and children who died that winter rather than be [illegible]? After my wife and baby died, I laid down [illegible]er forever, and swore I would never work [illegible] corporation.

I was called an anarchist, an enemy to my flag, dangerous man, and one who would destroy the best government on earth. You saw me in the fight on San Juan Hill, Ned, and you know I am not an enemy o' the flag."

"No, Jake, God knows you are not."

"We've got the best government in the world, and if the rich only had more tender hearts, and money was robbed o' some o' its power, we could all be happy."

Many a sad story was told in the trenches that dark night, but none impressed Fernando more than this.

"Oh, what a world of wrong our society is really responsible for!" he said to himself, as he went from post to post to be assured that all was well.

The destruction of General Cervera's fleet, the wounding of General Linares, and the determined assaults of the Americans had a very depressing effect on the spirits of General Toral in command at Santiago. The American army had suffered more severely than was at first supposed. Not only were they exposed to the enemy's shot and shell, but brought suddenly in midsummer into the tropics, just at the beginning of the sickly season, they were exposed to the most terrible diseases; but their native pluck and determination never for a moment deserted them. They fought desperately. Yellow

fever and death seemed facing them, but they never for a moment thought of giving way.

Shortly after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, Hobson and his brave men were exchanged, and returned to their posts in the navy.

Day after day, Fernando Stevens waited for the order to advance with the impatience of a war-steed anxious for the battle. He used to go upon the heights and gaze off at the city, and ask:

"How long, O Lord, how long shall I be held here like a prisoner in full view of the one I would rescue at the cost of my life?" Then in anxiety he often planned wild, daring, impossible schemes for entering the beleaguered city and taking her away; but these plans a sober second thought told him were impracticable. He must wait; but how long? He grew very impatient at the delay. He knew that negotiations were going on between the armies; he knew that heavy siege-guns were being brought up to the front as rapidly as possible, but in his impatience they seemed marvelously slow.

The two armies for seven days confronted each other with only a very little skirmishing and an occasional cannon-shot at long range. Their line of trenches were along the top of the hill from which they could see the city. There was a spot of brilliant tropical green, which the officers decided must be a plaza. By the aid of a powerful field-glass,

Fernando tried to make out the Marina Calle, the Carcel, Plaça de Armas, and the cathedral where he had met his guide on the night of his escape. The distance was so great, however, that the objects became a jumbled mass.

He longed for an assault on the city, tho he knew that an attempt to carry the works by storm would result in the loss of thousands of lives. He dreaded a bombardment, for there were innocent people in the city who might be killed by the shells of their friends. It is needless to say that Viola was uppermost in his mind when he thought of danger from bombardment.

Nevertheless, it was announced on the 10th of July that at four o'clock P.M. the bombardment would commence. The soldiers in their muddy trenches waited with increasing anxiety for the hour to arrive. It came, and all was silent in both lines. "Was it possible that the order had been countermanded?" Fernando asked himself, as he impatiently paced back and forth just within their lines.

About half-past four there came a puff of smoke, a flash of angry red from the enemy's works, and a shell came screaming through the air and exploded on the hillside. The bombardment was on, commenced by the enemy themselves. The American cannoneers were not slow to respond, and from that

on until dark their guns poured a deadly fire into the Spanish lines.

Soon after dark settled over the scene the hoarse bray of cannon ceased, and all was quiet again. During the bombardment the roar of heavy guns from the war-ships could be heard, and shells were thrown over the headlands into the city. The *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana* continued until too dark to see, to hurl eight- and twelve-inch shells into the bay.

During the bombardment two Americans were killed and four wounded.

At daybreak the Americans resumed the bombardment. Up a pretty valley, which reminds one of the Trossachs, in Scotland, arose a night fog, veiling the city. Hinds's battery began the contest of the day, and other batteries followed his example, using shell and shrapnel, while Gatling-guns swept the tops of the trenches. This fire provoked a rifle volley from the enemy, but no artillery answered the attack. The Spaniards evidently reserved their fire for the advance of the Americans, determined to sweep them at close range.

On this morning a desperate fight occurred, in which some men of General Wheeler's division took a blockhouse. There were three forts near Santiago which the Americans had to encounter. One was a blockhouse standing upon the summit of a hill, guarding the pathway leading up to it. In this

stone structure, impervious to rifle-bullets, thirty-two Spaniards were stationed. In the solid walls were port-holes just large enough to shoot through, and from these the Spanish soldiers continually annoyed the Americans, frequently killing or wounding one. The blockhouse was a hindrance to an advance, and it was determined to carry it by storm.

A charge was made, and a color-sergeant scaled the wall and tore from its staff the Spanish flag, but the next moment fell dead, pierced by half a dozen bullets. The fort being uncovered, three American soldiers scaled the wall and dropped inside, but were riddled with bullets. By this time fifteen more were on the wall and dropped inside, where a terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued. No quarter was asked or given, and when the door of the blockhouse was opened, fifteen wounded Americans marched out, leaving thirty-two dead Spaniards in the fort.

The capture of the city in a short time seemed inevitable. The American and Cuban lines were surrounding it, making the arrival of Spanish reenforcements impossible. The idea of carrying the city by assault was abandoned, and the plan was to harass the Spaniards with a continual fire from the American batteries, carefully aimed; the riflemen at the same time shooting only at such particular marks as might be presented.

Lieutenant Stevens, and a detail of Rough Ri-

ders, went out on duty as sharpshooters. Spanish sharpshooters were seen in the trees and behind them. Creeping up to within a thousand yards, they began to pick them off. At the crack of Nathan's rifle a man fell from a distant tree like some huge bird.

"He don't come t' the ground," said Nathan. "He hangs head down."

The lieutenant clapped his glass to his eyes and said:

"No wonder; he is tied by the legs to the tree."

The war-ships were again bombarding the city, using eight-inch guns at a distance of eighty-five hundred yards. The shots passed over the ridge, and their point of striking and the effect of their explosion could not be seen from the decks. The signal corps on the ridge reported that one hundred and one of the one hundred and six shots fired were effective. The last shots struck in the vicinity of the cathedral, well into the city. The *Brooklyn* listed or careened on her side to give a greater elevation of her guns, in order to send her shot over the ridge.

Fernando Stevens saw those great shells soaring, watched their flight, and saw the clouds of smoke, flying mortar, stone, and timbers shoot skyward, and heard the deep detonation of the explosions. Then he mentally exclaimed:

"O God! Thou who hast answered all my pray-

ers, place Thy protecting arms about her now, and shield her from harm, from friend or foe."

One dark night during the siege a Cuban scout reported that some Spaniards were among the hills and chaparral on the right, nearly a mile from their trenches. No one could surmise what their intentions were, but it was supposed they were trying to escape from the city with some message for the Spanish general coming from Holguin with reenforcements. The Spaniards were in a deep ravine, and already a mile from the city.

The spy said they did not exceed a dozen in number, and could be easily cut off and captured. Colonel Wood, to whom the report was made, sent for Lieutenant Stevens and told him what he had learned.

"Now, you are familiar with the surroundings of Santiago, and the Spanish language. Are you willing to take a score of men and bring those fellows in?"

Fernando readily declared his willingness, and with a score of picked men, guided by the Cuban, started to head off the party and prevent their escape. The night was very dark; one of those terrible rainstorms had just swept over the island, and the rivulets had become torrents, yet the party made their way with very little difficulty, traversing the hilly and wooded region on their right, crossing many

deep gullies, and stumbling over the rough ground. At last the Cuban said they were in the vicinity of the Spaniards, and they halted. After a few moments of listening, they moved away from the place and made a circuit, so as to intercept them on the Holguin road.

Arriving at this point, they had not long to wait before they heard the slow, cautious tread of feet.

"Down, down, every one of you!" the lieutenant commanded. "Lie flat on the ground until I shall give the command to rise."

The men crouched behind the grass and shrubs and waited for the command from their leader. The Spaniards continued to advance, until they were within a few paces, and then Fernando suddenly cried:

"*Arto!*" They came to a halt, and a deep, surly voice demanded:

"*Quien es vd?*"

To which Lieutenant Stevens answered:

"*Yo he sido soldado.*"

The answer was not altogether satisfactory, but as it was in pure Castilian, the officer hailed, tried to believe that all was right, and advanced toward the speaker, asking if he had come from Holguin. The American continued to speak in Spanish, completely throwing the officer off his guard, until the men crouching beneath the chaparral had spread out in two lines, flanking them.

"Rise!" cried the American, and at once a score of men seemed to start from the ground, covering with their rifles the unlucky Spaniards. Dark as it was, they could see the outlines of their enemies and the gleam of their gun-barrels. Fernando told the officer in command that he must surrender at once.

"Americanos!" gasped the officer.

"Si, señor."

They surrendered and were marched to the American camp. On the way, the lieutenant learned they were trying to make their way to Holguin, where they hoped to find reenforcements.

The lieutenant asked the leader of the scouts his name, and was thunderstruck at the answer.

"Colonel Illion Constellino!"

"What?" he gasped. "Are you Colonel Constellino?"

"I am."

Colonel Constellino little dreamed to whom he was talking. Fernando walked at his side in silence. Dare he ask this man the question nearest his heart? Dare he speak of the being dearer to him than all the world? This man was his rival and his foe. He was a treacherous scoundrel, and Fernando doubted if he could believe even what he might say. But the Spanish colonel was his prisoner, and good care would be taken that he did not escape.

There was no harm in asking about Viola, even

tho he might put no reliance in the answer, so he ventured:

"Colonel, you are just from Santiago. I have some friends and acquaintances there; perhaps you may know some of them, and would have no hesitancy in telling me if they were injured by the bombardment."

"If señor will give me their names, I will tell him if I know them."

"Do you know Viola Cespedes?"

"I do, señor."

"Did she suffer injury?"

"No, señor. The señora is my wife!"

The lieutenant staggered as if he had been struck a blow, and gasped:

"What—what did you say?"

"Señorita Viola is my wife, señor. We were married at the cathedral three days since."

"You are a liar!" gasped the lieutenant, white and trembling.

"Señor, you profess to be a gentleman, and yet to a prisoner you add insult. Prisoner tho I am, I demand satisfaction."

"You said Viola Cespedes was your wife, and I know it is false. Viola is too truthful, too noble to——— . Oh, no, no, she is true to me!"

"Aha, so I see you were a former lover of my wife," said the Spaniard, with a sneer. They had

by this time come within the circle of a camp-fire, and for the first time Fernando had a fair view of his prisoner's face. He was a tall, handsome man, with black hair and beard, and evil, snake-like eyes.

"Now, señor, if you are a soldier, as you said you were, you will accord me the satisfaction I demand."

"I do not believe you are a gentleman, sir, and until I am convinced that you are, I shall refuse. Tho I do not believe in dueling, if I learn from her lips that she is your wife with her own consent, then, tho you were a prisoner a thousand times, I will fight you. Married only three days hence. It is strange, señor, that you were in such haste."

"I can explain," the Spaniard answered, quite composed. "The enemy were bombarding the city. Viola's aunt was dead, and she was without a protector. So in the very cathedral which Yankee shells have so nearly wrecked, we were united in marriage. But I was called away to duty the moment the ceremony was performed, and have not seen my wife since."

The American could not get rid of the conviction that the rascal was lying in some important particular. He listened carefully to his story, and, when he had finished, said:

"We will have Santiago in a few days, colonel; then if you have told me the truth, if Viola has married you, you shall have satisfaction."

The Spanish colonel bowed and was silent. Fernando turned him over to Colonel Wood, and suggested that a strict guard be kept over him, as he was a dangerous man, and would, if the slightest opportunity offered, make his escape.

"I will see that he has not the shadow of an opportunity," Colonel Wood declared.

Fernando slept none that night. He was the most miserable man in the whole army. Even those dying suffered no more than he. The anxiety, the doubt, the hope, the fear, the dread of knowing the truth, and yet the anxiety to know it all, made him as wretched as a man could possibly be.

There were negotiations between Generals Shafter and Toral, in which terms of surrender were discussed. At first General Toral was stubborn, but at last, on the assurance that the Spanish troops would be sent back to Spain, he surrendered to Generals Shafter and Miles on Sunday morning, July 17, 1898. On this morning the Spanish troops were drawn up in line, marched out of the works, and laid down their arms to the number of seven thousand. General Toral handed his sword to General Shafter, who at once returned it to him, and this ceremony being over, the American army entered the city.

The ceremony of hoisting the Stars and Stripes was worth all the blood and treasure it cost. A concourse of ten thousand people witnessed the stirring

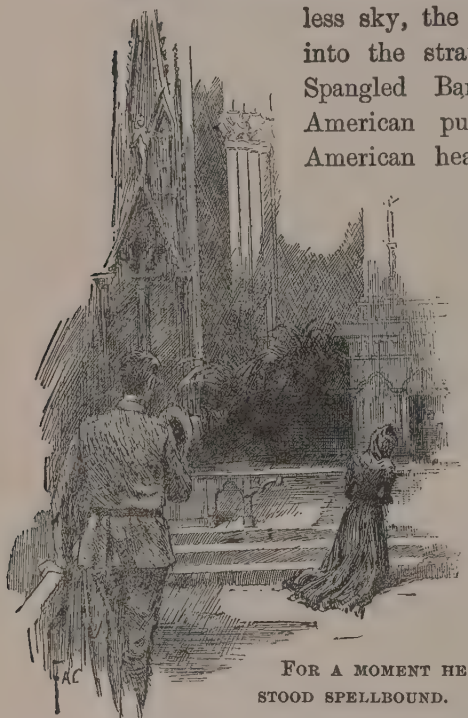
and thrilling scene that will live forever in the minds of all Americans present. A finer stage setting for a dramatic episode it would be difficult to imagine. The palace, a picturesque old dwelling in the Moorish style of architecture, faces the Plaça de la Reina, the principal public square. Opposite rises the imposing Catholic cathedral. On one side is a quaint, brilliantly painted building, with broad verandas—the club of San Carlos; on the other a building of much the same description—Café de la Venus.

Across the plaza was drawn up the Ninth Infantry, headed by the Sixth Cavalry band. In the street facing the palace stood a picked troop of the Second Cavalry with drawn sabers, under command of Captain Brett. Massed on the stone flagging, between the band and the line of horsemen, were the brigade commanders of General Shafter's division.

On the red-tiled roof of the palace stood Captain McKittrick, Lieutenant Miley, and Lieutenant Wheeler; immediately above them, upon the flagstaff, the illuminated Spanish arms, and the legend, "*Viva Alfonso XIII.*" All about, pressing against the veranda rails, crowding to the windows and doors, and lining the roofs, were the people of the town, principally women and non-combatants.

As the chimes of the ancient cathedral rang out the hour of twelve, infantry and cavalry presented arms, every American uncovered, and Captain Mc-

Kittrick hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As the brilliant folds unfurled in a gentle breeze against a fleckless sky, the cavalry band broke into the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," making the American pulse leap, and the American heart throb with joy. At the same instant the sound of the distant booming of Captain Capron's battery, firing a salute of twenty-one guns, drifted in. When the music ceased, and the echoes of the shots had died away, from all directions around the American lines there came floating across the plaza the strains of the regimental bands and the muffled, hoarse cheers of the troops.



FOR A MOMENT HE STOOD SPELLBOUND.

While the soldiers were making the welkin ring with glad shouts, a man was wandering slowly from house to house and every haunt that had once been

familiar to him. His face was the most abject picture of wo one could behold. Tho he wore the uniform of the conquerors, his was the countenance of the conquered.

Fernando Stevens had suffered the keenest mental agony since that night he captured Colonel Constellino. Had the man told him a falsehood, or was what he said literally true? The letter which the Cuban had brought him was so inconsistent with the idea of her marriage that he could not believe it true. She had expressed the tenderest solicitude for himself, and the utmost contempt and loathing for the Spanish colonel.

"My poor dove, they have wronged you, I know they have wronged you," he declared, hurrying frantically about the city. The old cathedral bell rang out the hour of twelve, the American flag went up, and the Spanish banner came down, cannon thundered, bands played, and the whole army cheered; but so intent was he upon finding Viola, that he scarce heard them, and certainly did not heed them.

At last he paused at the door of the great cathedral. It had been partially wrecked by one of the shells from the Yankee ships. He crossed over a fallen beam, the broken masonry, and a shattered door, and entered the vast hall. A somber twilight and weird gloom seemed to have settled within the cathedral. Those vast columns rising from the twi-

light of the interior were lost in the gloom overhead.

It was some moments before his eye became sufficiently accustomed to shadows to discover a form kneeling before the altar. Two wax candles burning in golden candlesticks at the rear of the altar gave forth but a feeble glow which at first was hardly perceptible. As the soldier gazed, objects in the interior became more plain, and he discovered that the figure kneeling at the altar before an image of the crucifixion was a woman. She was slender and graceful. Her back was partially toward him, so that he could not see her features, but, nevertheless, there was something about her which seemed familiar, and he felt himself instinctively drawn toward her. A strange, holy, solemn awe seemed to come over him, and for a moment he stood spellbound. It was only natural that his own pious instincts and regard for others would prompt him to retire as quietly as possible. But the impulse to go forward, to know who that fair worshiper was, prevailed, and he strode down the great aisle.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON TO PUERTO RICO.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS was aware that his act was ungenteel if not sacrilegious. Perhaps the unfortunate woman in black, kneeling before the sacred image and counting her beads, was offering up a prayer for the soul of husband, father, or brother slain in the siege. There are times in our lives when we seem wholly controlled by powers not within ourselves, and it was some such impulse that moved Lieutenant Stevens to approach the figure at the altar and say:

"Pardon, señora, but are you in great distress?"

At the sound of a voice so near the figure suddenly sprang to her feet and turned upon him a face marvelously white, eyes large, dark, and lustrous, and hair that fell in masses and folds about her fair shoulders. She was clothed in black, and the strange, agonized pallor of her face made a striking contrast. Had the intruder and worshiper both suddenly received an electric shock they could not have been more startled. For the space of thirty

seconds they stood staring at each other in perfect silence, seemingly not breathing. At last he gasped:

"God! Is it Viola?"

At sound of that whispered query, she staggered toward him, partially extended her hand, and then drew it back, sank at the altar rail and hid her face.

He went to her side, and, kneeling over her, asked:

"Viola, is it true? Colonel Constellino was captured by me several days since and told me he was your husband."

Slowly she raised her head, until those soft, liquid orbs were on his face, and asked:

"Where is he?"

"Still a prisoner, safe and unharmed. For your sake I spared him. I did not believe him; I could not."

"Ah, Holy Virgin, it is true!" she groaned, wringing her hands in agony.

Long he stood gazing at the shrinking, crouching figure at the altar rail. There was just the least indication of reproach in his voice, and there was more in his look.

"I could not believe it, Viola, had it fallen from other lips," he said in a low, severe voice. "As he is your husband, I will secure his parole and send him to you."

"No! no! señor, do not, in heaven's name. I do not want to see him. The sight of that terrible man will kill me!" she shrieked, falling on her knees before him.

"If you fear him so much, why did you marry him?" he asked, in a tone of mingled wonder and reproach.

"It was to save you, señor."

"Save me? I was in no danger."

"Surely you were a prisoner in Morro Castle. Your ship came into the harbor; I saw it sink, and saw you taken off with others to that terrible Morro. Then you sent me letters signed with your own name. I saw your photo taken after captivity, and recognized you."

Fernando sank upon a pew and buried his face in his hands. He had been told before that he bore a wonderful resemblance to Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac;* but never dreamed that his Spanish rival would take advantage of that remarkable resemblance to force the being he treasured above all others to become his wife. He grew more gentle, more reconciled, and asked her to tell him the whole story of deceit, treachery, and cunning. After a few moments she began and told him how she knew he would come with the army and navy to rescue her. That by some means Constellino learned of the paper which her mother had left her. Convinced it was

a key to enormous wealth, every subterfuge had been used by him and other Spanish officers to gain possession of it. She had a friend who went to Puerto Rico, just before the blockade began.

"Was it a Cuban who took the paper?" he asked carelessly.

"No; a Spaniard, Señor Jesu Antonius, an honorable gentleman whom I can trust with my life, has it. He is wealthy and powerful, and will save it. They would have taken it had it remained here."

Then she proceeded to tell her story of cruelty, treachery, and wrong. She was shown photographs of the captured Hobson, and so much did he resemble her lover that she believed he was in captivity. Constellino swore he should be marched out and shot in her presence if she did not wed him, and, under the belief that it was the only means of saving her lover, she consented.

For weeks the roar of cannon had resounded in the harbor, and the American army was even then thundering at the very gates of the city. The marriage ceremony was scarcely performed before the husband was ordered away, and she never saw him more. Fernando tried to convince her that the marriage, being under duress, was not legal, and the courts of his country would grant her a divorce; but she only shook her head and sobbed:

"He deceived me into a marriage, Fernando, and,

tho I am not his wife, and never will be, my church laws which regulate marriages condemn divorces, and while Constellino lives he is my husband, much as I despise him."

In vain Fernando argued and reasoned with her; she was fixed and immovable in her purpose. Viola was Castilian in education and instinct, and with her a marriage, even tho brought about through fraud, was a sacred ceremony, not to be set aside. An American girl would soon have been free from the shackles of such a villain as Constellino; but with Viola it was all different. She loved the American with her whole heart, and she so utterly detested the man who had inveigled her into a marriage that she would never see him; but while he lived she could not break the vow made at the altar.

Strange indeed is human nature. The best impulses often convert an angel into a demon. As Fernando sat there, he had half formed the resolution to go and kill the Spanish colonel. He seemed almost justified in doing so. Then he remembered that the prisoner had challenged him to fight a duel. Would it not be as well to settle the matter in that way?

Yet after some reflection his heart revolted at the thought. Dueling was a relic of barbarous ages, and practised now only by the half civilized.

Should he kill the colonel, even in a duel, he would always regard himself in the light of a murderer.

On leaving him she took his hand in her old, confiding way, and gently pleaded:

"Oh, Fernando, don't desert me now when all is so dark! I can never be your wife, as I had once hoped; but be a brother to me. I have such great need for one strong arm to lean upon."

He who loved her with his whole heart, and who could not but have sympathized with her under any circumstances, took the poor, trembling creature in his arms and whispered:

"Yes, yes, Viola; I will always belong to yŏu. This blow has nearly killed me, but I will survive it to defend you against that scoundrel. Were it not so much like murder, I would challenge him to fight."

She lived but a short distance from the cathedral, and he accompanied her home.

"I will come and see you every day," he said at the door.

"Do come, brother. I am so lonely now, and, oh, don't let him come near me! Guard me from that monster; the sight of him would kill me."

Next day, on his return, he found her considerably calmer. She had made up her mind to enter a convent and shut herself out from the gaze of the world. A nunnery seemed her only place of refuge

from him whom she dreaded. In vain he tried to dissuade her, but it was all to no purpose. She regarded herself lost to him, and thought it would add to the happiness of both if she was shut out from the face of the world. He listened patiently to her reasons, chief of which was a fear of her own weakness. She might in the end break down and consent to be divorced, which her church forbade. Much as she loved him, deeply as she had been wronged, the pious maiden would not, to save her own heart, violate the tenets of the church.

He persuaded her to delay a few weeks, as there was no danger for the present of Colonel Constellino being paroled. He then hastened to Colonel Wood, who had been promoted to Brigadier-General and Military Governor of Santiago, told him all, and asked as a favor that Colonel Constellino be kept in confinement until ready to be deported to Spain. Enough had already been learned against the colonel to warrant such a course, and the general assured him the prisoner should not be permitted to annoy Viola.

"But she is very silly to hold such a marriage binding," declared General Wood. "One of our American women would not hesitate a moment to declare it null and void, or appeal to a court for divorce."

"You don't understand Spanish character, general," said the lieutenant. "What may to us seem

a trivial matter is to Spanish women, with their peculiar education, a question of conscience. Her church does not look favorably upon divorces, and she has been taught to believe that once the priest pronounced them man and wife, nothing save death could separate them. Tho in sight of heaven he is not her husband, yet only death can release her."

"It's a pity that he was captured at all. Had he been in the trenches, he might have fallen in place of a better man, if there is any degree in the evil of dagoes."

"Now, general, I have another request to make of you. General Miles will soon sail with an expedition to Puerto Rico, and I want to go with the invading army. I want to get away from Santiago. The city is cursed, and to me it is death to remain. My father died here in some horrible manner, no doubt executed by the infernal Spanish. Here I have seen my happiest and saddest hours. I can't remain. I will die if you do not consent for me to go."

"Why, lieutenant, this matter is with your colonel. Colonel Roosevelt is your personal friend, I believe, and will no doubt be glad to do anything he can for you. If you could not get transferred to another regiment, you might resign and get an appointment on some officer's staff. You can resign at any time."

"Thank you, general, for the suggestion. I had intended to resign my commission, and hoped you would approve it."

"Under the circumstances I do. But go to the colonel and see him about it."

Fernando Stevens was on his way to Roosevelt's headquarters, when a familiar voice called to him from across the street.

"Say, leftenant, I want to talk with ye jist a minit."

"What is the trouble now, Nathan?" he asked, waiting for the private to come up to him. Fernando had not seen Private Baker since they entered the city, and supposed that he had received some startling intelligence from home. "Have you bad news?"

"I dunno, leftenant," he answered, hurrying up, his brow gathered into a mass of wrinkles as if his brain was contracted in thought. "I say, leftenant, I want to go to that Porto Reeco with the army."

"But your regiment is not going, Nathan. Colonel Roosevelt tried to induce the War Department to take it, but failed."

"Yes, but can't I go anyhow?"

"I don't know how you can."

"By jingo, I must go! I will go, leftenant. I must go somehow."

"Why are you so anxious to go?"

"I jist been talkin' with one o' them volunteers, an' he says as how he knows George Phipps, an' that George is with an Illinois regiment on the ship that didn't land, but's goin' on. Now I want to go; I must go."

Fernando could sympathize with the soldier, and, after a moment's reflection, said:

"Come with me to Colonel Roosevelt's headquarters. He is your friend, Nathan, and may arrange it in some way for you. I don't see how it can be done, Nathan; but he is very shrewd, and may light on some plan of which we would never think."

They found Colonel Roosevelt at his headquarters, and he greeted them warmly. He regarded Nathan as the savior of his life in the storming of San Juan Heights, and when he heard both stories, he was strongly inclined to grant both requests.

"I dislike to give either of you up," he said. "But you have such strong desires to go to Puerto Rico that I feel it my duty to aid you if I can. With you, lieutenant, it is an easy matter; you can resign and run the chances of getting on the staff of some officer; but with the private it is quite another thing. It is not an easy matter to transfer him from one regiment to another; but we'll do it. Difficult things have been accomplished before. There is a great deal of red tape in the army, and I have taken pleasure in cutting some of it; I may be

able to do it again. I will try to find some man in some regiment going to Puerto Rico who wants to remain; let you go in his place and he stay in yours. By mutual agreement with company officers he can answer to your name at roll-call and you to his."

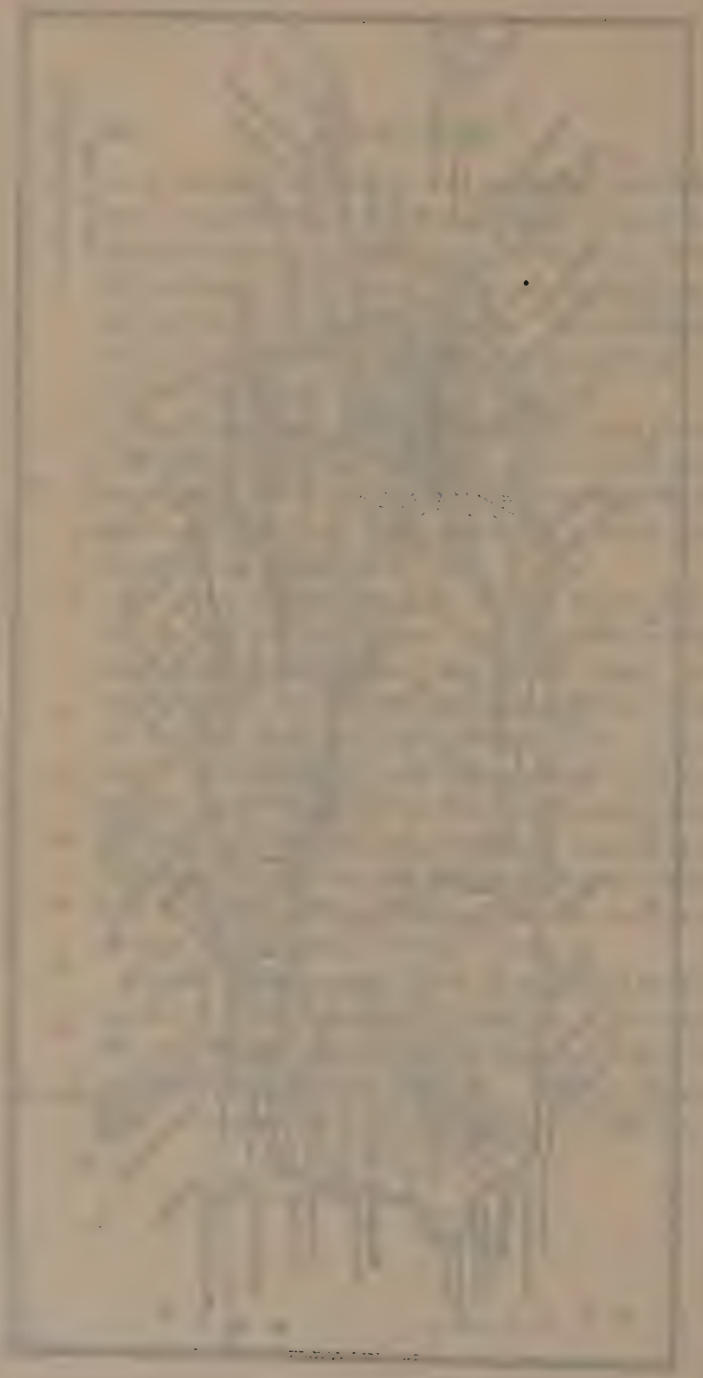
The surrender of Santiago had not been altogether as pleasant as might have been hoped. General Garcia, indignant at a supposed slight from the American general in command at Santiago, withdrew with his forces, and addressed a letter to General Shafter, in which he set forth his grievances. The brave old general—sad, broken-hearted, and disgusted at his own treatment—uttered these words, which came from his heart:

"Are we really free, or have we only exchanged one master for another?"

He was a good man, but to the day of his death never fully understood the American people.

Scarcely had the American flag been flung to the breeze over the Governor's palace, when General Miles began preparations for the Puerto Rican expedition.

The army of the United States, tho in the tropics in midsummer and at the beginning of the sickly season, was unusually active. The sluggish sons of the torrid zone were stunned at Yankee courage, humiliated by Yankee generosity, and amazed at Yankee energy. What they had supposed would



render of Santiago, went to Guantanamo, where he went aboard the convoy *Yale.*

By the terms of the surrender of Santiago, a large portion of the district was surrendered with the city, the soldiers laying down their arms, and the United States agreeing to transport the army back to Spain.

On the 18th and 19th, 6,200 American troops left Tampa, Florida, in transports, and on the 19th orders were issued from the War Department, providing for the almost immediate embarkation of a second detachment of troops from the United States. The orders provided for the removal of several regiments of volunteers from Chickamauga to Newport News, where they would go on board the transport ships waiting for them. The troops affected by this order belonged to Brigadier-General Bains's brigade, the Fourth Pennsylvania, the Fourth Ohio, and three Southern regiments of infantry. Four batteries of artillery were also ordered to move at the same time and to the same place. A thousand horses and ambulance-wagons went from Chickamauga to Newport News next day to embark on the Puerto Rican expedition.

Fernando Stevens had secured an excellent temporary home for Viola, and, after exacting a promise from her not to enter a convent or take the vows of a nun for a few weeks at least, left her. He resigned his commission and secured an appointment

on the staff of a colonel of one of the Southern regiments. Through the untiring efforts of Colonel Roosevelt, who always deemed it a duty and a pleasure to serve those beneath him in social or official life, Nathan Baker was transferred to the ranks of one of the invading regiments.

On the 21st and 22d of July, that part of the expedition at Santiago and Guantanamo sailed for Puerto Rico, leaving Shafter in command. The mines were removed from the harbor, and the Spanish flag on Morro was replaced by the Stars and Stripes.

On the 23d, four large war-ships were reported off Cape Haytien, Haiti, going in the direction of Puerto Rico. Captain Vols, of the German bark *Carl*, which arrived in that port that day, said he saw eight American war-ships at nine o'clock the night before off the coast of Haiti. He had a searchlight on his ship and tried to make out the names of the Americans, but they were too far away. While it was known that the Spanish fleet was destroyed, and it was believed that the spirit of Spanish opposition was broken, nevertheless considerable anxiety was felt in regard to the expedition.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WAYSIDE ROMANCE.

WHILE the Spaniards were expecting General Miles to land at Cape San Juan, and preparing to meet him there, he held a consultation on the 25th of July with his officers and informed them that they would suddenly dart in by the Mona Passage, land at Guanica, and by this sudden flank movement strike the enemy at a point where they were least prepared to receive them. The course of the fleet was immediately changed in accordance with this command, and the expedition under General Brooke directed to follow.

Guanica was close to the railroad leading into Ponce, and it was considered very desirable to secure this means of transportation for troops and supplies. Guanica Bay is a quiet place, surrounded by cultivated lands. In the rear are high mountains, while close to the beach nestles a village of twenty houses. The Spaniards were taken so completely by surprise that the first warning they received of the approach of the army of invasion was in the announcement

contained in the report of a gun from the *Gloucester*, demanding that the Spaniards haul down their flag, which was floating from the flagstaff in front of a blockhouse standing to the east of the village. Two three-pounders were fired into the hills right and left of the bay, purposely avoiding the town for fear some of the women or children might be hurt by the shot. The *Gloucester* hove to, within about six hundred yards of the shore, and lowered a launch, having on board a Colt rapid-fire gun and thirty men, under command of Lieutenant Huse, which reached shore without encountering opposition.

Scarcely had the Americans landed, tho, when about thirty Spaniards appeared at the upper end of the valley and opened fire on them with Mauser rifles. The Americans answered their shots, and the Colt rapid-fire gun poured a stream of shot at the enemy. The firing had scarcely commenced when the *Gloucester* began to shell the Spaniards' position with her three- and six-pounders, shattering the houses, and dropping shells even into the woods and hills to the west of Guanica, where a number of Spanish cavalry were to be seen hastening toward the spot where the Americans had landed.

There was a brief lull in the conflict, which Lieutenant Huse took advantage of to throw up a little

earthwork, which he named Fort Wainwright in honor of the commander of the *Gloucester*.

The Spanish cavalry, which had been seen skirting the hills, joined the infantry fighting in the streets, and seemed forming for a charge. The Americans in the little fort poured in a destructive fire on them, and the Colt gun barked to a purpose. Men began to fall and blood flow. The *Gloucester* also having found the range of the town and blockhouse, all her guns began to belch fire and death.

Soon afterward, white-coated, galloping cavalrymen were seen climbing the hills to the westward, while foot soldiers were scurrying along the fences from the town. Four dead Spaniards were found lying in the streets.

By 9:48 A.M., with the exception of a few guerrillas, the town was won and the enemy driven out of its neighborhood. The Red Cross nurses and the regulars were the first to land from the transports. Lieutenant Huse, being reenforced by Company G of the Sixth Illinois and the regulars, threw out a line of pickets about the town to protect the troops and Red Cross nurses landing.

The campaign of General Miles was more like a grand triumphal procession in a friendly country than the invasion of a hostile land for the purpose of conquest. The city of Ponce was formally turned over to the Americans. On July 28, Ferdinand

Torro, the British consul, acting in behalf of the Spaniards, placed the town and fort in possession of Major-Gen. Nelson A. Miles. As Generals Miles and Wilson entered the city, they were met by the Bombero, or city fire brigade, and bands playing American airs. The people cheered the generals as they went to the city hall to receive the formal surrender from Mayor Colon.

The political prisoners in the *Cuartel de Infantaria* were released by the Americans. Redolf Figeroa was saved in the nick of time from being shot by the Spaniards. He was charged with having cut the telegraph wire between Ponce and San Juan the night before. He cut the wires to prevent the authorities in Ponce from sending to San Juan for reenforcements. He had been led from his cell for execution, when the Americans suddenly burst into the harbor. The Spaniards fled and Figeroa escaped. Some men who had been political prisoners for years were released.

Those citizens who fled before the approach of the Americans, on learning that they had no intention of interfering with the private rights of any one, returned to the city, bringing back their treasures to the banks and stores, which they had feared would be looted by those terrible Yankees.

The Second and Third Wisconsin troops scouted over the hills for lurking Spaniards, while the Six-

teenth Pennsylvania, which landed at noon, patroled the city.

A splendid military road of macadam extended from Ponce to San Juan. Along this road across the island the main fighting was expected. There were seven towns along the road to be taken, but at only Aibonito and Caguas, General Miles was told, he need expect any serious opposition.

Fernando Stevens, who landed with the first American troops, went to Ponce with General Miles, and there was detached for service under Lieut. Luke W. Terrill, who was a splendid specimen of manhood from that splendid rearing-ground of men, Kentucky. He was a good six feet in height, with a fine sweep of shoulders and the free stride of an Indian. His eyes were frank and blue. His hair and mustache were the color of the chestnuts in the woods at home. Terrill and Stevens, with fifty men, were sent to guard the hacienda of a rich Spaniard from Barcelona, who, with a small party of Spanish troops, was still skirmishing near Ponce. The Puerto Ricans hated him because he was a Spaniard and wealthy, and only spent a month or two of the year at his hacienda.

When it became known that the American army intended to invade Puerto Rico, the Spaniard's patriotism could no longer be restrained, and he began to organize a body of loyalists to aid in the defense of

the island. While the conduct of the Spaniard will be applauded by patriots of all nations, it aroused the intense hatred of the Puerto Ricans.

It soon became known at the headquarters of General Miles that the Puerto Ricans, in their mad frenzy and recently awakened enthusiasm for America, would destroy the beautiful home and plantation of the Spanish officer, and that even the wife and daughter were in danger of indignities from the rage of the insurgents.

The officers and men detailed for this duty hastened to the grand hacienda, and not a moment too soon. The Puerto Ricans were preparing to rush down upon the plantation and destroy it, and the American troops had to drive them away at the point of the bayonet.

Señorita Maxia Antonius, the beautiful daughter of the rich old don, her mother and servants were all who were at the hacienda, tho they soon had good reason to believe that the father was lurking near in the mountains. Lieutenant Terrill from the moment he saw the great dark eyes and beautiful face of Señorita Maxia was strangely impressed. Fortunately she spoke English well, and was highly educated and accomplished. While she learned to appreciate the many kind favors of her conqueror, her mother never lost an opportunity to express her hatred of the Yankees.

There were frequent skirmishes in the woods and mountains between bands of Puerto Ricans and the rear-guard of the Spanish army falling back on Aibonito. Often the distant crack of Mausers and the yells of combatants could be heard from the broad verandas of the old hacienda.*

Officers and soldiers found this post of duty irksome, and Lieutenant Terrill began to wish that something would happen to stir his blood. Something did happen before he had been long at his post.

A little procession filed out of the wood and up the hill. A torn handkerchief waved from a branch the bearer had cut in the woods. It was a pitiful flag of truce, and the lieutenant ordered his men to lower their guns. As the procession came nearer, it could be seen that the men bore a litter, on which lay a pale, blood-stained Spanish officer. The Kentuckian and Fernando went to meet them.

"I surrender, Americano; it is final," gasped the man on the litter, with a grim attempt at a joke.

Lieutenant Terrill moistened the old man's lips from the contents of a canteen, and bade his own men relieve the tired Spaniards who carried the litter. He made them halt until he loosened the coat

*The story of Lieutenant Terrill was told in the press shortly after the conquest of Puerto Rico.

that seemed too tight for the heavy chest of the Spaniard in his death-agony.

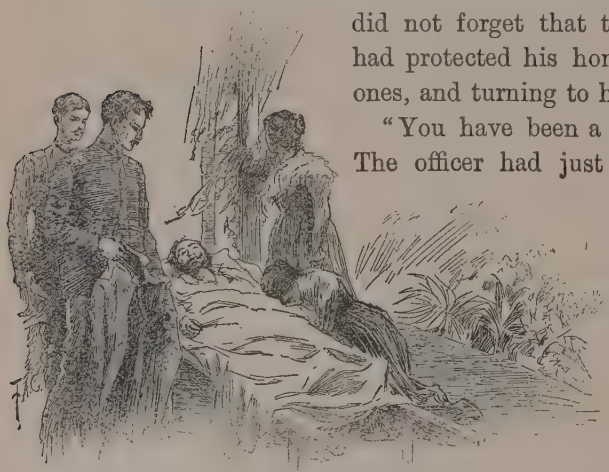
"You have protected my home and my little one. Thanks! Thanks!" groaned the wounded man.

And they carried Captain Antonius to his home. He begged them to let him rest upon the veranda.

"I am too tired; I can go no further," he said. "I want to die by my hacienda, but in the sunshine. Call Maxia!"

The beautiful daughter was called to her dying father. She came and kissed his cheek and wept as a frightened child. He placed a hand on her beautiful head, covered by a mass of glossy silken hair, and spoke just such gentle, encouraging words as only a dying father can. All the while, the big Kentuckian stood by his fallen enemy, tears streaming down his cheek. In this his last hour the Spaniard did not forget that the Americano had protected his home and loved ones, and turning to him, said:

"You have been a generous foe." The officer had just removed the coat of the Spaniard, which was saturated with blood.



"AMERICANO, YOU HAVE BEEN A GENEROUS FOE."

For a mo-

ment the captain gazed into his face and said: "Keep the coat; its blood-stains and its bullet-holes will remind you of a Spaniard's death-wound and his thanks."

Tenderly and silently the American folded the bullet-torn, blood-stained garment.

"Americano, the darkness and cold are coming. Kiss me, my friend. *Adios!*"

The Kentuckian stooped above the dying Spaniard, touched his paling bearded lips with his own, and discovered that the darkness and cold had indeed come.

Maxia, who had been holding her father's hand in hers, felt the fingers stiffen and grow chill. She pressed her olive cheek close to his black-bearded one, and again felt the chill. As she stood weeping beside him there, it was easy to note the resemblance of her delicate profile to his harsher one, and even a stranger could have told that Captain Jesu Antonius, dead, and Maxia Antonius, mourning, were father and daughter.

Lieutenant Terrill led the weeping girl away from the stark, soldierly figure on the hacienda veranda. A wrinkled, yellow duenna met him at the door and snatched the girl's hand from his arm.

"Accursed Americano! There is your work! You shall not enter here!"

Crossing herself and mumbling, she hurried the

girl away, but not before Señorita Maxia Antonius had given him a backward glance of grief and gratitude.

The Spanish physician tolerated the touch of the American upon the body of Captain Antonius. He saw it was a strong, wise, and tender touch. He permitted him to help carry the dead captain within; then he dismissed him, and Lieutenant Terrill returned to his detachment on duty, guarding the hacienda, his heart filled with grief, firmly resolving to protect the helpless Maxia.

The day after the death of the Spanish captain, Lieutenant Terrill was ordered to Guayama. Carefully packed in his meager luggage was a coat of the Spanish army pattern, with an officer's badge and the rents and blood-stains from four bullets. The withered and yellow duenna who brought it to him bowed and forgot to cross herself when she went away.

When Terrill packed that coat among his belongings, he looked upon the breast of it for the stain of tears dropped from the eyes of pretty Señorita Maxia. He blushed like a girl, called himself a sentimental fool, strode about, and smoked furiously.

The yellow fiend had been let loose in Ponce, and people were dying by the score. It was foolhardy for Lieutenant Terrill to wander to that city from Guayama, for at that time more dangers threatened

the American than yellow fever. Ponce had been abandoned by American soldiers, and Spanish sympathizers had resumed their tyranny. Lieutenant Terrill could give no satisfactory reason for his visit to Ponce. He was not apt at inventions, and had he told them that a fancy to be nearer the lovely Señorita Maxia Antonius had been the moving cause of his journey, they would have jeered at him for his presumption. As it was, they cried:

"A spy! A spy!"

The lieutenant was arrested and thrown into prison. He was not permitted to send a message to his regiment nor to his home. While not wholly *incommunicado*, he was so despised and feared as a spy that no one in Ponce would be the bearer of a word from him. The jailor was insolent, and the guards made ghastly pantomimes of a blindfolded man before a line of men who were aiming Mauser rifles at him. The lieutenant thought that his sentimental folly had got him into a fix, from which he would not be able to extricate himself.

One day there was a disturbance outside of the jail, causing Lieutenant Terrill to look through the barred windows. Was the pantomime of the blindfolded man standing before a line of Spanish soldiery with Mauser rifles to be enacted? He set his teeth firmly and resolved to die with all the stoic heroism of a Kentuckian and an American officer.

Spanish soldiers armed with Mauser rifles were coming; but at their head, however, walked a young and graceful figure, whose bent head was gracefully draped with a lace mantilla, through which the outline of the olive cheek could be seen—the same cheek he had seen pressed against the bearded face of the dead captain. Beside her walked a withered, yellow duenna. Was it cruelty or pity that prompted them to come to his execution. The jailor unlocked the door, and in a manner that was most deferential said:*

"You are free, señor Americano."

Señorita Antonius was just behind the jailor.

"I—you—it is pleasant that you are free, señor," she stammered. "You were so good to my dear father," and a tear trickled through her long, black, silken lashes.

The impulsive Kentuckian grasped the señorita's little hand in both his own, even while the duenna gasped, and the Spanish soldiers looked as if ready to aim their Mauser rifles.

"Pleasant to be free, but heavenly to owe it to you!" he cried, even while the olive face turned crimson.

The guard disappeared, and the lieutenant, señorita, and duenna went to the nearest hotel, where he learned the whole story of his rescue, which placed

* A true incident.

him under double obligations to the Spanish maiden. Señorita Antonius shyly told him how a Spanish color-sergeant, who was one of her suitors, had boasted that an American had been prowling insanely and alone about Ponce, and that he had been imprisoned, and would be shot as a spy, tho it was the color-sergeant's opinion that he was only a lunatic. Somehow the señorita came to suspect that the lunatic was her late protector and her father's friend. Convinced of the correctness of her opinion, through the influence of her dead father's name she managed to secure his release, and at the conclusion could not repress her joy at having been the means of saving his life.

She looked very sweetly on him from beneath her mantilla, tho the duenna frowned and mumbled. Lieut. Luke Terrill of Louisville, Kentucky, was no laggard in love or war, and he proposed to the señorita, and was accepted. The 19th of November following was set for the wedding, when at the little church in Ponce, in sight of the grave of her father, she was to wed the man to whom the dying captain said:

"Americano, the darkness and cold are coming. Kiss me, my friend. *Adios.*"

The lieutenant intended to follow his betrothed next day to the hacienda, but an order came for him to report at once to Guayama. With the precious

coat still in his luggage, he returned to his company, where he had left Lieutenant Stevens in command.

After listening to his romantic story, Fernando said:

"Your romance, tho sad, has a silver lining, while mine seems destined to close in despair." Then he told how he had for two years loved Viola; how they were betrothed, but were unable to wed; how he had come with the invading army to save her, and she, believing Hobson, the prisoner, was her lover, had wed his rival to save the prisoner's life.

"Why, that marriage is not legal," declared the lieutenant. "Why don't she get a divorce and free herself from the old cuss?"

"I have urged her to do that, lieutenant, but she has religious and conscientious scruples against doing so. She is a Catholic, and her church does not look with favor on divorces. I have used every argument I know, but all to no purpose."

"Then I'd kill the infernal Spaniard who married her and make her a widow."

"I have been tempted to do so, but it would seem so much like murder that I shrink from the act."

"Yet I believe that in this case it would be justifiable. Just think of the cussed dago chuckling at the trick he played you which robbed you of the woman who should be your wife."

They were sitting in the tent of the lieutenant. He took the coat from his luggage and laid it across his knee, gazing tenderly on the dark stain upon the breast, where the bullets had gone through.

"Lieutenant Stevens, war is cruel. General Sherman was correct when he said: "'War is hell!' It seems very strange that man, created in the image of his Maker, and gifted with powers of reason and love, should thus seek to destroy the life of his brother."

"Yes, but you must bear in mind that, while we have the emotion of love, we also have the emotion of hate," returned Fernando.

"True; but love is so much more pleasant, it should always predominate and conquer the other."

"It should, but it does not. If all natures were gifted like yours, lieutenant, we might have the millennium right now. But while we find a few Spaniards like Captain Antonius, kind, loving, and forgiving, we find others like Weyler and Constellino, who arouse all the hatred in our souls."

Lieutenant Terrill continued to gaze on the coat and pass his hand gently over the side. His mind was no doubt more on the daughter of the man who wore that coat in life than on the precious relic. As he passed his hand along the breast something like paper rattled in the inside pocket, and he turned the coat over.

Thrusting his hand into the pocket, he drew out a large official envelope.

"Some title deeds or army orders," he thought, but a glance at the name on the back of the envelope caused him to doubt if it was either. The name of *Viola Cespedes* was on the envelope.

"Why, this is curious," remarked Lieutenant Terrill, glancing carefully at the paper. "This belongs to Viola Cespedes. Who is she?"

Lieutenant Stevens was sitting in an abstracted manner, gazing vacantly about him, his mind on the fair being back in Santiago, who perhaps then had taken the holy vows of the church which would shut her forever from his sight. At sound of the name he started up and asked:

"What did you say? What name was that you just now spoke?"

"Viola Cespedes. This envelope is hers. Here is something in Spanish which you may read, lieutenant, for I can not."

He took the envelope and read:

"Received this envelope from Viola Cespedes, which I am to keep for her, and which I will do with my life. Santiago, April 30, 1898. JESU ANTONIUS."

"Lieutenant, pardon my seeming rudeness and curiosity. I must see the contents of this paper!" exclaimed Fernando.

"Do you know Viola Cespedes?"

"She is the maiden of Santiago to whom I was betrothed. I remember now that she told me she had given a paper to Señor Antonius to prevent it falling into the hands of Toral and Constellino. This must be the paper to which she alluded."

"Read it and see."

With this permission, Fernando broke the seal and took from the envelope a sheet of paper, yellow with time. On this was written in Spanish the following directions:

"Stand in the center of the dungeon *Del Diableto* with face toward the door. Then at the corner on the right, count up from bottom seven layers of stone, and nine from corner on the right. The ninth stone has been loosened. Remove it and in the space back of it you will find a valuable secret."

For a moment the two officers sat gazing at each other in amazement. The Kentuckian was first to break the silence:

"What in the name of creation does all that hog Latin mean?"

"I remember now, lieutenant, that she once told me the story. Her mother's father was an insurgent in the 'seventies, and was captured and sent to the old Morro Castle to prison. He was confined in the dungeon called '*The Dungeon of the Devil*,' where all condemned prisoners are kept. As he was led forth to execution, he was taken to the church for

mass, which I believe is a privilege the Spaniards gave their victims. Here he met his daughter, and thrust this bit of paper in her hand. It was written with a pewter spoon on this piece of paper, which he chanced to have in his possession. She retraced the lines in ink so as to preserve it, and, at her death, gave it to her daughter."

"Well, why hasn't some one gone to Morro and seen what is behind the rock?" asked Lieutenant Terrill.

"That has been tried on several occasions, but the Spaniards would never let any one do it. I tried once myself to solve this mystery for her, but was denied admission to the dungeon."

"There are no Spaniards now to interfere."

"No, and, lieutenant, if you will let me have this paper, as soon as the conquest of Puerto Rico is complete I will return to Santiago, and go with Viola to the castle and solve this mystery.

The Kentuckian, who was the soul of honor, reflected a moment and asked:

"Would it be right?"

"Certainly; if Captain Antonius was living and knew all the facts as you know them, he would not hesitate a moment."

"No, of course he wouldn't, and I won't either. Yes, you are the very person who ought to have the key, if any one, and I know you'll take it to her."

"I shall if I live."

A few days later Lieutenant Terrill was stricken down with yellow fever, and sent home on the *Relief*, while Fernando took his place, and prepared to push on with the army to the final conquest of the island.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GEORGE PHIPPS.

THE different divisions of General Miles's army were landing and driving the enemy before them when an enemy was to be found. On July 26, General Henry's division landed at Guanica and advanced toward Ponce from that point, taking *en route* the cities of Yauco, Tallabo, Sabana Grand, and Ponules. At Yauco they were welcomed by the alcalde, and a public proclamation was issued, dated "Yauco, Puerto Rico, United States of America, July 27." Major Webb Hayes, of the Sixth Ohio, a son of former President Hayes, raised the American flag on the palace amid cheers from the populace. Tho the people seemed really glad that the Americans had come, they feared an uprising of the natives in the interior, who, it was asserted, would rob, kill, and destroy property in revenge for many years of Spanish misrule.

Attempts were made by the Spaniards to blow up the bridges and destroy the railroad between Yauco and Ponce, but the efforts failed, and on the 29th,

General Henry reached the latter city. General Miles was in constant communication with all his forces, directing their movements with the skill of a master. The artillery was kept steadily in the advance, and in two or three days after taking Ponce he had the entire army encamped along the military road to San Juan, ready for a cautious advance on the capital of the island.

On the 31st of July, the second part of General Miles's army of invasion arrived at Samana Bay, on the northeastern coast of Hayti. The gunboat *Annapolis* was scouting off the western end of Puerto Rico to convoy General Brooke's transports when they should appear. The monitor *Puritan* arrived off San Juan, and next day Captain-General Macias, in command of the Spanish forces in Puerto Rico, cabled to Madrid that several American war-ships and transports loaded with troops were off San Juan, and he was expecting an attack at any time. The city of San Juan continued quiet, altho all the batteries were kept manned in constant expectation of an attack. Communication between San Juan and all points in the district of Ponce had been cut off.

As early as August 1, the whole army at Ponce had begun a gradual and cautious advance northward on the great military road leading to San Juan city. On this day four companies of Pennsylvania volunteers advanced and encamped at a point eight miles

beyond the city of Ponce, and Colonel Hulings with ten companies of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania occupied Juan Dìaz, ten miles beyond Ponce on the way to San Juan. The American flag was raised amid the wildest cheers and shouts of enthusiasm of the overjoyed populace.

By August 3, nine Puerto Rican towns had been taken. No serious opposition was met until the army of invasion reached Guayama, August 6. This city had a population of 16,000 inhabitants, and was the most imposing town, aside from Ponce, on the south side of the island. When the vicinity of the city was reached, it was known that there were some Spanish cavalry near, and the troops proceeded cautiously along the road to within a mile of the town. At that point the road was level, and no signs of Spaniards were seen anywhere. The last mile of the road runs through a cut in the mountain and up a steep hill. Before this was reached the Third Illinois halted, and Colonel Bennett was ordered to guard the cross-road leading to the rear of the city. The advance of the Fourth Ohio entered the cut, and had proceeded less than two hundred yards, when a hailstorm of Spanish bullets on both sides of the mountain whistled over their heads. The guards fell back, firing as they retreated, and the main body hurried forward, also firing up the hill-sides. Farther along the road the Americans

were suddenly confronted by a barricade, made of structural iron works and filled in with sand. As the United States troops advanced, the Spaniards began firing from behind the barricade. Their shots, however, were wild, most of them passing over the heads of the Americans.

Deploying parties were sent up the hill to flank the Spaniards, and, as they advanced, the barbed-wire fences were in evidence. These were quickly cut with machetes, of which they had quite a number, and in a short time about one hundred Americans rushed up the hill, and lined the road on both sides. A Gatling-gun poured incessant fire into the Spanish barricade. The Spaniards mysteriously disappeared, but the Ohio volunteers continued to pour in their volleys upon the sand and iron.

After reaching the hill-top, the deployers began directing their shots ahead, and the remainder of the Americans pushed forward, firing as they advanced. This roused the enemy in ambuscade, and they discharged their weapons with great rapidity, wounding several Americans; but now that they had been uncovered, the fire of the Americans was concentrated on them, they were quickly driven off, and the Americans entered the city.

There was some desultory firing on the part of the Spaniards as the Americans approached the suburbs, but no damage was done. As the advance

troops approached the town, a man appeared waving something white, which proved to be his shirt, the only flag of truce immediately available. He announced that the town surrendered to the Americans unconditionally. As General Haines entered the city with the advance of the Americans, it seemed wholly deserted. All the houses were closed, and there was not a human being in sight. But when he reached the public square, or *grande plaza*, doors suddenly swung open, windows flew up, heads appeared, and their owners anxiously gazed about, taking in the situation, then quickly withdrew.

After repeating this operation several times and finding they were neither shot nor dragged from their homes, the people rushed into the streets, shouting:

"*Viva los Americanos!*"

General Haines had scarcely stationed a guard on the principal streets leading into town, and raised the Stars and Stripes, when the Spaniards from the hill-sides opened fire on the town, but were quickly driven away and never returned.

Tho it was known at this time that overtures for peace had been made through the French ambassador, no armistice had yet been granted, and the conquest of Puerto Rico was to continue until Spain acceded to the terms laid down by the President.

By August 7, the beginning of the end of the remarkable campaign was at hand. The American

troops were heading toward the Arecibo district, on the north coast, to the east of San Juan. Schwan's brigade, consisting of the Eleventh and Nineteenth regulars, and two batteries of light artillery, started at two o'clock. One battalion of the Nineteenth and Colonel Black with five hundred Puerto Rican laborers took the Ajuntas road.

On the morning of August 8, the American advance, comprising the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and the Second and Third Wisconsin, aided by volunteer artillery, came upon the Spanish forces at Coamo. The battle opened when the Americans broke camp and began to advance on the city. A strong line of skirmishers thrown out in advance of the army soon struck the enemy's advance pickets. These fell back, firing their rifles to warn their friends. The Spanish army under General Illeaseas hastened to meet the invaders in the suburbs of the town. The Americans boldly advanced to the attack, their line one stream of flashing fire. General Illeaseas, three of his officers, and seventeen men were killed, about two hundred made prisoners, and the remainder fled.

There were two blockhouses at the entrance of the city, which the Americans quickly subdued; then they entered the town and hoisted the American flag.

On the 9th, two hours before daybreak, a severe fight occurred at the lighthouse at Cape San Juan,

Puerto Rico. The lighthouse was taken by the Americans when they first reached the cape, and forty-one sailors, commanded by Lieutenant Atwater, Assistant Engineer Jenkins, Ensign Bronson, and Gunner Campbell were sent to guard it. The Spaniards, who had been lurking in the vicinity, made a dash on the blockhouse at about two o'clock in the morning; but the sailors had been warned by some Puerto Rican refugees, and were awake. They opened fire on the enemy, who returned it, wounding a sailor named Boardman. The little tug *Leyden* steamed close inshore and opened on the enemy with her one-pound cannon. The Spaniards were driven back, the lighthouse abandoned and destroyed, and the sailors taken aboard the *Leyden* and conveyed to Ponce.

On the 10th of August, General Schwan's command, on its way to Mayaguez, uncovered a force of Spaniards in the hills lying off the city road, near Harmigueros. The Spaniards occupied a position in a northwesterly direction from the Rosario River. The entire Spanish force of the Mayaguez garrison was said to be stationed in the hills, comprising one thousand regulars and two hundred volunteers. A general engagement followed, in which the Americans lost two killed and fifteen wounded. The Spaniards were routed with loss, and General Schwan was to push on to Arecibo.

The storm-center was gathering about Aibonito or San Juan, and the military sages were busy in their calculations as to which point the bolt would strike. General Wilson was moving steadily on Aibonito, and General Brooke advancing slowly. The Spanish had their choice of retiring from Aibonito to San Juan or Lares, or from Arecibo to San Juan or Aibonito. If they preferred to make a stand, they had a strong position in the mountain passes at the latter place. General Miles's engineers were repairing the bridges on the roads between Coamo and Aibonito, which was the next point to be attacked, and as the Spaniards were assembled there in force, there was no longer a doubt that the storm which had been gathering on the island since the invasion commenced would burst at this point. Scouts were sent far out from the main body to locate the roads and paths leading to Aibonito, and learn if possible if there were any Spaniards between the city and the advancing armies.

There was a general surrounding and driving the game to one central point. On the afternoon of the 9th, Troop C, of Brooklyn, advanced to within three miles of Aibonito. They were discovered by the enemy's outposts, and the artillery, in fortifications on a hill which enabled it to cover the military road, opened on them. After a sharp skirmish, Troop C retired without loss.

A reconnoitering party started to find a route to flank the hills on which two thousand five hundred Spaniards were entrenched. Captain Clayton, of Troop C, of Brooklyn, with one man, went close to the enemy's position and discovered the lay of land on the other side. There were four fortified peaks commanding a zigzag road, with five different bends, and other earthworks to be encountered. General Wilson moved up his artillery to a point within one thousand seven hundred yards. A deep valley intervened, and, except for the distance, the enemy was a splendid target. White-uniformed Spanish soldiers could be seen sitting on the ridges of the trenches, with their feet hanging over. As the Americans advanced, the Spaniards opened fire on the road, which was occupied by the Third Wisconsin, acting as an outpost. A Spanish battery stationed on the topmost peak of the mountain sent a volley of shells down upon the heads of the Americans below. One of these burst over the head of Captain McCoy, of Company L, killing a corporal and wounding two privates.

The Spaniards were shelled out of their original position, and for a time their guns silenced. But after a few minutes their cannon again roared, and they also began a sharp infantry fire, their volleys showing that the hill-side was swarming with hidden infantry, whose smokeless Mausers did not reveal

their position. Lieutenant Haines, of the Third Artillery, was wounded.

General Wilson, knowing that negotiations for peace would in two or three days at most result in a protocol or armistice, and being desirous of saving human life, sent Colonel Bliss to Aibonito, demanding the surrender of the city. On the 13th, he received the following response from Colonel Nueyillas in command:

"Tell the American general if he desires to avoid further shedding of blood to remain where he is."

On the 12th of August, the day before the receipt of this defiant answer, the protocol had been signed, and the President had by proclamation declared hostilities at an end. The officers of the War and Navy Departments had been and still were doing everything in their power to prevent bloodshed, but the news had not yet reached the advance of the army in Puerto Rico.

General Brooke, who had been to Arroyo, returned to his army on the 14th. The forces had been carefully advancing, and the terrible assault was about to commence. He determined to engage the Spaniards at the point where they had attacked the Fourth Ohio. The Spaniards were strongly entrenched, and there was no doubt that the issue would be bloody. The guns of Battery B were advanced and sighted. The regiments were formed and the conflict about to

open, when some one called the attention of General Brooke to a horseman riding under whip and spur toward him. His horse white with foam, he galloped up to the general, saying:

"An order from General Miles!"

General Brooke read the message, and said loud enough to be heard by all near him:

"There will be no fight, boys; peace has been declared."

Then, turning to Lieutenant McLaughlin, he added: "You came fifteen minutes too soon; the troops will be disappointed."

It was indeed a disappointment to those brave soldiers who had been so anxious to engage the enemy in a decisive battle. Had the message been delayed ten minutes, the battle would have been raging, and if once it had commenced, it is doubtful if the officers could have prevented the soldiers carrying the works by storm.

From General Brooke's position, the Spaniards could be seen sitting on the edge of the hill as the Americans turned and made their way back to Guayama. The Spaniards, who were awaiting the attack with all the stoical indifference of the Gallic race, were astonished at the maneuvers of the invaders. Perhaps they surmised that this seeming retreat meant victory for the retiring troops.

The war was over, and the fighting in Puerto Rico

"YOU CAME FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO SOON."

ended. The roads leading from Aibonito to the various points at which they were to remain until the terms of the treaty could be enforced were filled with soldiers, grumbling at the sudden turn of affairs and heartily wishing that the authorities responsible for the war had not been quite so anxious to end it.

One soldier, evidently lost from his command, was sitting at the side of the road under a broad-leaved banana, mopping his face with his handkerchief. His rifle lay on the ground at his side, his hat was pushed back well on his head, and his brow gathered into a knot of wrinkles, as if he was troubled in his mind.

"That man must a-been mistaken," he finally remarked, in a reflecting sort of way. "I've tramped an' tramped all over this part o' Porto Reeco, an' asked everybody I've seen, but can't hear nothin' 'bout him."

A young officer, whose face was bronzed by tropical suns, came up to where the soldier was sitting, and asked:

"Why are you here? Are you wounded, or sick?"

"No, leftenant, I'm tired."

"Nathan Baker, is it you? Well, Nathan, the war is over, and you will soon go home."

Nathan again mopped his face and said:

"Yes'n, I hain't seen hide nur hair o' him. They

told me he war with some Illinois soljers, but I hain't found him."

"Nathan, an army of men is a large body to seek one in. After all, what good would it do you to find this man? It could not bring your dead wife back, nor could it give you the home you lost. Try to forget the past."

"Leftenant Stevens, I've tried mighty hard to forget it, but I can't do it to save my life. Somethin' tells me I must see him."

Large bodies of troops were passing them, and the soldier under the shade of the banana suddenly leaped to his feet and ran to a man who had fallen out of the ranks, and was hurrying forward, musket in hand, to rejoin his company.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled Nathan, seizing the fellow by the shoulder and turning him around. "Oh, by gosh, I reckon I know ye."

"Why, Nathan, is it you?"

"Yes, George, I thought ye'd know me. Come out here an let's sit down an' rest; we kin go on after a while. I wanter talk with ye anyway."

"I didn't know you were in Puerto Rico, Nathan."

"Ye didn't? Well, I knowed you war here."

"Were you the man who was asking for me? A sergeant in another company said some one had been to our regiment asking about me."

"I reckon it war me, George."

"STOP!" YELLED NATHAN.

The two stragglers dropped beneath the broad banana shade, and the army kept on passing by. There was nothing unusual in two, three, or more men falling out of ranks from exhaustion.

Fernando Stevens remained near the soldiers, for he was in doubt as to the result of the meeting.

"Well, Nathan, how have ye been since I last saw ye?" asked George Phipps.

"Bad enough, George, bad enough,—wife's dead."

"What! Poor woman, I thought she warn't strong."

"No, she warn't stout, that's so; but the blow killed her. I war mightily hope up about her, when ye left, an' we thought we had a home all our own. But from the fust time Mr. Parker told me o' the mortgage I begin to give in."

"The mortgage? What mortgage?"

"Oh, I guess ye know, George."

"No, I swear I don't!"

"The mortgage on the place I bought o' ye, which ye owed to Parker, an' never told me about."

Light was slowly breaking in on the mind of George Phipps. After two or three gasps and ineffectual efforts to speak, he said:

"Nathan Baker, there was a mortgage on that place; but I swear I paid it off three months before ye bought it. I paid Joe Parker every cent o' it."

"But the records didn't say so, an' the inexonerable law gin it back to him," said Nathan.

The whole awful truth burst on the mind of George Phipps, and he gave vent to his indignation in the following suggestive language:

"Joe Parker's an infernal scamp!"

That was the conclusion to which Fernando Stevens had long since arrived. He took a step nearer and said: "Excuse me, Phipps; did you pay the mortgage in full to Parker?"

"Every cent, principal an' interest."

"Why didn't you have the records satisfied?"

"Parker writ on the mortgage an' note, 'Paid,' an' said that was enough. He said when he got time he'd go an' satisfy the records."

"Where is the note and mortgage?"

"At my home in Illinois."

The young lieutenant turned on the astounded Nathan, and said:

"Nathan, this man is telling the truth—I feel it, I know it—and you may yet get your home back. I told you that the clouds would roll away."

"Yes, but she won't be here to enjoy the home."

"Her children will. Come, boys, let's follow the army." And the three men started toward Coamo.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREAT STONE BEAR.

If love were stricken out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Fernando Stevens's love for Señorita Viola seemed to increase with every day of his existence. Now that he was most likely to lose her, she was doubly precious to him. It was only natural that he should leave Puerto Rico as soon as he could get his resignation accepted, and hasten to Santiago. He left both Nathan Baker and George Phipps sick with fever; but, great as his anxiety was for them, he determined to see Viola, to place in her hands the paper which she had prized so highly, and which meant so much to her.

It would be idle to speculate on the fears he entertained on her account. Somehow his imagination continually conjured up some horrible fate, and he often heard her in sleep crying to him for aid. At times dark thoughts rose in his mind, but he put them aside, almost feeling the guilt of David when rebuked by Nathan. His greatest fear was that Viola

might enter the convent before he reached Santiago. He determined to induce her to go to the States with him, where, in a different atmosphere, and under different influences, she might come to look upon the matter in an entirely new light.

On reaching Santiago, he set off with strange misgivings to find her. Viola was still at the home where he had left her. He told her of the death of her friend Captain Antonius, and she wept over his sad fate. Then he told the story of Lieutenant Terrill and the coat, and of finding the paper she had given him.

"I am glad you brought it with you, señor," she said. "The Americans are now in possession of Morro, and surely we can gain admittance to the dungeon."

"Have you no idea what will be found within the dungeon walls when the loose stone is pulled away?" he asked.

"No, señor, I have not the slightest conception. My mother did not know; but her father's dying request was to explore the secret and right some great wrong."

"Right a wrong?" he thought. So many years had elapsed since that brave old patriot gave up his life for his country that the wrong was past righting. The one to whom it had been entrusted had died and left the mission to be filled by her child,

and that child having inherited the obligation seemed as eager as her mother to fulfil her part.

It was with many strange emotions that they entered the small boat and glided toward old Morro, grim, defiant, like a lion guarding the entrance to the bay. The Stars and Stripes, that blessed emblem of liberty, floated over the old castle, and blue-coated soldiers could be seen upon the ramparts or wandering about its battle-scarred walls. On being challenged, Fernando again presented his passports, but this time from an American commandant, not a Spaniard. They were told to go whither they pleased, and entered the ancient fortress. They secured the services of an old Spaniard, who for years had acted as a sort of turnkey, to show them to the "Devil's Dungeon." They could not repress shudders when they recalled that other visit, and all that had transpired since then. The dungeon of the condemned was the deepest and darkest portion of the great cavern-like prison. The cell had not been occupied or opened since it fell into the hands of the Americans, and the air was so stifling and foul that at first they could hardly remain in it.

The candle which the guide carried only dimly lighted that subterranean apartment, into which the rays of the sun never fell. The stones of the walls were damp, and in one corner was a pile of half-rotted straw. The single door by which it was en-

tered had a small wicket at the top, which opened just wide enough for a man to thrust food through for the prisoners, as one would feed wild animals.

For several moments, Fernando and his fair companion stood silent and thoughtful. How many unfortunate human beings had passed their last hours of life in that awful dungeon the world will never know. There were dark stains on the rugged stones where some victim in the past had dashed out his brains against the wall. The weird and ghostly light, the dark, dripping walls, and the wavering shadows seemed for a moment to enchain the American as if under some spell.

It was only for a moment, however, and shaking it off, he stepped to the center of the dungeon, and, facing the door at the lower end of the angle of the corner on his right, he counted upward to the seventh layer of stone, and then counted off nine from the corner on the right.

"Here is the loose stone which contains the secret," he said, stepping forward and laying his hand upon it. But the stone was firmly embedded in the wall, and refused to yield to all his force. Could it be that, after all, he was mistaken. He counted again, and once more read the instructions, but there could be no mistake. Again he tried his best to remove it, but found himself unqual to the task, and began seriously to doubt if it had been

removed since first placed in the wall by the mason. Then he reasoned that long years with earthquake shocks and cannonading might have tightened the stone in its place, after having been removed.

Turning to the guide, he asked him to bring him a pick, which he did. Fernando stuck the end of it into the crevice between the stones, and throwing all his weight on the handle, the stone moved. One or two wrenches, and the square block dropped out on the floor with a rattling sound. Behind the stone was an accumulation of dust, which at first obscured the space. Fernando thrust his hand into this and, raking the dirt away, brought forth an old package of papers, time-stained, and so dim that in that light nothing could be made of them.

"Here it is, Viola!" he cried triumphantly, holding them up to her gaze. "Let us go above and examine them."

The foul air made breathing so difficult that Viola was anxious to go above. They went out to the glacis, where they seated themselves on an old dismounted cannon. He carefully brushed the dust from the paper, on which could be faintly traced some writing too dim to be made out on first trial.

Like the key, this had been written on unruled paper with the end of a pewter spoon which had

been sharpened to a point. After gazing on it for several minutes, he said:

"This is not Spanish, Viola. Did your grandfather write English?"

"I don't know that he did," she answered.

"Then this is not his."

"Whose can it be?" she asked, a feeling of disappointment entering her heart.

He carefully brushed away the dust, shook out the half-rotted folds, glanced at the superscription, and, starting to his feet, gasped:

"*My God!*"

The paper dropped from his trembling hand, his brain reeled, and he placed his hand on the cannon for support.

"What is it, Fernando? What is it?" she asked in alarm, springing to his side.

"My father! My father! It is his name—his signature! I would swear it!"

"Then the mystery that shrouded your young life in sorrow may be revealed by it," she said tenderly, taking up the soiled paper. "Be seated, Fernando. Calm yourself, and read it. Who knows but that it may bring joy to your heart." The gentle pleading soothed him, and he became more composed, and once more took up the paper to read the message with very much the same emotions he would have felt had it been a message from the dead. As he

slowly deciphered the almost illegible writing, ejaculations of wonder escaped his lips. The contents of the first paper were as follows:

"I am an American. My name is Fernando Stevens. My home Cincinnati, Ohio, where I leave a wife and two children. I am the junior member of the firm of Parker & Stevens traders and importers from Cuba. In the dissolution of the partnership I took in my share a debt on José Marti, a Cuban, who had joined the insurgents. I came to Cuba and, aided by friends, found my way to Colonel Marti, who paid me the amount in full. On board the filibustering vessel *White Cloud* I tried to leave the island, but we were sighted by two Spanish cruisers and driven into shore. We landed, and I cached the money. Accompanying this is a description that will lead one to it. I have been doomed to be shot, but my cell-mate, a noble Cuban, Captain Rodriguez, who, like myself, is doomed to die, will give his daughter instructions how to find this on a slip of paper too small for the Spaniards to see. It is my desire that these papers be sent to my wife.

"FERNANDO STEVENS."

Having carefully read the paper again and again, he took up the second, which was much plainer, seeming to have been written with ink. There was a map of a part of the northern central coast of Cuba and of the mouth of the Calvario River. The instructions were very plain:

"Entering the Calvario River at the mouth, sail up three miles to the confluence of the first eastern tributary, a creek. Ascend this creek from its conjunction with the Calvario to a distance of three hundred yards, two chains, and five links, to a large stone of lava formation, which has some resemblance

to a stone bear, on the south side of the creek, ten feet from the back. At the southeast corner of the said stone bear, under its right forefoot, at the depth of three feet, will be found a leather bag containing the money in gold, and also some valuable private papers, which I was unable to send home. FERNANDO STEVENS."

Carefully he read it again and again. That old, time-stained and dust-covered paper contained more secrets than even Fernando at that moment supposed.

"Do you understand it, señor?" she asked.

"Yes, I can go direct to the spot."

"It was your secret, not mine," she said, with a sad smile. "I am so happy that you will yet recover what rightfully belongs to you, señor," she said.

"I am not thinking of that, Viola," he answered. "That is a small matter now. I am thinking how strange that your grandfather and my father should have spent their last days together. I am thinking how noble of your grandsire to remember, even in the very hour of death, the helpless wife and children of his prison-mate. Oh, Viola, Viola, surely God intended us for each other!"

She started, a faint look of joy on her face, almost immediately giving place to one of horror.

"No, no, do not mention that!" she gasped. "Remember, señor, remember, I am the wife of another."

A look of pain swept over his face, and he sank

back on the dismounted cannon. After all, what was this new good fortune? Even tho he found the treasure buried by his father a quarter of a century before, if he was to lose the only bêing on earth with whom he cared to share it, it could only add to his misery.

Sadly and in silence they returned to the city. He left Viola at her home, and called on General Wood, to whom he narrated his strange story. The general informed him that a small American steamer was to leave port next day to make other ports around the coast, and suggested that in all probability he could get the captain to land him at the point where the treasure was buried. Fernando called on the captain, who had been a noted filibuster, and told him what he wished.

"I'm with you, lieutenant!" the captain said. "Yes, we are in no hurry. I know the inlet well, and can land you at the spot. How many will go with you?"

"Not more than two or three, if any," he answered.

"I will have cabin passage for a dozen."

He went next to see Viola to persuade her to accompany him on the voyage. She was very serious, and, looking him in the face, said:

"Señor, I can not."

"Why?" he asked, disappointed.

"I have a duty to perform." He opened his eyes

in amazement. Fernando could never understand her, and of late she had grown more mysterious than ever. She then showed him a letter from the hospital steward, saying that Col. Illion Constellino was ill with the fever, and the attending physicians were in doubt of his recovery. "I am going to watch by his side until he recovers," she added.

He heaved a sigh that came from the very depths of a broken heart.

"Viola, answer me truly; do you love this man, even the least?"

"No."

"And never did?"

"No. If it was not wicked, I should hate him. But the church records show that he is my husband, and, tho I would fly to the uttermost ends of the earth to escape him if well, I must be at his side now. It is duty."

Her peculiar education, her strange convictions, her ideas of duty and right were contrary to free American thought. She loved the man of her choice with her whole heart, and despised the man who, through deception, had induced her to marry him. Tho the marriage would not have been held binding by another, to her the ceremony, even under duress, was too sacred to be broken.

She went that day to the fever-infested hospital to act as a volunteer nurse for the man who had so

cruelly wronged her. Next day Fernando Stevens went abroad the *Rolling Moses*, which lay in the harbor.

The *Rolling Moses* was one of those small coast-liners plying the coasts of North America, Mexico, and the West Indies, making irregular trips, and among seafaring men denominated "a tramp." Captain Smart was a jolly old tar, who delighted to spin a yarn or listen to a good one. Seated in his cabin, which was built forward, he smoked his black pipe and chatted with some Americans on the future of Cuba.

"The war is now over, and Cuba is free at last, thank God!" he ejaculated between puffs from his pipe. "The future of this country will be just what the people make it. I'm not in favor of annexation if we can get along without. I don't believe in trusts in governments, no more'n I do in business. Competition in everything is the life of trade, and if all the world was under one government, nine men out of ten would be little better than slaves."

The *Rolling Moses* at last got up anchor and steamed out of the harbor. Captain Smart stood on the bridge, his pipe in his mouth, as they steamed past old Morro, and, raising his cap, he waved it in the air, shouting:

"Go it, Old Glory! Shake out yer pretty folds, like ye do on the waters."

After having cleared the harbor, they sailed eastward and entered the Windward Passage. By this time it was dark, and yet Fernando stood on the deck gazing away in the direction of Santiago, where he had suffered so much, and where so many brave Americans had lost their lives.

"Well, you're goin' on a kind of a romantic voyage," remarked Captain Smart, who was at his side.

"It is an instance where truth is stranger than fiction," said Fernando.

"Yes, but this is stranger than either,—that you should find in old Morro's walls a paper from your father who was executed for a filibuster twenty-five years ago. Lemme see, he was on the *White Cloud*. I knew Captain Clark. It's all mighty strange."

"No, captain, nothing strange about it, now that we understand it perfectly. It is only natural that my father should have written the note and concealed it in the wall, and induced his companion in prison to try to get the information to his family."

"You're right. There ain't nothin' so romantic in it, after all. Did you know when your father was executed?"

"No, sir; we never were certain as to his fate. While we had some evidence that he was a prisoner and condemned, we were never certain, until I found this note."

"Yes, I remember the time the *White Cloud* was lost. The first report was she took fire, was beached, and her crew drowned. We suspected then that she was sunk by some Spanish cruiser, and her crew hunted down and shot, but we never knew to a certainty. I knew Clark well. He was a good seaman, a daring filibuster, and had a heart in him big as a porpoise. We had many close calls in the dark days of the seventies. I got through all right, but Clark, he went down. Oh, well, it don't make so much difference, after all. We've all got to go some time, and a matter of a few years don't count for much in an eternity."

They went into the captain's cabin, where the latter entertained his passenger with strange, wild stories of his early adventures as a filibuster on the coast of Cuba and in West Indian waters.

Late in the night he retired to his stateroom and was soon buried in a sound sleep. He awoke and was early on deck. They were gliding along the north coast of Cuba and approaching the Bahama Channel. All day long the *Rolling Moses* glided in and out among the hundreds of islands which line the northern coast of Cuba. These islands and their hundreds of queer little inlets had afforded excellent hiding-places for the old buccaneers, and later for the filibusters. During the war, Spanish gunboats found them excellent hiding-places from those great

ships that loomed up across the sea, feeble-looking objects at first, but gradually swelling into mammoth, fire-breathing destroyers. At night, the weird searchlights had swept across the dark waters, and among the many little island inlets, but the Spanish gunboats snuggling in their hiding-places were concealed from view.

The *Rolling Moses* slowly picked her course among the islands and inlets, gradually nearing the mouth of the Calvario River. As they passed in among the headlands, Captain Smart pointed out a reef and, calling to Fernando, said:

"There are the rocks the *White Cloud* went on before she burned. For years after we could at low tide find charred pieces of the wreck among those rocks."

The heart of the American was now beating strangely and wildly. Was he, after all, upon a false clue? Then there were a thousand chances that the treasure had been discovered or removed. When the *Rolling Moses* cast anchor, the captain ordered a boat lowered, and with picks and shovels Fernando and the captain descended to the boat, which, propelled by four stout oarsmen, glided into the mouth of the small stream.

"Captain, you are quite sure there is no mistake about the river?" asked Fernando.

"Certain, sir, certain. The Calvario is on the

chart, and I know where to find it as well as the mizzen main-yards."

"When we have ascended three miles, there should be a creek on the east bank."

"That will be on our larboard; we'll look out for that."

"But how will we know when we have gone three miles?"

"I've thought o' that, and brought a reel and log with me." He had the end of a cord tied about a weight, which he tossed into shallow water near the east bank, and they rowed up the stream. The forest on each side was dense and wild, and it seemed a fitting place for the concealing of a treasure.

Just as the reel had run off three knots, they came to the mouth of a small creek, and here the boat was hauled ashore and left with the sailors, while the captain and Fernando, with their implements for digging, started up the left bank.

"Maybe we had better measure the distance," the captain said.

"No. It's no use," Stevens returned. "Unless I am very much mistaken, the stone bear will be so plain we will know it at a glance."

"We can try the course by that calculation, but if we find ourselves at fault, we can resort to dead reckoning," said the captain.

They pushed their way along through the bram-

bles and vines, which did not seem to have been traversed in ten years by any creature larger than a jutia. Fernando began to fear they had exceeded the distance laid down on the chart, and was about to propose that they go back and survey the bank; when, parting the tall grass and thick jungle with his hands, he all at once came upon a large mass of stone. It seemed to be of volcanic formation, and, after a careful examination, he saw that it had some resemblance to a bear.

"Yes, captain, this is the great stone bear referred to. See that point of the stone has very much the resemblance to the head of a bear, these are the front legs, and these the hind legs."

"Well, lieutenant, I expect you are right. The more I look at that big stone, the more it resembles a bear. We better not look too long or it will grow so real it will come down and eat us up."

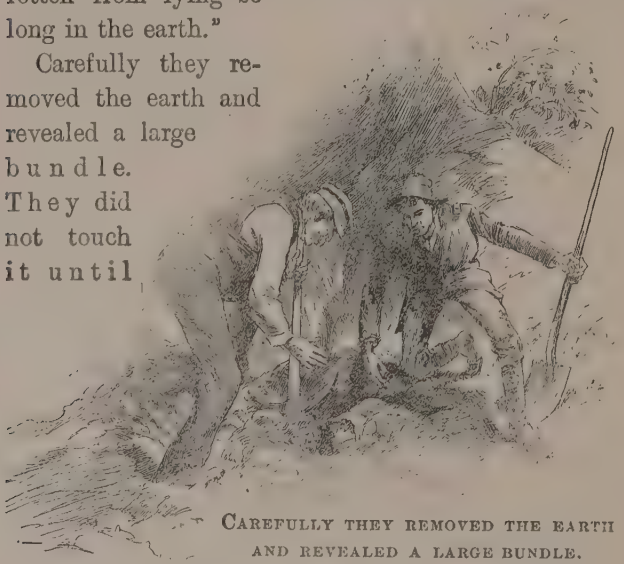
The stone was ten or twelve feet high and fully as long. Fernando was at a loss to account for it; and it is a debatable question whether it was a freak of nature, or was an image made by hands, and worshiped by some prehistoric race.

The location of the cache was easily made, and they began digging with pick and shovel. The earth was turned out as rapidly as possible, and from the first they knew it had been disturbed at some time in the past. At last the pick struck upon something

which tore, and brought out a piece of canvas or sail-cloth.

"It is here, captain," the lieutenant declared. "Let us go carefully now, for these things are very rotten from lying so long in the earth."

Carefully they removed the earth and revealed a large bundle. They did not touch it until



CAREFULLY THEY REMOVED THE EARTH AND REVEALED A LARGE BUNDLE.

they had brushed all the dirt away. The package was sounder than was expected, for, being partially under the stone, it had been kept perfectly dry.

The canvas was removed, and an old leather valise or bag, covered with mold and dust, taken

out. The emotions of the son as he beheld that bag, which had cost his father his life twenty-five years before, are beyond description. The lock was rusty, but they broke it open and found inside three leather bags and a bundle of papers. The weight of the bags and the clinking sound they made proved what they contained.

"I will look at the papers first," said Fernando.

They were all in a large official envelope, but not sealed. He drew out first a letter written by his mother to his father, in January, 1873, and next was a small pocket diary, which was very dim. It narrated his father's course from leaving home to the destruction of the *White Cloud*. There was an old contract with some one which was evidently of no use now. But the last paper unfolded caused him to start and gaze as if he had been suddenly confronted by a ghost.

"Heaven! I might have suspected it, since what I have learned of poor Nathan Baker."

"What is it, lieutenant?"

"A receipt for a lost note." Then Fernando read:

"Received from Fernando Stevens the sum of ten thousand and forty-five dollars and eighty cents ($10,045.80), being the amount of interest and principal in full of a note given by Fernando Stevens to Joseph Parker for ten thousand dollars ($10,000), dated January 2, 1866, to procure money to furnish a half interest in the firm of Parker & Stevens, which said note,

held by Parker, is lost. This receipt is therefore given to be in full against said note. JOSEPH PARKER."

"DECEMBER 28, 1872."

Having read the receipt through, Fernando turned to the captain and said:

"When my father came to Cuba, forgetting to leave this receipt, and lost his life, Mr. Parker brought suit against his estate and robbed mother of everything. He lied when he said the note was lost. I am eager to go home now, and there will be a reckoning."

"Why, blow me! the rascal ought to be hung!" declared the captain. "But count the money, and see if it is all there."

The gold was found to correspond exactly with the debt. It was carefully returned to the bags, then placed in the leather valise, which in turn was placed in a canvas bag. This they carried to the boat, and were rowed back to the ship.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was one member of this little family in the far East, whom we must mention before closing this story. He was as much affected by the treachery and rascality of Joe Parker as was his brother in the West Indies. George Stevens also had his love affair, as well as his brother.

Through his persuasions, Hallie was removed from the city of Manila and went aboard an English merchantman that lay in the harbor. He paid frequent visits to the merchantman, and had long, confidential talks with the little missionary. Her mother had died but a few months before, after having accumulated a considerable fortune, which was deposited in the bank for the daughter. The interest George had so long felt in the beautiful young missionary ripened into love, and there was a mutual understanding that their marriage should be celebrated as soon as the war with Spain was over; and it seemed to be rapidly drawing to a close.

The first land forces had arrived under General Anderson. On the 20th of June, the American

fleet touched at the Island of Guam, one of the Ladrones, and made the governor and all the Spanish officials prisoners. On June 30, three transports, convoyed by the *Charleston*, entered Manila harbor.

There was but little effort made to advance the land forces until after the arrival of General Merritt, July 25. The American army began to advance on Manila with the usual precautions, taking firm stands at every point. The advance was under the command of General Greene, an able, cautious, and efficient officer.

On July 29, Private William Sterling, of Company K, First Nebraska volunteers, while on outpost duty on Pasay road, was fired upon by a Spanish sharpshooter at long range, and struck on the arm by a spent Mauser ball. Tho the wound was slight, it warned the soldiers of the near proximity of the enemy. Several Nebraska marksmen tried their skill at the sharpshooter, but he hugged the bushes and rocks too close for a successful shot.

General Greene continued to advance his forces, and took the town of Malate. He had about four thousand men, and entrenched as he advanced, in order to hold every foot of ground covered. On Sunday night, July 31, Greene's forces had advanced until their lines extended from Camino Real to the beach.

During the day another division of troops, under General McArthur, arrived; but, owing to the high surf, landing was delayed. The Spanish were driven to frenzy by the continual arrival of new troops, and the fury of soldiers and officers could no longer be restrained. Shortly after nightfall one of those terrible typhoons, common at that season in the tropics, set in. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain fell in such torrents that the Americans were nearly submerged in their trenches.

The brigade was composed of the Tenth Pennsylvania, First Colorado, First California, and Third Artillery.

Suddenly a gleam of fire from the heavens rent the black veil of night, revealing long lines of Spanish troops coming at a charge. The pickets leaped back into the trenches, the alarm was sounded, and the black coat of midnight was reddened by the flash of rifles and artillery. In a moment the fight was raging all along the line. The commands of the officers could be heard in low, firm tones above the thunder of battle and the roar of the typhoon. Like a stone wall stood those brave volunteers, receiving their first baptism of fire unmoved. The insurgents had withdrawn from the right flank, leaving the Tenth Pennsylvania exposed to bear the brunt of the battle, but they checked the Spanish advance until reenforced.

Tho for the first time under fire, the volunteers fought like veterans. With some difficulty, owing to the darkness and mud, Captain Young got his Utah battery into position, and began enfilading the enemy's ranks.

After a stubborn conflict of several moments, the Spaniards fell back some distance in confusion; but they re-formed, and came on at a charge with the most horrible yells. It was a scene terribly sublime. The red lightning painting a fierce glare on the sky, the angry flash of cannon, the darkened faces, but dimly lighted, seeming fiends in conflict, while dead and dying blue-coats and white-coats lay on every side. None other than American soldiers could have withstood that assault. The Spaniards rallied and made a third assault on the American works, but this third and last was a weak effort. It proved to be more than the Americans could endure, and with angry yells they leaped from their ditches and pursued the flying enemy for some distance.

The Spanish loss was about 300 killed and 400 wounded, while the Americans lost 14 killed and 60 wounded.

From that time the American forces kept gradually pushing on, and more closely investing the city. On Saturday, August 13, the day after the signing of the protocol, the final attack was made. The fleet opened fire at 9:30 A.M. At first the shots fell short,

but after a few rounds Dewey's gunners got the range, and their fire was more effective. General Anderson, who was in immediate command of the land forces, General Merritt's headquarters being on the despatch-boat, at once telegraphed General McArthur to open fire on Blockhouse No. 14, and begin his attack. At the same time seven guns of the Utah batteries opened fire on the enemy's works in front of the Second Brigade, and two guns on the right of this brigade opened an oblique fire on the blockhouse above referred to.

Two of the lighter-draught vessels approached as near the city as possible, and opened with rapid-fire guns, and at the same time some men of the Second Brigade started up the beach. The First California, which was the leading regiment of the reserve, was at once ordered to go forward and report to General Greene. Going to the reserve telegraph-station, General Anderson received a message from McArthur that his fire on the blockhouse was effective, but that he was enfiladed from the right. Anderson knew from this that McArthur wished to push the insurgents aside, and put in the Astor Battery, and authorized him to attack, which he did, and soon after the Twenty-third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota carried the advance line of the enemy in the most gallant manner.

In the mean time, the Colorado regiment had

charged and carried the right of the enemy's line, and the Eighth Infantry and Third Heavy Artillery acting as infantry advanced and passed over the enemy's works in their front without opposition. The reserves were ordered to follow the Second Brigade, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns was directed to follow the Eighteenth Infantry.

By this time General McArthur was heavily engaged at a second line of defense near Singalong. General Anderson believed that the best way to aid him was to press his success on the left; he therefore ordered General Greene to connect, if possible, with General McArthur by sending a regiment to the right. But the enemy for a time seemed determined to give the Americans a street fight, and the Colorado and California regiments were the only ones available.

The Eighteenth Infantry and the Hotchkiss battery came upon a broken bridge, but the engineer corps brought forward a portable bridge, and in a few moments the organization passed over.

By this time the Nebraska and Wyoming troops saw white flags waving from the sea-front, but the fighting did not stop yet. At the front and on the right the contest raged until nearly two in the afternoon, when McArthur and Greene, pressing forward, carried the city by storm.

The American loss was 7 killed and 30 wounded.

One of the most remarkable incidents of the battle was that a German war-ship, just at the commencement, took off the Spanish captain-general and landed him in Hongkong. This was a gross violation of all international law between civilized countries, and it is a marvel that the matter was permitted to pass so lightly.

After the city was captured, it was learned that the peace protocol had been signed the day before.

. . . . . .

The historical part of this story has been told, but there remain some private narratives to be concluded.

On his return to Santiago, Fernando found Viola in widow's weeds. Colonel Constellino was dead, and the American was wicked enough to feel deeply grateful for the fact. Viola looked very pretty in her mourning for the man whom she both hated and feared. Gradually it dawned upon her mind that heaven had released her from the unwilling vow she had taken, and Fernando helped on the conviction. Her spiritual adviser was of the opinion that nothing stood in her way of taking a husband, inasmuch as the church records which showed her marriage to Constellino also showed his death. It is useless to say that Fernando, who had formed the acquaintance of her spiritual adviser, worked upon his mind to bring about this favorable impression.

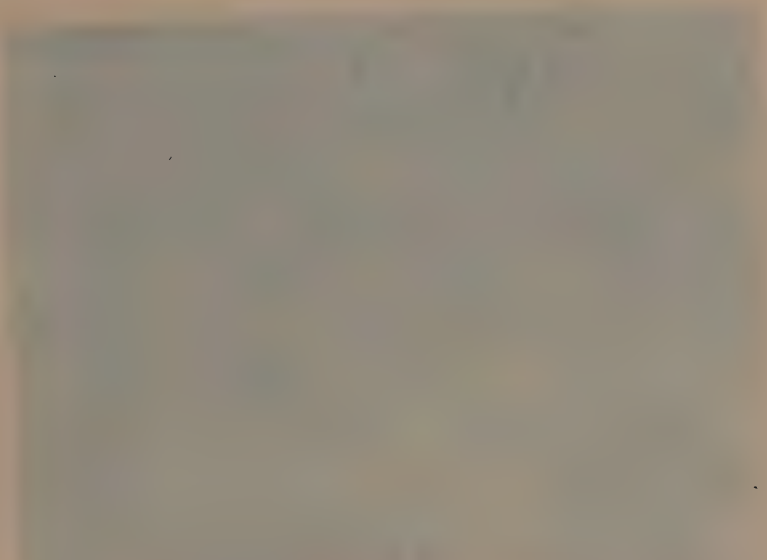
The color again came to Viola's cheek, and she

smiled once more. Santiago, under the able management of Governor-General Wood, rapidly grew into a new town. Captain-General Blanco had resigned and returned to Spain.

Lieutenant Stevens at last procured the assent of Viola to an early marriage, and departed for America on a steamer from Ponce, which touched at Santiago. He took with him the bag containing the treasures. As he sat on the deck of the ship, gazing back at the fast-receding harbor of Santiago, and upon those hills which rose steadily into the Sierra Maestra, which touched the purple peaks to the sky behind the Morro, his thoughts were of the angelic being who had absorbed his attention for many months. His life had been a romance filled with sorrow and bitterness. After all, is not every life a romance? Is not every life filled with joy, bitterness, and love—and some with hate? Sad indeed is that life when hate preponderates, and happy the life where all is love and joy.

"It will not be long," he murmured to himself as he saw old Morro fade from view. "When I come again, Viola, it will be to claim you for my own. After all the clouds and storms come sunshine and peace. After all our sorrow comes joy. God is good!"

When the harbor of Santiago, old Morro, and the hills finally faded away, he walked forward and turned his eyes homeward.



"THEY CAME ON AT A CHARGE, WITH MOST HORRIBLE YELLS."
(*See page 428*)
After an original drawing by Freeland A. Carter.

Little had he thought of home in the last few months of carnage and confusion. If Viola had only been with him, he would have been happy. It was a strange, wild story he would have to tell his mother when he reached her, and brought back news of the husband lost twenty-five years before. But he determined to keep that story until the proper time for its revelation. The wrong should be righted, or a criminal prosecution and exposure follow. A cloud was gathering about the head of Joe Parker which threatened to burst with destructive fury.

While engaged with these bitter thoughts, the lieutenant's attention was attracted to the conversation of two convalescent soldiers who had been discharged, and were on their way home.

"Yes, George, it does seem mighty good t' be goin' home ag'in," one of the soldiers remarked to his companion. "The babies'll be glad to see me, an' I'll be mighty glad to see 'em; but then, Mary won't be there."

There was a strange melancholy in his tone.

"Yes, Nathan, I don't blame ye for feelin' mighty hard at me about that deal 'f ye thought I'd a-sold it to ye, an' it mortgaged. But I'm a-goin' to bring ye th' note an' mortgage, an' I'll show ye that I war square an' th' deal all straight."

"What are we t' do with Joe Parker?"

"I know what I'd do."

"What, George?"

"Give him a gawl darned good thumpin'; that's what I'd do."

"I will, just as soon as I git strong enough. I reckin it's all we kin do."

Lieutenant Stevens came forward at this moment, and, shaking hands with them, said:

"Boys, I am glad to see you both on the road to home, and to recovery."

"Yes, leftenant; but we had a purty close call with old Yaller Jack," said Nathan.

"I overheard what you said in regard to Mr. Parker. If you will leave the matter in my hands, I will plan a revenge far better than assault and battery, which at best would cause your arrest and his triumph."

"What kin ye do, leftenant?" asked Nathan.

"You are willing to trust me?"

"Yes."

"Then I have a plan that will work to your advantage and give back your little home. There are other crimes the rascal has been guilty of, and he shall be made to settle the entire score."

Then he proceeded to lay out a course of procedure they were to follow, and they discussed it until the sun had dipped beneath the horizon.

. . . . . .

Winter came early in 1898. It was a cold Novem-

ber day; the wind whistled shrilly about the corners, and the air was filled with flying, whirling snowflakes. Mr. Parker sat in his cozy private office at the bank. The windows opened on the street, and the velvet curtains were pushed back on the brass rods, permitting the great man to gaze out on the street. His hair and beard had grown slightly grayer, and his small blue eyes seemed to have become keener. Mr. Parker is very well pleased with himself on this morning, and he might from his own point of view have cause to be. He had commenced life as a poor schoolmaster, and now had amassed a comfortable fortune.

With all the power that money gives in these days, Mr. Parker had become great. He was great in financial and social circles, and had even dipped slightly into political matters, but only so far as to dictate. He had no political aspirations of his own, —not he. He preferred to see his friends rewarded, and was serenely happy at the success of others. He had taken the duty upon himself to clear away any stain upon their characters, that they might have the smoothest possible sailing, and so ardently had he worked in behalf of some that an irreverent wag had dubbed him "President of the Kalsomining Club for the Whitewashing of Damaged Reputations."

A dark-eyed lady of forty, or thereabouts, wrapped

in furs, passed along the street, and turned her head to smile and nod at the banker, whose desk was near the window. He smiled and nodded in return, and looked very comfortable. The nervous uneasiness which had been quite prominent in earlier life had given way to complacent satisfaction.

Mr. Parker had just taken up the morning paper, smoothed out its folds, and adjusted his glasses, when there came a rap at the door, and the office boy, looking in, said:

"Some gentlemen wish to see you, Mr. Parker."

"All right, show them in," answered Mr. Parker, laying aside his paper, removing his glasses, and assuming a pleasant expression, for he expected an interview that would be profitable.

The door opened, and Fernando Stevens, accompanied by two lawyers, entered, and behind him were two men in the uniform of private soldiers, whom he did not at first recognize.

"Why, Fernando! I am glad to see you!" declared Mr. Parker. "I did not know that you had returned from Cuba."

After shaking his hand coldly, Fernando plunged at once into the object of his visit.

"You are a very careful business man, Mr. Parker," he began, "but your memory seems capable of playing you a treacherous freak occasionally."

"Why so, Mr. Stevens?"

"This gentleman is Nathan Baker, and his companion is George Phipps."

Mr. Parker turned deathly white, stammered, and, dropping into his chair, nodded in silence.

"It seems George Phipps had a home in the suburbs of this city;—not an elegant, palatial home, but a very comfortable one; and borrowed some money of you to speculate on, mortgaging the property to secure payment of the debt."

MR. PARKER TURNED DEATHLY WHITE, STAMMERED, AND DROPPED INTO HIS CHAIR.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"He paid that mortgage."

"No, he didn't."

"Here is the note and mortgage, both acknowledged paid in your own handwriting. Your assistant and chief bookkeeper out there recognized your signature. You promised George you would satisfy the record, and he thought you had done so, and sold the place to Nathan Baker. When Phipps was gone, you, supposing he would never return, foreclosed the mortgage and took his home."

"Well, gentlemen—I—that is, my memory is not good; but the matter is outlawed; I will give him a hundred dollars——"

"The statute of limitation does not run against fraud and minor heirs," declared one of the lawyers. "You must give up the whole amount."

"Oh, well, if you insist, I will give him up the whole place."

"No, he wants the money and interest."

Mr. Parker fought long against this arrangement, but had to yield, and drew his check for the amount.

This matter settled, there came another still more startling. If the banker was astonished at the appearance of the canceled note, he was thunderstruck when the receipt that had lain a quarter of a century three feet under Cuban soil was held before his eyes. His usual coolness had deserted him, and when told by the lawyers that his rascality would be exposed if he did not settle at once, he fell on his knees and

begged piteously for mercy, but all to no avail. He was forced to fill out a check for the full amount of the receipt and six per cent. interest.

Then his visitors left him a crushed and almost broken-hearted man, tho his fortune was still a large one.

Mrs. Stevens received the news of her son's strange adventures from himself. Gradually he told his mother the sad story of his father's fate, and the perfidy of Mr. Parker. She resigned her position in the Orphans' Home to go with Fernando to Cuba. She busied herself assisting Nathan in fitting out a new, comfortable house, where Zeb and Lady Emma would have been perfectly happy had it not been for giving up their "new ma." Nathan's sister, a poor seamstress, was his housekeeper, and he secured steady employment at good wages in a machine-shop.

Just before leaving for Cuba, Fernando received two letters, both announcing marriages.

One came from far away Manila, from his brother George, stating that the chaplain of the *Olympia* on that day had made him and a pretty little missionary, Hallie Norton, one. The other was from Lieut. Luke W. Terrill, from far Puerto Rico, announcing his own marriage to Señorita Maxia Antonius.

"Come, mother, let us be going," he said on read-

ing the two letters. "I must not be too far behind. Viola is waiting for me."

. . . . . .

There was a small procession to the old cathedral in Santiago, a small but select audience present, when Viola, of her own free will, stood at the altar, this time to become the wife of the man she loved.

When his mother took her in her arms, called her daughter, and told her how she looked upon her ancestors as the guardians of the rights of herself and family, the pretty young bride thought: "Surely heaven ordained it."

The bridal party sailed for Havana, for there was no longer a blockade to prevent their visiting the capital. They reached the city on December 10, 1898, and remained over for the imposing ceremonies of the 12th, the removal of the remains of Columbus, the discoverer of the New World.

For days, mechanics labored behind closed doors taking apart the sarcophagus that everything might be ready to return the ashes of the great man to Spain. Early on the morning of the 12th, Fernando, his wife, and mother crowded their way through the throng to the great cathedral. With the booming of cannon, the steel casket containing the remains of the discoverer of America was borne to the cathedral steps by the canons, amid tolling bells, and placed on a gun-carriage, heavily draped with flags

and decorated with floral garlands. A solemn procession then moved to the Machina wharf. Here the casket was taken in a launch between the lines of twenty-five man-of-war boats, to the cruiser which was to carry it back to Spain. A salute of fifteen guns was fired. At intervals of a quarter of an hour, all day long, a single gun boomed the honors paid an admiral.

No one in that vast assemblage was more seriously impressed than Fernando Stevens. His mind went back to that time, four hundred and six years ago, when Hernando Estevan, of whom he was a lineal descendant, had crossed the unknown ocean as the cabin-boy of Christopher Columbus to discover this new world of ours. What wonders had four centuries worked; and yet through all those centuries his ancestors had, in a humble way, aided in forming and molding the destinies of the new nation, now the greatest on earth. The history of his family was the history of his country, and so completely are the stories of America and the Estevan, or Stevens, family interwoven, that either would be incomplete without the other.

Fernando and his pretty Cuban wife will live in Cincinnati, tho she inherits large estates in Cuba. George will remain in the navy, tho he will be given leave of absence to bring his wife home on a few weeks' visit.

The treaty of peace which makes Cuba free has been signed, but whether she will add another star to that constellation of States which makes up our great country, or form a grand republic of her own, has not been determined. In either event, her doors are open to American immigration, and liberty of conscience, peace, and prosperity to the Gem of the Antilles are assured.

THE END

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CHRONOLOGY.

1893. GROVER CLEVELAND inaugurated President,—March 4.
PARIS ARBITRATION decided that Bering Sea be open and seals protected,—August 15.
WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS at Chicago,—September 11.
CARTER H. HARRISON, mayor of Chicago, assassinated,—October 28.

1894. LEXOW COMMITTEE, for investigating Police Department in New York, began its work,—January 30.
COXEY'S "INDUSTRIAL ARMY" marched from Ohio to Washington.
REPUBLIC OF SANDWICH ISLANDS established,—July 4.
GREAT STRIKE IN CHICAGO, commencing at Pullman car works, affects all the United States. Put down by United States soldiers.
WILSON TARIFF (Democratic) became law,—August 27.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (poet) died,—October 7.

1895. STREET-CAR STRIKERS IN BROOKLYN dispersed by soldiers,—January 19.
AMERICAN CONGRESS suppressed lotteries,—March 3.
NELSON APPLETON MILES made senior major-general,—October 5.

1896. UTAH admitted to Union,—January 4.
WILLIAM MCKINLEY ELECTED PRESIDENT and Garret A. Hobart Vice-President,—November 4.

1897. WILLIAM MCKINLEY INAUGURATED PRESIDENT and Garret A. Hobart Vice-President,—March 4.
AMBASSADOR BAYARD obtained the log of the *Mayflower*,—March 29.

GREATER NEW YORK incorporated,—May 4.

DINGLEY TARIFF BILL (Republican) became a law,—July 24.

During the last half of the year a great rush was made for the KLONDIKE, the Alaskan gold-fields.

CHARLES A. DANA died,—September 17.

ROBERT VAN WYCK elected first mayor of Greater New York,—November 2.

1898. UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP MAINE blown up in Havana harbor while on a friendly visit and 270 lives lost,—February 15.

BOARD OF INQUIRY appointed to investigate cause of blowing up of *Maine* reports that it was from external cause.

SPAIN ADDRESSES AN APPEAL to the powers against the aggression of the United States,—April 18.

CONGRESS AUTHORIZES THE PRESIDENT to intervene in Cuba, using the United States army and navy. Spanish minister left Washington,—April 20.

PRESIDENT ISSUES PROCLAMATION blockading the principal ports of Cuba,—April 22.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ISSUES A CALL for 125,000 volunteers, to serve two years,—April 23.

BATTERIES AT MATANZAS, CUBA, shelled by Admiral Sampson, with the *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati*,—April 27.

SPANISH FLEET, UNDER ADMIRAL CERVERA, *Cristobal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, *Furore*, *Terror*, and *Pluton*, left Cape Verde Islands for Cuba,—April 29.

COMMODORE DEWEY, of the United States Asiatic squadron, destroyed Spanish fleet in Manila Bay without loss of a man,—May 1.

ENSIGN BAGLEY and four men of the torpedo-boat *Winslow* killed and the *Winslow* wrecked in an attack on Cardenas,—May 11.

GEN. WESLEY MERRITT ordered to Philippines as military governor,—May 11.

FLEET OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON bombarded the fortifications of San Juan, Puerto Rico,—May 12.

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET reached Santiago de Cuba, and a few days later was "bottled up" by Commodore Schley,—May 19.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY CALLED for 75,000 more troops. Twenty-five hundred United States troops sailed from San Francisco for Manila,—May 25.

UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans* begin bombardment of Morro Castle and fortications at Santiago,—May 31.

ASSISTANT NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR HOBSON and seven men ran the *Merrimac* into Santiago harbor and sank her in the channel and were taken captives by Spaniards,—June 3.

SIX HUNDRED MARINES LANDED at Caimanera, Guantanamo Bay; sharp skirmishing, and several killed and wounded,—June 10.

FIFTH UNITED STATES ARMY CORPS, commanded by Brigadier-General Shafter, sailed from Tampa on twenty-nine transports for Santiago,—June 12.

THE WAR REVENUE BILL became a law, raising revenues by stamp tax and providing for a popular loan,—June 13.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY ARRIVED off Santiago,—June 20.

ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS ATTACKED while advancing on Santiago; 16 Americans killed and 40 wounded; Spanish repulsed,—June 24.

AMERICAN ARMY under Generals Lawton and Kent take El Caney and San Juan Hill after hard fighting,—July 1 and 2.

CERVERA'S FLEET made a dash out of Santiago harbor,

and every vessel sunk or disabled by American fleet,—July 3.

THE ISLAND OF GUAM, Ladrone Islands, seized by the *Charleston*,—July 3.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS ANNEXED to the United States, and *Philadelphia* ordered to Honolulu to raise the American flag,—July 7.

SPANISH FORCES AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA surrender to General Shafter,—July 17.

GEN. LEONARD R. WOOD, formerly colonel of First Volunteer Cavalry, appointed military governor of Santiago,—July 20.

UNITED STATES TROOPS, under General Miles, land at Guanica, Puerto Rico,—July 25.

SPAIN, through the French ambassador, sued for peace,—July 26.

PONCE, second city in Puerto Rico, surrendered to General Miles, who was received enthusiastically. Several smaller towns taken with little or no fighting,—July 28.

THE PRESIDENT STATES TERMS to French ambassador on which he will end the war—demanding independence of Cuba, cession of Puerto Rico and one of the Ladrones to the United States, and the retention of Manila, pending final disposition of the Philippines by a joint commission,—July 30.

SPAIN'S REPLY PRESENTED to the President by the French ambassador, accepting terms of peace,—August 9.

PROTOCOLS AGREEING TO PRELIMINARIES for treaty of peace signed; United States military and naval commanders ordered to cease hostilities; all blockades raised,—August 12.

AMERICANS ASSAULTED and captured the city of Manila; the Captain-General, Augusti, escaped on a German war-vessel,—August 13.

War Between United States Troops and Chippewa Indians on Bear Island,—October 5, 6, and 7.

Forty-Seventh New York Volunteers, first American troops, enter San Juan, Puerto Rico,—October 15.

Spanish Officers Evacuate Puerto Rico,—October 16.

Last of Spanish Troops Leave Puerto Rico,—October 24.

American Peace Commissioners at Paris demand the whole of the Philippines,—October 31.

Cuban Assembly at Santa Cruz choose Domingo Mendez Capote president,—November 7.

Remains of Columbus Removed from Havana to Spain,—November 12.

Treaty of Peace Signed by joint commission of the United States and Spain; the United States to take all the Philippines and pay $20,000,000,—December 10.

General Garcia, Cuban patriot, dies,—December 11.

1899. Spain Evacuates Havana,—January 1.

Major-General Brooke appointed civil and military governor of Cuba.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee appointed military governor of Havana.

Aguinaldo's Representatives file a protest against the peace treaty.

Theodore Roosevelt made governor of New York,—January 2.

Treaty of Peace with Spain sent to the Senate,—January 4.

Native Governors of Luzon meet at Malolos and declare for Philippine independence,—January 6.

Peace Treaty Favorably Reported to United States Senate from Foreign Relations Committee,—January 11.

AGUINALDO SENDS A THIRD REQUEST for recognition of the Filipino republic,—January 24.

THE AMERICAN TROOPS at Manila attacked by Filipinos; latter repulsed,—February 4.

SENATE RATIFIES TREATY OF PEACE with Spain by a vote of 57 to 27,—February 6.

AMERICAN POST-OFFICE established at Havana,—February 8.

PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF STATE SIGN peace treaty,—February 10.

GENERAL WHEATON BEGINS AN ADVANCE upon the natives at Manila,—March 13.

GENERAL WHEATON GAINS AN IMPORTANT VICTORY near Manila, takes 400 prisoners,—March 15.

QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN SIGNS the treaty of peace with the United States,—March 17.

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